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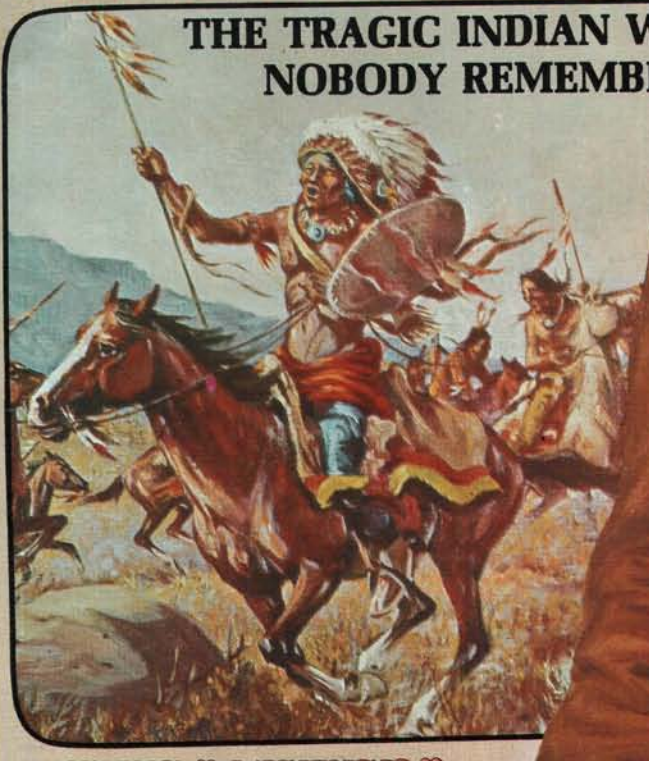
BEST OF THE WEST

1974 ANNUAL #1

THE TRAGIC INDIAN WAR NOBODY REMEMBERS



THE "OTHER" DAVY CROCKETT

New Facts About THE PAT GARRETT NOBODY KNEW

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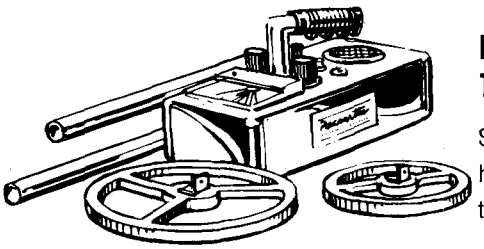

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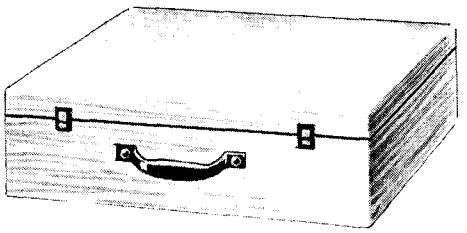

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THE OLD TIMERS CORNER

By Bill Salisbury

Life In The Mines

BIG JOE, as he was called, was Polish by nationality. He was also a bachelor who would not even look at a woman. But he had lots of bachelor friends of different nationalities, of which we had many in the mines.

We lived in a little cabin below the railroad tracks, on what was known as "Horse Creek." Just a very small stream coming down the canyon and dumping into the Yampa river about one-hundred yards from our house.

Big Joe lived in a little tarpaper-covered one-room shack across the creek from us, on the slope of the hill just a little higher than our house, so he could look out of his house onto the roof of ours and also right in the kitchen window.

We quite often observed what was going on at his shack, especially when they were drinking and gambling over there, which it seemed like was nearly every night. In fact it got so rough and loud I often went over there and told them to break it off or I would have to call the law.

One night though, Big Joe started raving and carrying on till I told Betty, "I gotta go over there."

"Do be careful," she said, "you know that man is surely a lunatic the way he's carrying on."

Well I went over there and he was there all alone screaming and waving his arms. I could hardly understand what he was saying as he could not talk English very well in the first place.

Anyway, I finally got enough of the story to sort of know what he was so uptight about.

Seems that earlier in the evening he was having a few drinks of home brew, which he kept in stock at all times, with a little Italian, Tommy Tanerio, who was also a bachelor, who lived up the creek about half a mile. You see there were lots of houses and cabins along this creek, probably 15 or 18.

So when he finally got it over to me what the matter was I understood him to say Tommy had stolen his money.

"No, Joe. Tommy wouldn't steal nothing," I said.

Then he blew up all over again. He went over to a sheepskin coat hanging on the wall and put his hand in the side pocket and said:

"It was here, here in my coat. When Tommy left I went to get something from the coat and the money was gone. I'm gonna kill that little S.O.B!"

I said, "Cool down Joe. Let me go talk to Tommy and I'll get it all straightened out."

Well I took off up to Tommy's house and told him Joe was mad as hops about his money being gone and did he know anything about it.

Well right now blood was boiling again. He roared, "I don't steal nothing from no one! I am an honest man! You call me a thief!"

"Whoa, Tommy," I said, "but somewhere, someplace, something is wrong, and we better straighten it out."

So he grabbed his coat, also a sheepskin, and put it on. And when he did, I saw the answer. The coat he took off the wall was way too big for him. I reached over, put my hand in the pocket, and came out with a roll of bills.

Well, Tommy just stood there with his mouth open for some time. And I just stood there, also frozen.

Finally, he said, "Bill, I took Joe's coat by mistake."

I said, "Cool it, Tommy, I see how it happened."

He started to go right out to go see Joe.

I said, "No, Tommy, better let me settle this as Joe is hard to talk to and if you two get together it might get rough." So I took the coat over my arm and went back to Joe's shack.

I walked in and laid the coat on the bed. "Joe, Tommy hasn't got your money. He didn't steal it I don't believe."

He started faunching and bellowing again.

"It's gone and no one else was here to take it. I know he got it," he complained.

So I said, "Okay Joe, put your coat on and I'll go over to his house with you and we'll talk it over."

He grabbed the coat off the wall and started to put it on. He couldn't even get into it. He looked dumbfounded and said, "What's the matter? I can't get this on! This is not my coat!"

I picked the one up off the bed and handed it to him. "Is this your's then?" I asked.

He grabbed it, put it on, then put his hand in the pocket and found the roll of bills. Then his face fell.

He said, "My God! What have I done! I call Tommy a thief and he only made the mistake of taking the wrong coat."

Taking off his coat and hanging it on a nail beside the other one, he said, "What will I do? Tommy will kill me. Bill, go explain it to him please. I don't want Tommy mad at me."

"Come on Joe, I'll go with you to see Tommy," I said. "He'll understand."

So we headed for Tommy's house. Me and a very humble Joe. He came along like a little boy going to the wood shed to get his licking.

But when we got there they put their arms around each other like two long lost brothers. There was lots of laughing, crying, and backslapping and the incident was over. And I could go back to my own little family and, I hoped, peace for a while longer!

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BEST OF THE WEST

BEST OF THE WEST ANNUAL

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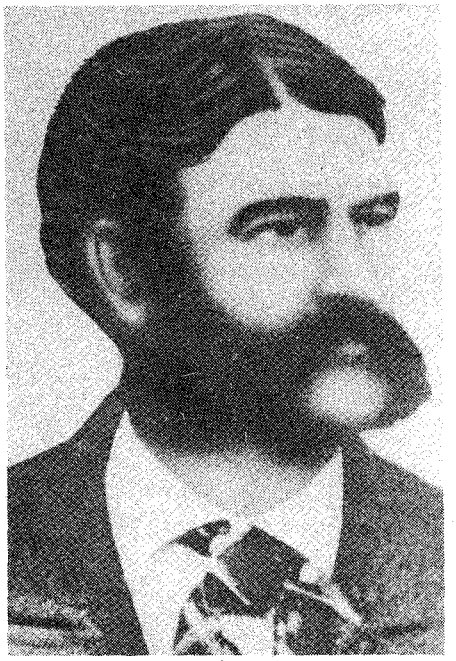
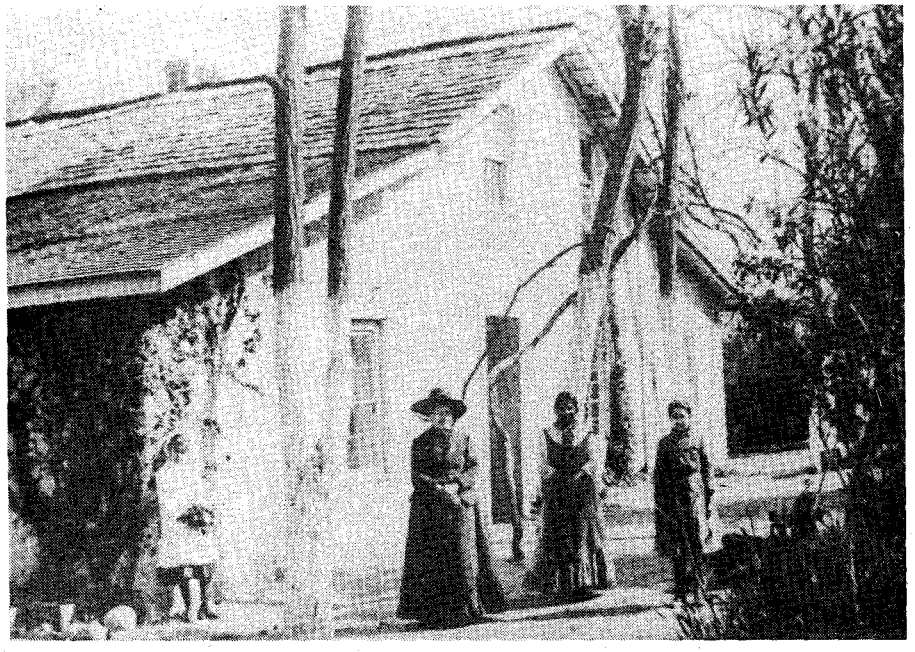
This talented man, really a wanderer and a dreamer, was not ignored by his peers. When Wozencraft arrived in San Francisco there was no civil government, no law and order; four months later he was chosen as a delegate to assist in shaping up a constitution for the new state

HE TRIED TO MAKE THE DESERT BLOOM!



Dr. Oliver Meredith Wozencraft.

Author's Illus.



Laura Riley (from l. to r.), Mrs. O.M. Wozencraft, Shasta, who was an infant when the doctor rescued her, and Mrs. John Anderson.

by Ben T. Traywick

IN EVERY ERA THERE ARE a few men who walk tall and seem to tower above the average in endeavor and accomplishment. More often than not the efforts of such people are directed toward benefits for their fellow human beings. Dr. Oliver Meredith Wozencraft was such a man, and his entire life was dedicated to his country and his fellow man.

More than a century ago this man made a valiant attempt to reclaim the Colorado Desert. He referred to this area as the "Sahara" of America and requested the federal government to grant him 16,000 square miles of this "worthless" land for experimental purposes, hoping to prove that it could be converted into productive property.

Wozencraft was never to see the fulfillment of his dream, but it is quite evident that his efforts planted some seed in fertile minds. Today, what was the Colorado Desert in Southern California has thousands of residents and even bustling cities. They, and the rich farming lands, are supplied with water by an irrigation system which is uncannily like the one proposed by Wozencraft half a century before.

His father before him was a dreamer and a wanderer, and wanderlust was in his blood. Young Oliver was 11 years old when his father departed on one of his frequent trips and was gone for some time. As the family had come to expect he had neither told them where he was going nor when he would be back. Only this time he would never be coming back, as he died (the family eventually learned), from a severe case of pneumonia, as a result of prolonged exposure to the elements after a drinking bout. The widow received quite an unusual letter informing her of her husband's demise.

Dear Madam: The enclosed has just come to me, published in an Augusta newspaper. Because of the name and the description of the person mentioned I have every reason to believe that the deceased was your husband. Since it is my duty to give you the earliest information of his death, I have hastily enclosed the obituary notice. Yours with respect, (sgd.), H.W. Scovell

Undaunted by the passing of her husband, the widow set about raising and educating her children. She sent young

(Continued on page 50)

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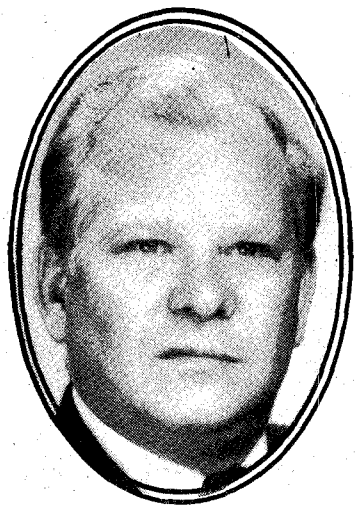

COW COUNTRY QUIZ

BY JAMES HINES

1. According to the Westerner's way of thinking, a "vacada" is: A saddle-cloth used on a pack saddle. A wagon boss. A method of capturing wild horses. A drove of cows.
2. If an old-time Western friend of yours told you he was going after a "willow tail," you would know he was going after: An Indian medicine man. A friend from the East. A long-legged cowboy. A horse with a long, loose, heavy coarse tail.
3. What does the cowpuncher's slang term "whittler" mean?
4. What Western city was once known as "the Monte Carlo of the United States?"
5. What was a "Buntline Special?"
6. True or False? A Bradford cow is a cross between a Hereford and a Brahma.
7. What does the Western term "outfox" mean?
8. What is the Westerner's definition of a "ranahan"?
9. Where in the West do you think you would be apt to find the word "sanchos" used instead of the word "dogie"? On the northern cattle ranges. Around the Mexican border. In the far northwest. In Nevada.
10. True or False? A "scissor-bill" cowpuncher is one who does not do his work well.
11. Name the person who discovered copper in Montana? What year was this?
12. If a cowpuncher friend of yours told you he was "settin' the bag," you would immediately know that he was: Courting. Riding a mean horse. Going to town the coming Saturday night. Going to get married.
13. A "sloper" is: One who rides away from trouble. One who lives on the Pacific coast. One who is on the dodge. A cowboy who rides stiff-legged in his saddle.
14. True or False? A talking horse is one that talks.
15. If a Western friend of yours told you he was "takin' to the tall timber," you would know that: He was going on a big-game hunt. Running away from the law. Hunting trouble. Going to ride away from home and never return.
16. What is a desert canary?
17. If a dangerous hombre told you to "dally your tongue," you would know to: Immediately stop talking. Rope a steer. Tie your rope on your saddle-horn. Uncouple your lariat.
18. Barboquenjo is the Spanish spelling of what well-known cowboy word?
19. What is a bayo coyote?
20. According to a cowboy's lingo, what is a "grub spoiler?"

Both Wyatt Earp (above) and Bat Masterson (left) were known to possess a "Buntline Special." What is a "Buntline Special?"

(Answers to this Quiz are on Page 65)

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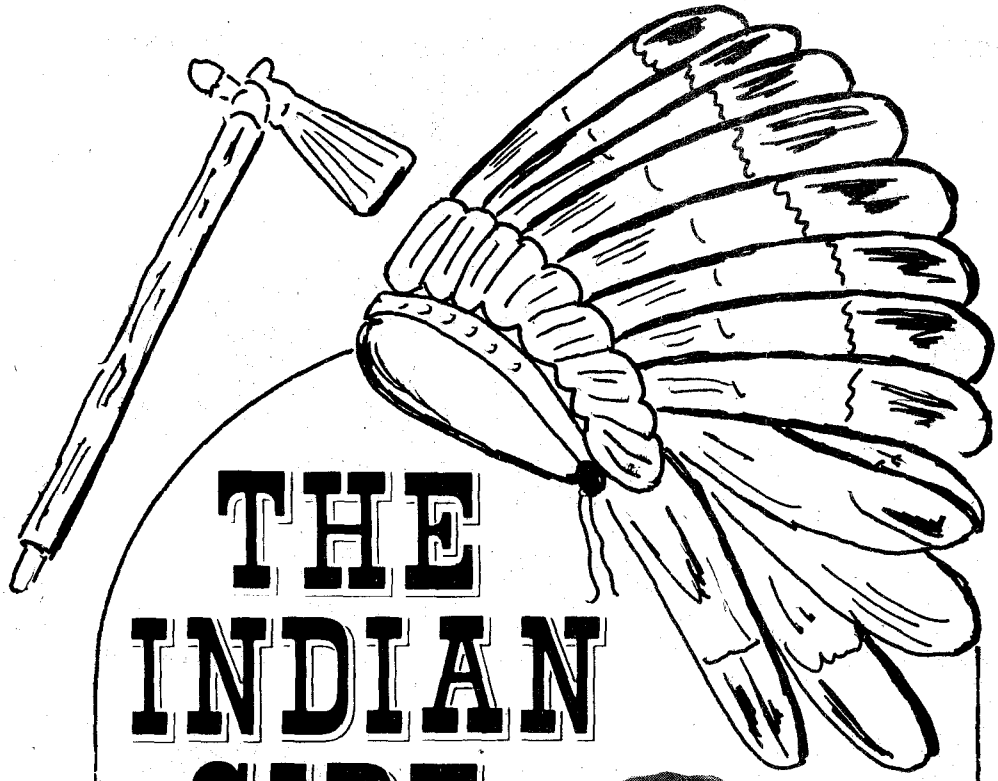
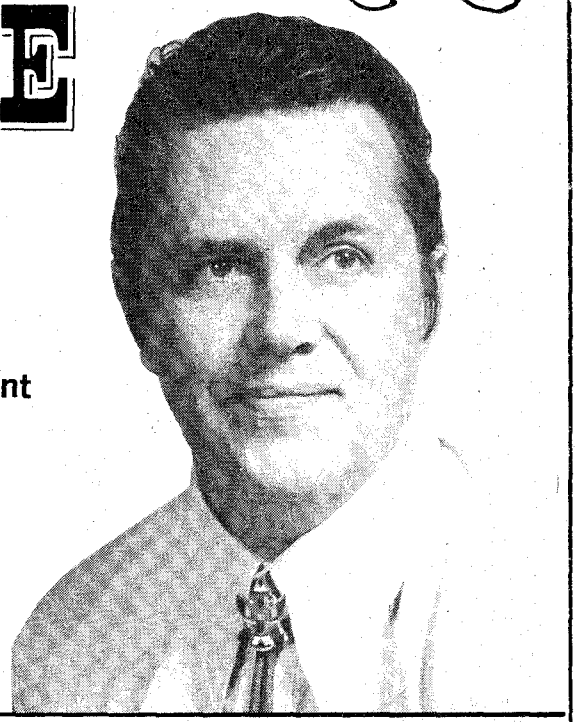


THE INDIAN SIDE

BY RONALD J. MORGAN

Special Consultant On American Indian Affairs



Ronald J. Morgan has made the study of the American Indian his life's work. A special consultant on Indian affairs for the government, he has met with many of the old warriors and their families and has corresponded with several white Indian fighters. A member of the Canadian Blackfeet, Morgan has an extensive background in Indian affairs and speaks the Sioux language. From time to time his column will appear in this magazine giving a view of western history from the side you don't often see in history books.

INDIAN PRISONERS OF WAR

THE ANCIENT CITY of St. Augustine, Florida has witnessed much Western history. Colorful characters of the Old West passed through this city, each with his own reason for being there. Most of the Westerners didn't come by choice, for they were American Indian prisioners of war.

St. Augustine boasts one of the oldest schools in America, Ripley's Believe It Or Not Museum, one of the oldest houses in the U.S. (still standing), and old Fort Castillo de San Marcos, commonly called Fort Marion. The sign outside the front gate states:

"*This Spanish fort, begun in 1672, stood firm against English attacks and helped Spain to hold Florida for many years. During the American Revolution it was a British stronghold. Later it became a U.S. Military prison.*"

The sign doesn't tell half the story. It fails to explain the tragedies the Seminoles suffered while incarcerated there. More than half of them died, the "lucky" few who survived were sent west to Indian Territory, which is today's Oklahoma. Still another group of Seminoles managed to avoid the soldiers under Andrew Jackson, going deep into the Florida Everglades where no white soldiers were trained to follow.

Their descendants are there today. The leader of the Seminoles, Osceola, was removed from Fort Marion and imprisoned in the Carolinas where he died. Osceola was not actually a chief, but was a leader appointed by his people.

On November 29, 1837, 20 Seminoles, including two women escaped by going out a small window and down the wall.

A diary in this writer's collection written by an officer serving at Fort Marion sheds a little light on their feelings. The diary states:

"Winter—(date missing, but was

(Continued on page 64)

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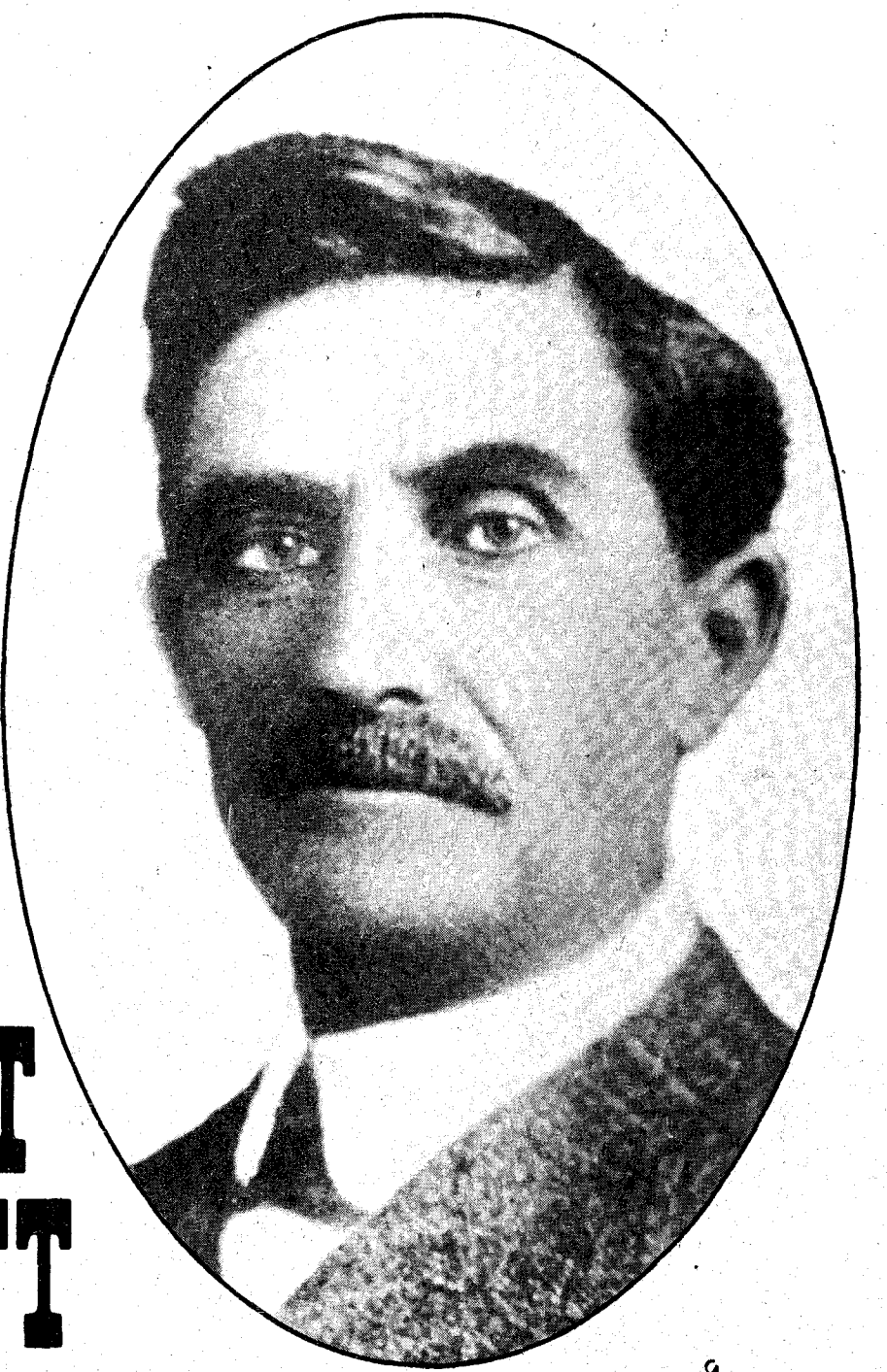
THE PAT GARRETT NOBODY KNEW

Pat Garrett's notoriety didn't end when he killed Billy the Kid. That was just a springboard for an even stormier career that embroiled him in controversy that reached as high as the White House!

By LEON C. METZ



WHEN MOST FOLKS think of Pat Garrett they just naturally think of Billy the Kid whom Garrett killed in 1881. Then they get a little vague about what Pat did afterwards, or what happened to him. Only a few southwestern buffs recall the strange story of his murder in 1908, a crime still not satisfactorily solved.

Garrett's life was a heartbreaking example of effort and failure. He began his career as a buffalo hunter in the middle 1870's, but lost his earnings at the Fort Griffin, Texas, gambling tables. He authored a book (actually ghost written by his friend Ash Upson) entitled *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid*, and watched in dismay as it became a discredited, financial flop. Pat even had trouble collecting the $500 reward offered by Governor Lew Wallace for the Kid's scuffy blond head. In fact, Garrett spent more money buying drinks for New Mexico legislators than he ever made in getting his promised reward.

Killing the Kid brought Garrett more misery than fame. People hated him for no more reason than he had been successful at doing his duty, although he himself knew that his surly, sarcastic disposition did nothing to improve his public image. As he grew older he completely refused to talk about the Kid's death, particularly how he had shot the Kid through the heart in a darkened room.

"What the hell do all these people think I should have done?" he once growled to a friend. "Let the Kid shoot me first?"

Following the Kid's death, Garrett worked as an agent for Scottish land interests in New Mexico, served for a few months as a Texas Ranger captain in the Panhandle (until he learned that the ranchers were prodding him to kill a man), and then he settled down to irrigate and develop the Pecos Valley near Roswell.

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New Mexico. But as a farmer Garrett allowed his visions and dreams of riches to completely outrun his financial capabilities. The company he helped found forced him out of the business and left him with assets drier than some of his irrigation ditches.

In 1890 Garrett moved his family to Uvalde, Texas, where for five years he tried to convince himself that he was born to live the life of a country gentleman. He raised horses, gambled, speculated in more irrigation schemes and generally withered away from boredom.

Finally, in 1896 an opportunity to escape came from New Mexico's Governor William "Poker Bill" Thornton. An important crime had just been committed in Dona Ana County. Colonel Albert Jennings Fountain and his nine-year-old son had disappeared in the White Sands and authorities were convinced of murder. Thornton asked Garrett to accept a position as sheriff and solve the case. Pat accepted and two years later finally brought two suspects to trial.

They were acquitted.

So in 1901, with a history of frustration and failure dogging him, Garrett moved to El Paso and sought employment with the United States government. The next five years further marked him as one of the southwest's most controversial and complex figures.

In those years El Paso was just beginning to emerge from its lawless and frontier past. Dallas Stoudenmire, John Wesley Hardin and John Selman, its most noted gunslingers, were all several feet under the hard caliche clay. The town claimed ten thousand souls, lost and otherwise, and the banks, railroads, opera houses, saloons, newspapers, and so forth vied for everyone's dollar.

Just across the Rio Grande sprawled Juarez, Mexico, the funnel through which all sorts of goods, contraband and legal, flowed into the United States. El Paso refineries handled gold, silver and copper from Mexican mines. Large herds of Mexican cattle were loaded on freight cars each week and shipped to the Chicago markets. The Customs District of Paso Del Norte, which included part of Texas, as well as all of New Mexico and Arizona, prospered. And Customs Collector at El Paso had to be the most significant and important government post along the thousand-mile border.

Billy the Kid (above) was killed by Pat Garrett in Fort Sumter, New Mexico. Left: Pat Garrett and his wife, Apolinaria, pose for this photo taken shortly before his death in 1908.

In May of 1901 Pat Garrett led a delegation of citizens down from Las Cruces, New Mexico, and met with President William McKinley in El Paso. McKinley gave the committee a private audience on board his special train and carefully listened as they asked for New Mexico statehood plus the dismissal of Governor Miguel Otero. To back up the statehood plea Garrett's group cited facts and figures regarding the Territory's population, agricultural, mining, industrial and railroad resources.

McKinley said that while he favored statehood for New Mexico, the discharging of Otero would have to be taken under advisement. Then the President took a buggy tour of El Paso, attended Sunday services at Trinity Methodist Church, and bid the community farewell. Five months later he died from an assassin's bullet and Theodore Roosevelt took his place.

Since Roosevelt wanted his own men filling the various Presidential appointee jobs and since he had always admired rugged Western figures, he dismissed H. M. Dillon, the El Paso Customs Collector, and invited Garrett to Washington for a face-to-face discussion of the vacancy. Pat beamed and promptly caught the next east-bound train.

When news of Garrett's possible appointment began to leak out New Mexicans were generally delighted. They still did not like Garrett, but they were pleased the position might go to one of their own people. On the other hand, many El Pasoans were stunned. Telegrams bombarded the President, all of the missives arguing that the post should go to a Texan. They reminded Roosevelt that Garrett had been a life-long Democrat until recently changing his politics in order to be elected sheriff of Dona Ana County. Several letters accused the President of bypassing qualified and loyal Republicans who had served the party for many years.

Many of the complaints charged Garrett with having the reputation as a "killer." He was charged with being "unfit for office." Dark hints were cast that he did not believe in the Bible (which he didn't), and that his only qualification for the office was a fast, perhaps a too fast, gun.

Meanwhile, Garrett had lined up the support of two powerful Western figures, Lew Wallace, former governor of New Mexico and author of *Ben Hur*, and Albert B. Fall, a prominent southwestern politician just beginning his meteoric rise to fame and eventually to disgrace. Both

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Dignitaries sit around a table during a Rough Riders' convention in 1905 (left). Theodore Roosevelt is third from left and Garrett is fourth from the right. Below: A.B. Fall, whose influence helped Pat Garrett.

men gave Garrett their unqualified endorsement.

On December 16, Roosevelt sent Garrett's name to the Senate for confirmation and Pat appeared before the Finance Committee. Wisconsin's Senator John C. Spooner questioned Garrett about his alleged gambling habits. Pat looked him squarely in the eye and said that he "did not know the difference between a straight flush and four of a kind."

Two weeks later Pat was the guest at an El Paso luncheon where the toastmaster remarked: "Here is the man whom the Senate worried about because he has the reputation of being a poker player. Everybody in El Paso knows Pat Garrett isn't a poker player. He just *thinks* he's a poker player."

Four days after Senate confirmation Garrett hurried to the White House and to his final conversation with the President. As they shook hands Roosevelt handed him a statement, told him to read it and, if it suited him, to sign. The note read: "I, Pat Garrett, hereby give my word of honor that if I am appointed Collector of Customs at El Paso, Texas, that I will abstain totally from the use of intoxicating liquors during my term of office."

"Mr. Roosevelt, that suits me exactly," Pat said, and he signed. Thus, within seconds Garrett demolished three of the President's more serious reservations. By repeating the words aloud, Pat proved he could read; by signing he demonstrated he could write; and by both these actions he took an oath not to drink.

They shook hands at the White House door.

"Mr. Garrett, I'm betting on you," Roosevelt said.

"Mr. President, you will win that bet," Garrett answered.

In El Paso Pat called his wife, Apolinaria, a Mexican girl whom he had married at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, prior to his chasing Billy the Kid, and their five children (they would eventually have seven) to his side at the Grand Hotel and held a press conference. A.B. Fall represented him and did most of the talking, noting that in making the nomination the President had considered the sources of the complaints against Garrett rather than their substance. Fall dismissed the objections as the laments of disappointed Republican office seekers.

Fall also explained away the embarrassing charge that Garrett had misappropriated public funds while he was sheriff of Dona Ana County. According to Fall, the county owed Garrett about $4,000 in expenses, and in the course of his duty Pat made a tax collection of nearly $3,000. As his attorney Fall advised him to keep the money and then requested the County Attorney file a misappropriation of funds against Garrett so the dispute might be settled. This was done, and Garrett not only kept the funds, but the County Commissioners levied a special tax so that an additional $800 due Garrett might be paid.

And so on this note Garrett began his duties as Collector of Customs in El Paso.

Although he worked hard and, as he wrote Roosevelt, tried to "administer the law justly and conscientiously to all," his abrasive personality kept him in continuous trouble.

A Mexican steer's age determined its duty upon entering the United States. A rancher paid $2 for calves under one year old and $3.75 for the more mature animals. Even a cattle expert sometimes had trouble determining the difference, and for this reason the Customs Department should have retained a specialist. They didn't because Garrett would not allow it. He had worked with livestock all his life and vowed to do the inspecting himself and save the government money.

The Corralitos Ranch near Casas Grandes, Mexico (120 miles south of El Paso) shipped over 3,000 head of cattle into the United States in April and May of 1902. Since the simplest method of determining a steer's age was through its teeth (an adult had 32), Garrett made a quick check and decreed that 60 percent of the steers qualified for the higher fees . . . which he assessed accordingly.

The decision outraged the Mexican ranchers. They swore all their cattle were less than a year old and asked Garrett for another consideration. Ordinarily, in border-line cases such as this, a compromise is usually worked out. But Garrett was not the compromising kind. He grumpily refused even to discuss the matter and thus left the cattlemen with no way out except to either go along or appeal to the New York Board of Appraisers. They sought relief through the latter and the Board sent an investigator.

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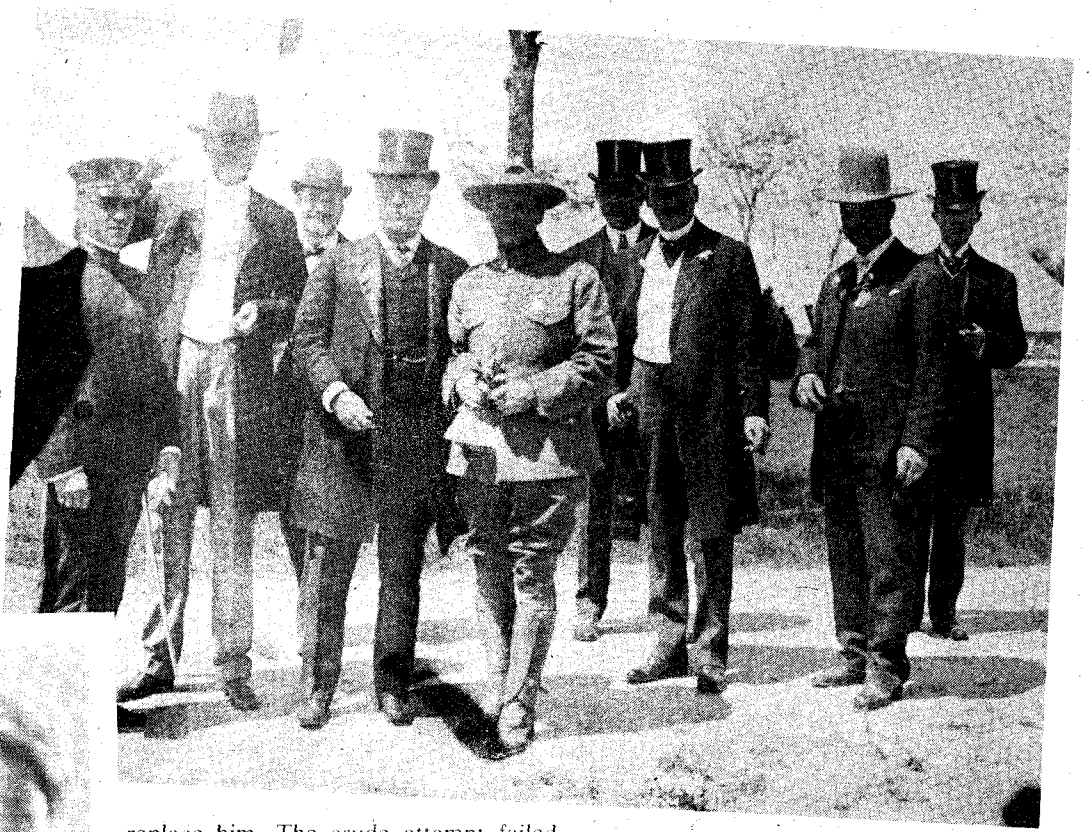

The Rough Riders Convention in San Antonio, (right) brought together notables such as Garrett (tall man at left), Teddy Roosevelt (in a top hat next to Garrett) and Tom Powers, wearing the sombrero at right. Below: Emerson Hough, a noted western writer, interceded with President Roosevelt when Pat Garrett was not reappointed as collector.

After three months of trying the case on the basis of letters and telegrams sent back and forth between El Paso and New York, the Board reached a verdict and it went against Garrett. On August 22 the official body reached a "fair average estimate" whereby only 20 percent of the cattle were judged to be a year old.

Now it was Garrett's turn to be outraged and he vowed a fight all the way to the Supreme Court. The case did get to the U.S. Circuit Court where someone either dismissed or dropped it. In February 1903, I.A. Barnes, an American doing business with a Juarez firm, circulated a petition calling Garrett "inefficient and rude." It suggested he be dismissed as Collector and that he (Barnes) replace him. The crude attempt failed. Although many residents were in private agreement with the charges, especially the ones concerning rudeness, they were nevertheless secretly pleased to see someone buck the big cattlemen and get away with it. The *El Paso Times* sneered at the petition and said it "received the merry ha ha and the cold shoulder."

During this period of time several people did rise to Garrett's support. One man wrote the newspapers and stated that "Garrett was conscientious and trying to serve his government without fear or favor." The correspondent charged the Corralitos cattle people with being "out to get Garrett" because they know "the Collector would do his duty." The Juarez merchants were angry and embittered towards Garrett because "he enforced the law and did not allow the importation of goods duty free."

But letters and support in the El Paso newspapers did not help Pat Garrett in Washington. Secretary of the Treasury Leslie Shaw was impressed enough by the petition's charges that he wrote Pat a blunt reprimand and ordered him to be more polite. Garrett reacted with a letter to Roosevelt, telling the President that "It has been my ambition to treat all persons with the utmost courtesy, and if in any case it has not been done I certainly did not know about it."

Nevertheless, Shaw sent Special Treasury Agent Joe Evans into El Paso with instructions to straighten the department out. Evans recommended Garrett hire George Gaither, an El Pasoan with some connections to the Republican Party, to appraise cattle. Garrett grudingly did so, but he promptly fired the employee 30 days later with the terse statement that "Gaither is unfit for any position under the government." No details were published.

On the morning of May 8 as Garrett walked towards the Custom House he happened upon Evans and Gaither who were slouching beside the Nations Meat Market.

"Did you tell anyone that your position as a cattle appraiser was supposed to be permanent?" Garrett snarled to Gaither.

"Well, that's what you said," Gaither replied.

"You are a damn liar!" Garrett roared.

Gaither then lashed out at him and for a moment or so the two men stood toe-to-toe, swinging wildly at each other. Into the fray now charged the County Attorney, the Chief of Police, and about 25 other citizens. The *El Paso News* chuckled that "the scene bordered on the comic opera style for a few moments."

Neither man hurt or knocked the other down, although Gaither exposed a small trickle of blood on his face. Each was arrested, charged with disturbing the peace, and fined five dollars.

When Secretary Shaw heard what happened, he asked I.A. Barnes (who had submitted the petition calling for Garrett's removal) to make an investigation and submit an "impartial report." Barnes did take several statements, although Garrett refused to contribute. The investigator closed with the remark that "most El Paso citizens consider the fight to be a very disgraceful affair."

On May 14 Shaw directed Garrett to submit a full and complete statement upon the matter and warned him that "such conduct upon the part of a person hold-

(Continued on page 53)

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THE WEST'S GREATEST LIAR

By Helen Seeley Phillips

This artist's drawing of John O'Keefe accompanied his obituary in 1895. O'Keefe's vivid imagination made the West even more exciting than it was.

THERE SEEMS ALWAYS to have been a certain magic attached to the name, Pike's Peak.

Explorer Lt. Zebulon M. Pike is credited with discovering the imposing mountain peak in 1806. In 1859 gold-hungry adventurers made the name practically a household word by popularizing the slogan, "Pike's Peak or Bust!" But in the year 1876 it took an imaginative and prankish young Irishman to bring Pike's Peak into the public eye once again, and he did it with one of the zaniest journalistic spoofs of all time.

The Irishman's name was John Thomas O'Keefe, a fine broth of a lad who was seeing the West for the first time in the uniform of the United States Signal Corps. He had been designated as the new assistant in charge of the weather station which had been established just two years earlier by the Signal Service high atop 14,110-foot Pike's Peak.

It was quite a heady assignment for one so young, as O'Keefe was only 18 at the time. Undoubtedly the youth thirsted for adventure, which he assumed would surely be found in connection with the Pike's Peak assignment. He was prepared for excitement and frontier thrills — anything, in fact, but what he got for weeks on end— the boredom of endless routine and the loneliness of a high altitude mountain retreat.

Then O'Keefe's boredom and dull routine were relieved by the death of his pet baby burro, "Erin O'Keefe." As he prepared suitable burial for "Baby Erin," his puckish mind went to work and came up with the "Great Pike's Peak Spoof."

It began as a low key story in the Pueblo Chieftain newspaper under date of May 25, 1876 and was headlined, "ATTACKED BY RATS, TERRIBLE CONFLICT ON THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK!"

Using the mysterious by-line, "Mucilage," the Colorado Springs correspondent later identified as Judge Eliphalet Price reported that a certain Mr. John O'Keefe with his wife and baby Erin had been attacked in their mountaintop cabin by vast hordes of giant rodents with a ferocious appetite for raw meat. The animals were huge, all out of proportion for rats, and they swarmed over everything on Pike's Peak.

On one occasion they ate two signal service officers, besides devouring every edible article in the station and driving surviving members to the roof for safety. At intervals they disappeared, said the newspaper story, enabling the beseiged survivors to obtain provisions. On this horrible night, however, the O'Keefe's barely had escaped with their lives by encasing themselves in scrolls of zinc plating (part of the signal station supplies) then electrocuting hundreds of the animal invaders with an adroitly cast coil of electric wire connected to a convenient battery (Mrs. O'Keefe being a mountain girl and familiar with the throwing of a lariat.)

But the saddest part of this night of attack was the destroying by the rats of infant Erin O'Keefe, of whom nothing remained but a peeled and naked skull.

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When you're stuck alone on Pike's Peak a vivid imagination is almost a necessity. And when you combine that with an Irish sense of humor—you wind up with John Thomas O'Keefe

"Drs. Horn and Anderson have just returned from the peak," concluded the *Pueblo Chieftain* somberly. "It was first thought that the left arm of Sergeant O'Keefe would have to be amputated, but they now believe it can be saved."

Alert newspapers picked up the story. It was spread from Colorado Springs and Denver back to the East where people were willing to believe any stories about the wild and woolly West.

Soon the headlines, "RATS ON THE RAMPAGE" left newspaper readers gasping over accounts of the fearful ravages committed by the giant mountain rodents of Pike's Peak.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly used the story, and the Police Gazette was said to have carried a cut showing what looked like an enormous herd of sheep crowded around a building which flew the Stars and Stripes. Under the flag huddled Sgt. O'Keefe and some other men, peering down in mortal fear at the Pike's Peak rats. Westerners who knew how scarce animals were on top of the peak derived much amusement from O'Keefe's outlandish tale.

However, the existence of animals at the peak's lofty altitude later became the subject of a lively reader debate. On October 20, 1877, the Weekly Colorado Springs Gazette stated, "Sgt. Barrett of the Pike's Peak signal station, writes to the Denver News to correct the assertion of scientists and others that "rodents do not inhabit rocks above timberline." Mr. Barrett says, "Rats are and always were on Pike's Peak. They are called 'mountain rats' . . . . they have a long, bush tail, much longer than the tail of a Norway rat. When they are at rest . . . . the tail is curled around them, nearly enclosing the body in a warm covering of fur. These rats are also much fiercer than common rats and will show fight when molested." Prudently, their size was not mentioned.

Photo (above) supposedly depicts mourners at the grave of infant Erin O'Keefe, who was allegedly eaten by "mountain rats." Right: "Balaam" leaps over a lava flow after the eruption of Pike's Peak.

Meanwhile, back on the peak, Sgt. O'Keefe appeared to be on the threshold of an exciting journalistic career. A scant two months after the Pike's Peak rat story first appeared in print, however, he was transferred.

His new assignment was to head up the Signal Service Weather Bureau exhibit at the Centennial Industrial Exposition opening in Philadelphia on July 4, 1876. Years later, after he had taken issue with

(Continued on page 54)

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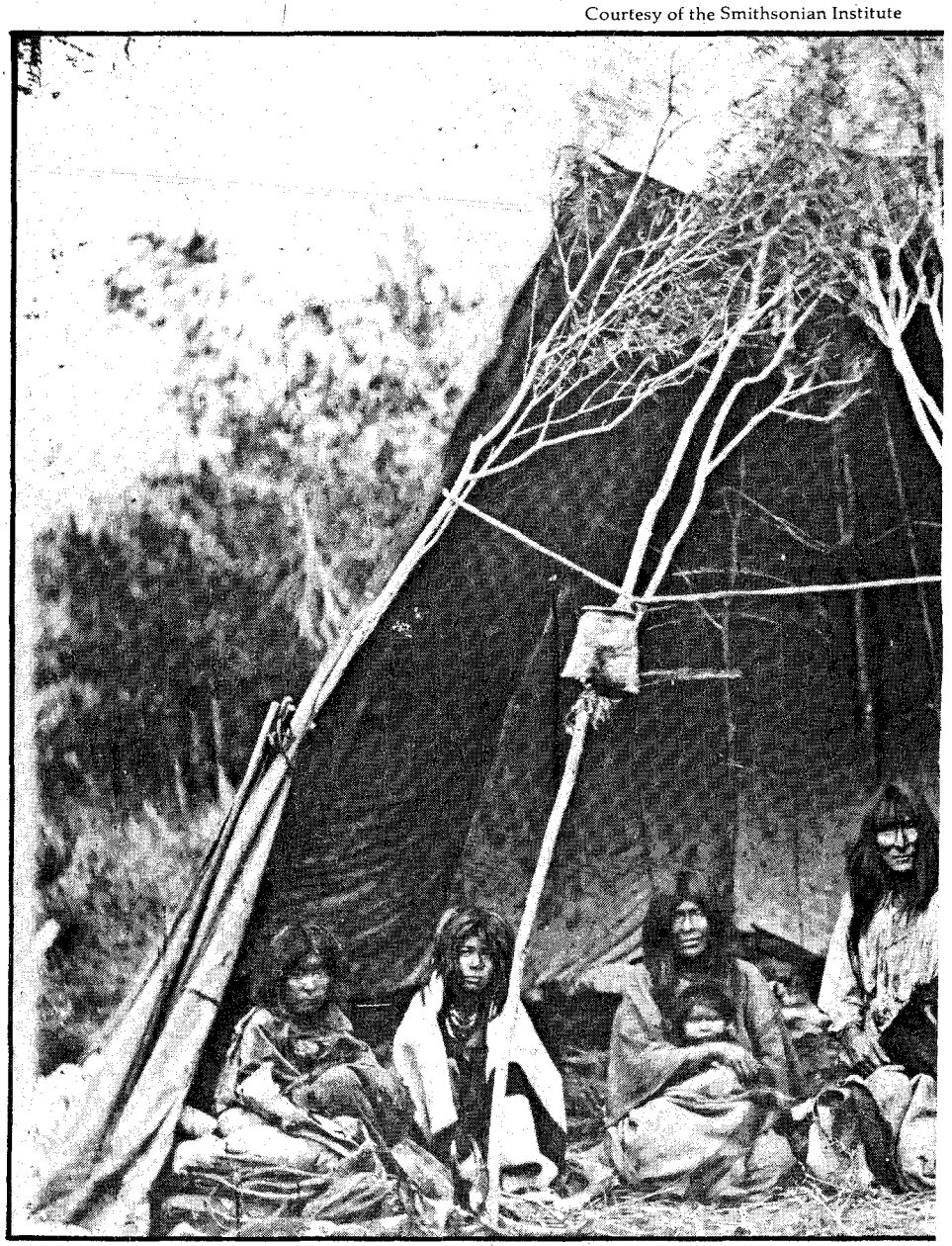
The Sheepeaters were possibly the west's most peaceful tribe. But 15 braves of this tattered nation held off the United States Army for four months, armed with only seven rifles, one double-barreled shotgun and eight-thousand years of courage! Eleven years later—the Sheepeaters were extinct!

THE TRAGIC INDIAN WAR NOBODY REMEMBERS

Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institute



By Lois McBride

A LONELY GRAVE on a desolate hillside a long walk from anyplace is all that remains to mark an unremembered war that ended an Indian culture few people ever heard of.

That silent headstone, white against the rugged mountains of central Idaho's vast primitive area, puts an emphatic "*X*" on the spot where Private Harry Eagan laid down his life a long ways from home, fighting a people called the Sheepeater who never had much of a quarrel with anybody.

The young Irish soldier, eager for glory and combat, fell after an inglorious retreat under the command of a lily-livered lieutenant who had issued his first order from behind a tree:

"Bring me my horse!"

A frightened, inexperienced command only added to a general military disadvantage that had plagued the U.S. Army from the beginning of the Sheepeater conflict. White men who coveted Indian lands had scornfully described the Sheepeaters as a renegade band of mixed mongrels of no particular tribe and limited intelligence, but the facts were somewhat different.

The truth was that the Army was facing, that summer in 1879, not a few "mongrels," but an Indian culture that had been established before Egypt built its pyramids. An ancient branch of the Shoshoni, the Sheepeaters, properly called Tukuarikas, had originally occupied a broad stretch of varied terrain and climate that reached from the Payette River in western Idaho to the Yellowstone country of Wyoming. A good-natured, child-like people, the Sheepeaters had developed their expressive language and had created artistic and religious traditions over 8,000 years before.

Respectfully acknowledged even by unfriendly tribes for their hunting skills, the Sheepeaters made most of what they needed from the

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Courtesy, Montana Historical Society, Helena, Montana

Some of Chief Joseph's (above) Nez Perce survivors joined the so-called "renegade" Sheepeaters. Left: An 1871 photo of a typical Sheepeater family camped near the head of Medicine Lodge Creek. They were a trusting but gullible people.

materials most readily at hand—in their case, from the bones, horns and hides of the elusive, nimble-footed, hard-to-hunt, Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep that had also given them their name. Just as the Plains Indians had used the buffalo as their grocery store, department store and five-and-dime, so the Sheepeaters used the bighorn. Even their ceremonial bows were formed from the magnificent curled horns of the big sheep. Big game hunters without equal, the Sheepeaters augmented their bighorn diet with plentiful elk and deer and filled out their enviable rations with berries, camas root, and salmon from teeming streams. Representative of these gentle, loyal people was Sacajawea, the Shoshoni girl of the Lemhi Sheepeater subtribe, who led Lewis and Clark on their historic 4,000-mile trek through wilderness in 1805.

The Sheepeaters were isolated from the currents of change and from the altering influence of abrasive outside contacts by the high, rugged mountains and jagged canyons of their wilderness homeland. So unbelievably rough that much of it remains unexplored by white men and is marked "impassable to man" on maps to this day, the high, wild and remote country was as familiar to the Sheepeaters as a present-day backyard is to modern man.

The rugged terrain was penetrated by gold seekers and by the ranchers and farmers who followed pioneering prospectors like camp-followers after soldiers. Taking the land they wanted and justifying the theft with their self-righteous judgement that "the Injuns didn't use it," white men came and trouble flourished.

The Nez Perce War of 1877 and the Bannack uprising of 1878 led irrevocably to the Sheepeater Campaign of 1879.

A tattered few of Chief Joseph's Nez Perce survivors joined stragglers lost from the Bannack chief, Buffalo Horn, and took refuge with the Sheepeaters—adding a bitter fuel to the gullible Sheepeaters' reputation as "mongrel renegades."

By that time, the peace-loving tribe had seen its territory reduced to the untamed vastness of central Idaho. The Sheepeaters, even as innocent as they were, could see the handwriting on the wall, and many of them had already sadly left their traditional mountain lands to join their whipped Shoshoni cousins bowing to white man's law on bleak reservations. The few remaining mountain Sheepeaters with the Nez Perce and Bannack refugees were doomed and didn't know it.

Blamed with relish if not accuracy for the murder of four white men during the Bannack War, time for

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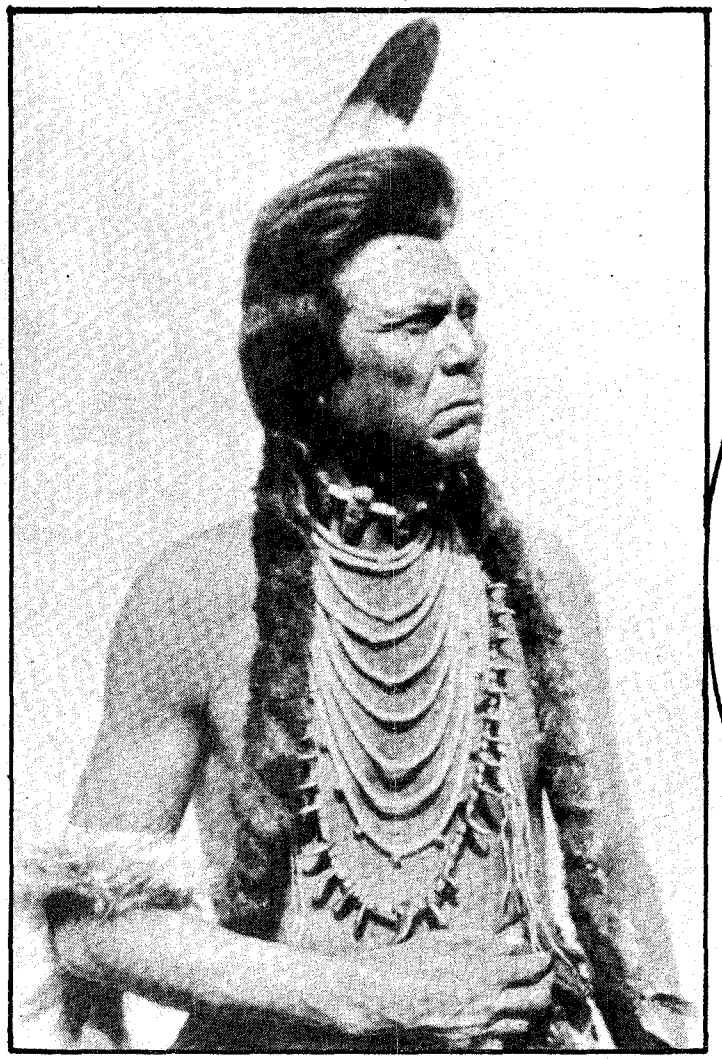
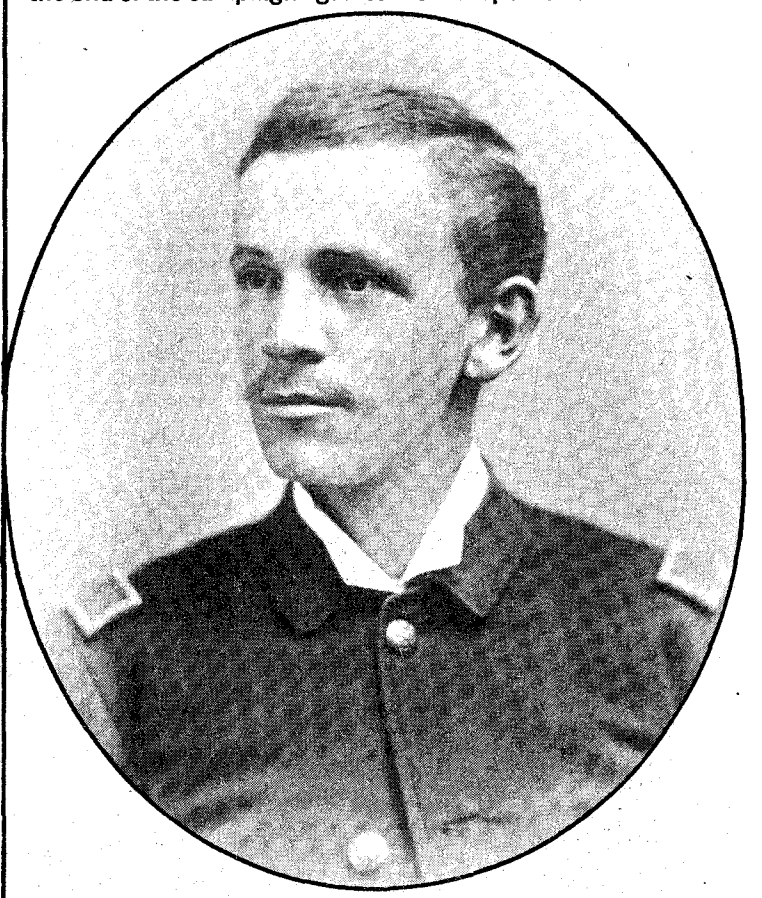
Photos courtesy of the Idaho Historical Society





Charlie Shaplish (left), also known as "Whirlwind," was a sergeant in the Umatilla Scouts under Lt. Farrow, who assisted in defeating the Sheepeaters. Below: Lt. Edward S. Farrow was cited for "gallantry, energy and perseverance, resulting in success," at the end of the campaign against the Sheepeaters.

the Sheepeaters started to run out on May 1, 1879. On that date Brigadier General O.O. Howard, commanding officer over the Department of the Columbia and chief in command at the surrender of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce at Bear Paw Mountain in Montana the year before, was ordered at his headquarters at Vancouver Barracks to investigate the massacre of five Chinese miners at Loon Creek on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. Since laid to Bannacks by historians, the Loon Creek Chinese massacre was emphasized by reports that Sheepeaters had ambushed and murdered three men, stealing 60 horses, and leaving a fourth man severely injured in Indian Valley, a short distance south of the little town of McCall in western Idaho.

Determined to convict the Sheepeaters for the massacre, Howard directed Captain Reuben F. Bernard and Second Lieutenant John Pitcher, with 56 men of Company G. First U.S. Cavalry, to proceed from Boise Barracks to the town of Challis on the southern edge of the Sheepeater domain to pursue the Indians from that point.

At the same time a force of 50 mounted infantry under Lieutenant Henry Catley was ordered, with 20 auxiliary men, from Camp Howard near Grangeville to strike southeast across the Sheepeater lands to join Bernard at Challis. In simultaneous action, Howard enlisted 20 Umatilla Indian scouts at the Umatilla Indian Agency in Oregon to serve under Second Lieutenant E.S. Farrow of the 21st Infantry with instructions to rendezvous with the other troups in Indian Territory.

Bernard was senior officer and was officially in command of all forces in the field. Slowed to a crawl by late snows and rugged terrain and often without rations, he spent the early part of the campaign fruitlessly searching for Indians while the Indians sat laughing at him 50 miles to the north! Farrow and his scouts went dashing energetically off on a wild goose chase hunting Idaho Indians in Oregon. Catley's orders took him to the north of Bernard's route and, as fate would have it, he stumbled onto the elusive quarry by accident.

Stopped twice by deep snow, Catley and the men under his command had finally succeeded in crossing through to the South Fork of the Salmon River in mid-July. Proceeding through the high Chamberlain Basin country, Catley dropped down into Big Creek, a tributary of the Middle Fork of the Salmon, on July 28, 1879.

Early that afternoon, while the troops were resting and Catley was fishing, one of the scouts reported seeing Indian ponies grazing several miles below the trail camp. When informed of the presence of the horses, Catley gave ample indication of his attitude by roundly scolding the scout for costing him "two good bites" with his report. Deciding that the Indians would run away if he attacked that afternoon, Catley rested on this amazing decision with orders to prepare to leave camp the following morning.

Catley's troops pulled camp early in the morning of July 29 and moved single-file down the trail, with commanding officer Catley

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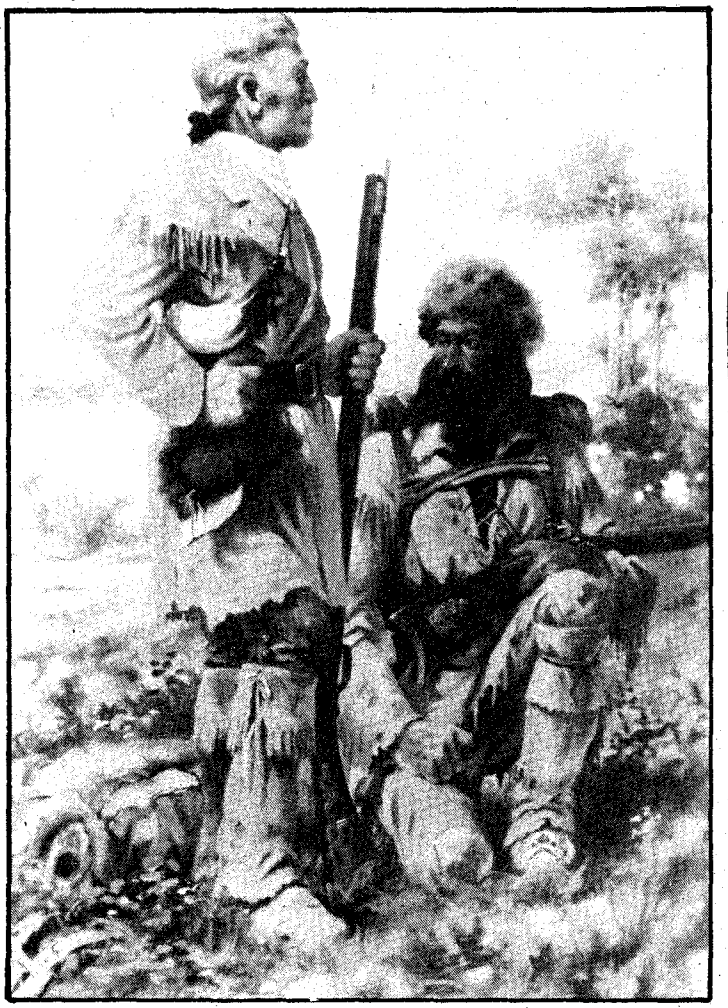
ourtesy, Montana Historical Society



Courtesy, Washington Historical Society

Captain Merriweather Lewis (left) and General William Clark (above) were greatly helped in their expeditions by the famous Sacajawea—a Sheepeater.

well protected behind two other men. Arriving at the point where the Indian ponies had been observed the previous afternoon, the troops discovered that the Indians had moved on down the canyon some two hours before. Proceeding leisurely toward the junction of Big Creek and the Middle Fork of the Salmon, Catley's forces had traveled only two miles when Indian rifle fire signalled an ambush.

Jumping off his horse to take refuge behind a large tree, Catley left his men to fend for themselves. Following their commander's example, the troops dismounted and scrambled for shelter in the brush—two of them, Privates James Doyle and William Holm, sustaining serious wounds in the melee. Asked three times for orders, quaking Lieutenant Catley finally found his voice and ordered that his horse be brought to him!

Quickly mounting, Catley galloped to the rear of his confused soldiers and proceeded by example to call a retreat. Leaving his wounded lying in the field and abandoning the men under his command, Catley fled an engagement in which a group of 10 hostile Indians had fired no more than 50 shots at a well-equipped, trained U.S. Army detachment consisting of commanding officer Catley, 50 soldiers, two scouts, one Army surgeon, six packers and 11 civilian volunteers!

The troops gathered up their own wounded and ran in disorganized flight to catch up to their commander. Retreating up a high ridge to the north of the skirmish site, Catley held his men for 14 hours while one Indian fired a total of five shots toward the concentrated troops. Thirsty and without water in the summer sun, the disheartened troops sipped from a keg of vinegar found in the pack train supplies and gave the name "Vinegar Hill" to history.

Abandoning the greater portion of his supplies and 11 of his pack mules to the unseen Indians in his hasty withdrawal, Catley continued his precipitous, 100-mile retreat under cover of darkness. Covering 30 miles in one march, he was well on his way out of Indian Territory in a fraction of the time it took him to get into it.

The Sheepeater Campaign would have ended on a note of victory for the Indians if the story closed with the Catley fiasco. But not all soldiers are cowards and there were brave men on both sides in the Sheepeater War.

Catching up with Catley's demoralized troops on orders from the Department Commander, with Catley himself facing a General Court-martial for "misbehavior in the presence of the enemy," Captain Bernard combined troops and reinforced his command with 25 additional men from Camp Howard. Catley had performed his greatest—and possibly only—service for the Army forces by locating the Sheepeaters on Big Creek, somewhere in the vicinity of what was forever to be known as Vinegar Hill. Sending Farrow's scouts ahead under the direction of their Umatilla leaders, Shaplish and War Chief Yatinowits, Bernard reached the headwaters of Big Creek on August 15. Two days later, the scouts, with Farrow's brilliant assistant-in-command, Second Lieutenant W.C. Brown of the First Cavalry, reached the site where Catley's troops had been routed by the ridiculously out-numbered, under-

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Author's photo

Courtesy, Idaho Historical Society

The author (above) poses with the skull and horns of a Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep, the mainstay of the Sheepeaters and the food from which they got their name. It was found deep in the primitive country of Idaho not far from the site of the lieutenant's fiasco. Right: Captain Reuben F. Bernard was senior officer in the Sheepeater campaign and in command of all forces which were in the field.

equipped Sheepeater braves.

Followed closely by the main body of troops, the seasoned Umatilla scouts picked their way silently down the Big Creek canyon. With walls that in places towered 800-feet into the Idaho sky and a floor only a few yards wide, the rugged canyon permitted only slow, single-file advance.

Only the broken cadence of the unshod horses' hooves on the boulder-strewn trail and the occasional muffled bump of a soldier's kit broke the sultry summer silence. The ready troopers advanced another mile, passing Indian caves and rock shelters on both sides of the creek where their Sheepeater enemy had inscribed ancient legends in red dye on granite walls. Another mile passed under the horses feet and fresh Indian signs jerked the already tense soldiers into even greater vigilance. A third silent, sweating mile toward the surging Middle Fork—and a sudden volley of shots announced the presence of Indians hidden on the rough hillsides ahead. Turning off the Big Creek trail, the troopers swiftly climbed to a grassy plateau on the south side of the gorge and prepared to engage their enemy.

Through one day and all the next night the soldiers waited from their vantage point on the wide plateau that thereafter was to be known as Soldier Bar.

The Sheepeaters, shrewd and resourceful as they had to be to survive in their hard homeland, slipped up into the rocks above the bar and attacked from behind.

Momentarily confused by the unexpected direction of the attack, the troopers quickly rallied and turned to repulse the threat from an Indian force afterward estimated at a strength of only 15 men! A young Irish trooper ran to guard the pack train supplies. At that moment a Sheepeater brave squeezed the trigger of his Spencer carbine and Private Harry Eagan of Company C, Second Infantry, fell with a bullet through both thighs.

During a prolonged lull in the exchange of rifle fire, the soldier was dragged to a hastily-improvised field operating station at one end of Soldier Bar. Major T.E. Wilcox, a military surgeon who had accompanied Captain Bernard's troops from Boise Barracks, amputated both of Eagan's legs in a vain attempt to save his life. The only military fatality of the entire Sheepeater campaign, Eagan was buried by his companions on the spot where he died.

After the attack that resulted in Eagan's death, the elusive Sheepeaters again withdrew into their rugged landscape, leaving the footsore soldiers struggling behind

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Courtesy, Library of Congress

General O. O. Howard, the one-armed ex-Civil War officer, was the commanding officer for the Department of the Columbia. He was also known as a man who chased the Indians throughout the northwest.

with short rations and exhausted horses. Days blended into one another, with only fleeting glimpses of will-o-the-wisp Indians to spur the soldier's dogged march.

The prolonged pursuit took its toll of Indian warrior as well as white soldier, and as the weeks wore by the soldiers found more and more of the Indians' supplies abandoned on the trail.

Bernard, his forces near collapse, finally determined to return to Boise Barracks on September 8 to replenish supplies and outfit his command with fresh horses. Promising to return to "take up the trail, wherever it may go", Bernard headed to his home station after a march covering 101 days and well over a thousand miles.

Farrow's scouts were now the only military force active in the field and they were determined to bring the long, hard campaign to a victorious end. Doggedly following the Sheepeaters' faint trail and brilliantly anticipating their movements, the Umatilla scouts struck for the main Salmon River. On the morning of September 21 the scouts surprised a small group of Sheepeaters and took as hostages two squaws, a young boy, and a tiny papoose. On this unexpected bit of luck rested the success of the United States Army in the Sheepeater War.

Always a close-knit, clannish people, the Sheepeaters considered their squaws and children and sued for peace. By October 1, 1879, the war was officially over. Surrendering to Captain Bernard was the entire Sheepeater Nation—a weary, tattered total of 51 prisoners, only 15 of whom were warriors. This valiant, slender force had held off the United States Army for four months, armed with only seven rifles, one double-barreled shotgun, and eight-thousand years of courage.

The Sheepeaters were marched from their splendid mountains south to the bleak, sagebrush plain of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. By 1890 the Sheepeater light was out. The Sheepeater Campaign of 1879 extinguished a nation and was the last of Idaho's Indian wars.

For long years only names, curling across the map like wisps of smoke, lingered as monuments to the Sheepeater War. Soldier Bar... Eagan Creek... Bernard Creek... Vinegar Hill... Papoose Gulch. Then, 46 years after the death of the eager young private, a packer named Dave Lewis, who had been at Soldier Bar when Eagan fell, returned to the high plateau where the soldier had been buried. Accompanied by an elderly mule named Dempsey, the old packer, soldier and scout climbed to the grave site with a simple white soldier's headstone—sent to the last known address of Private Harry Eagan by the men who had buried him there. ●

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The West's

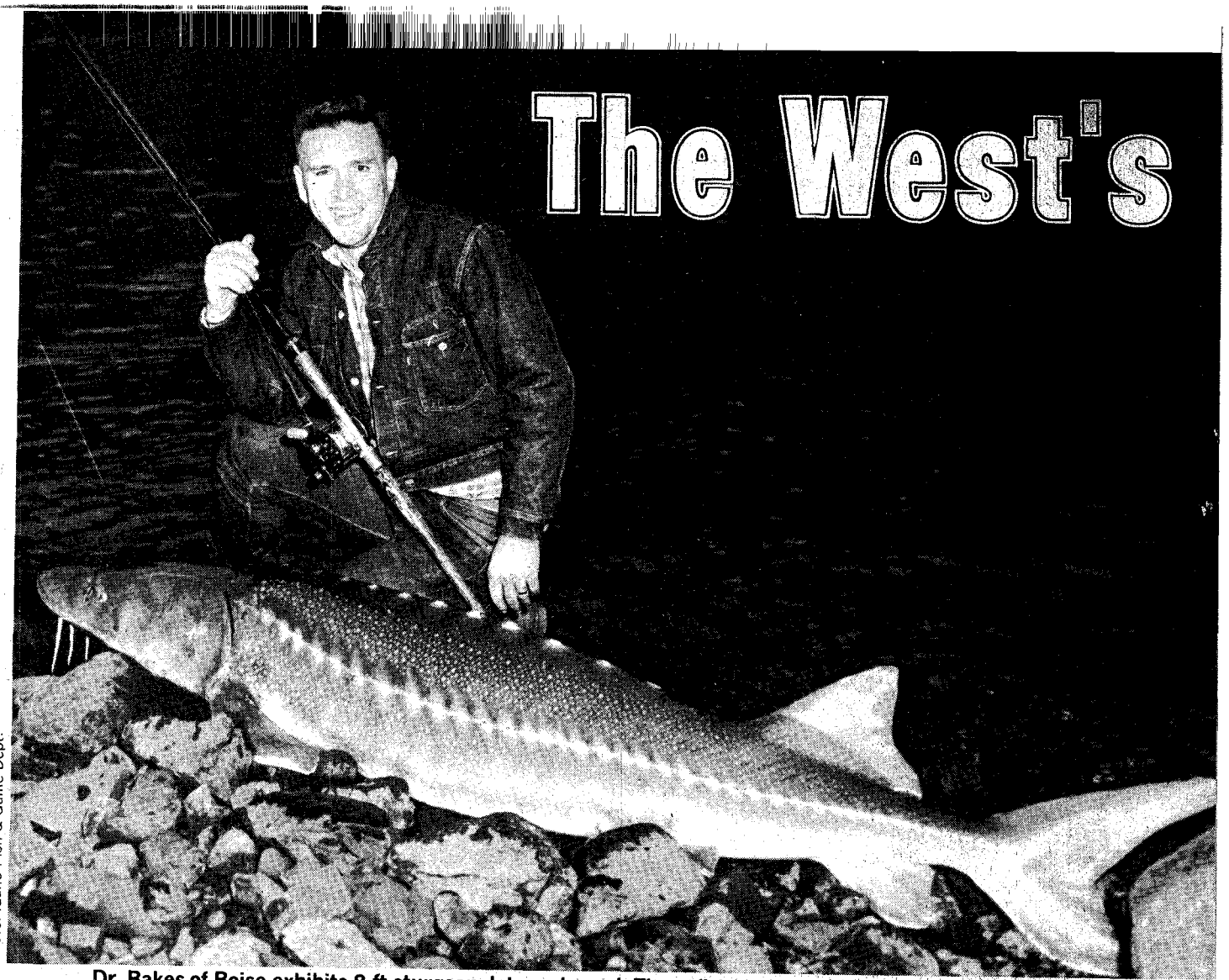

Photo: Idaho Fish & Game Dept.

Dr. Bakes of Boise exhibits 8-ft sturgeon, later released. These fish can live out of water for some time.

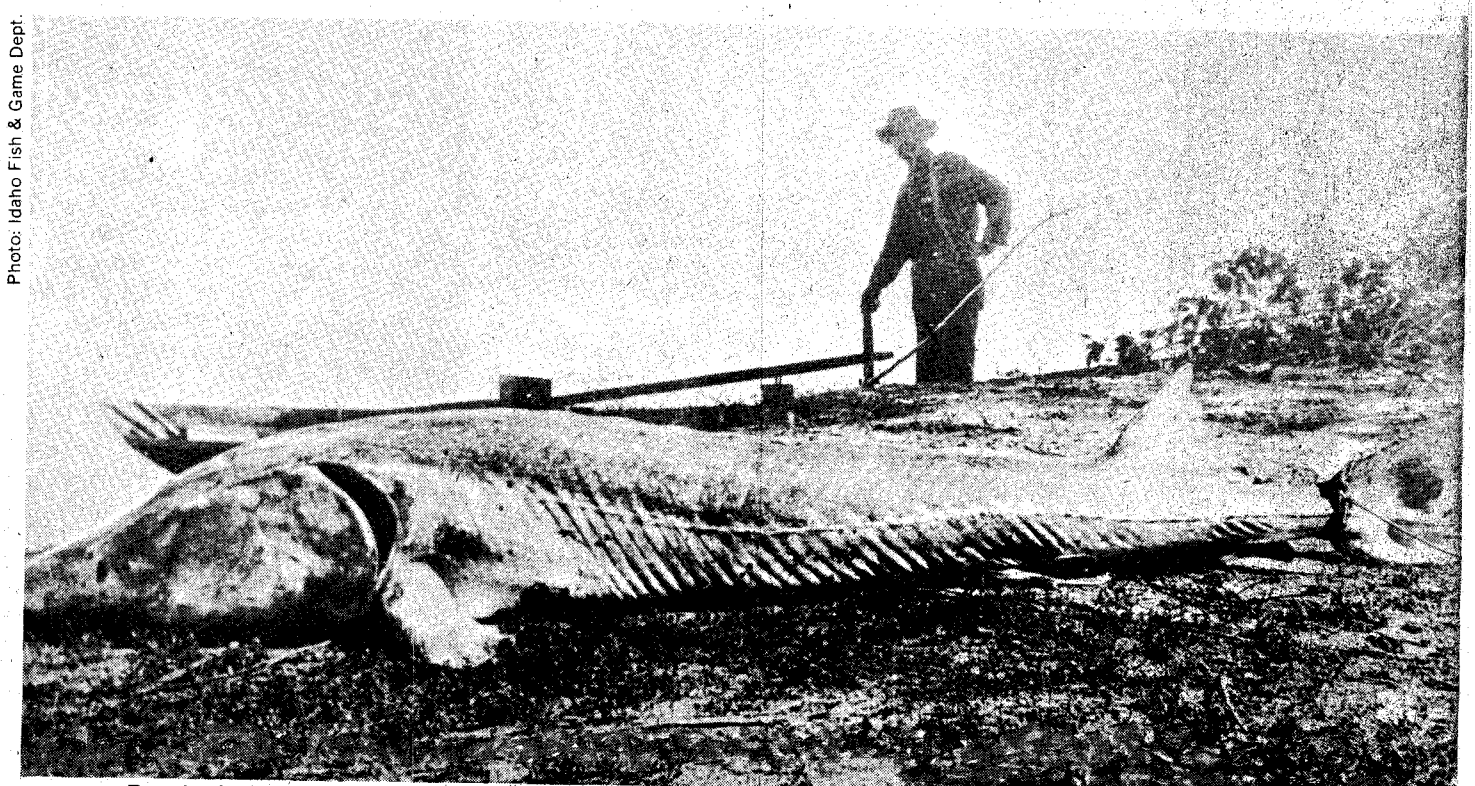

Photo: Idaho Fish & Game Dept.

Beached whale? No, just a 1,500-lb. white sturgeon caught in Snake River nr. Weiser, Idaho (1898).

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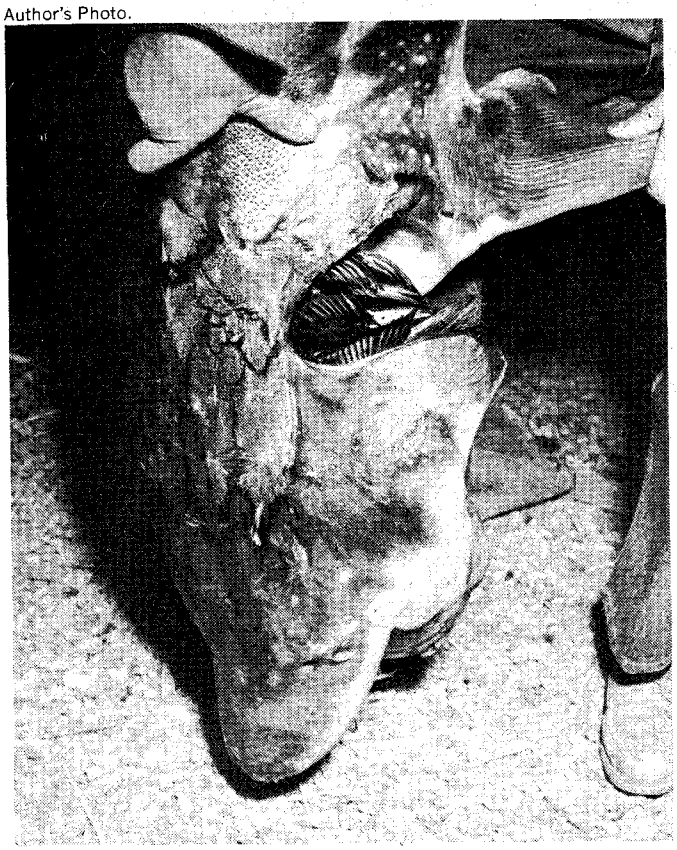
PREHISTORIC FISH

Author's Photo.



Head of sturgeon that weighed 216 lbs caught in Snake River 25 miles below Lewiston, Idaho.

Sturgeon may live to be over 100 years old; females average around six feet in length when they spawn at age 12 to 15 years; their continued existence is now zealously protected...

by Ferris Weddle

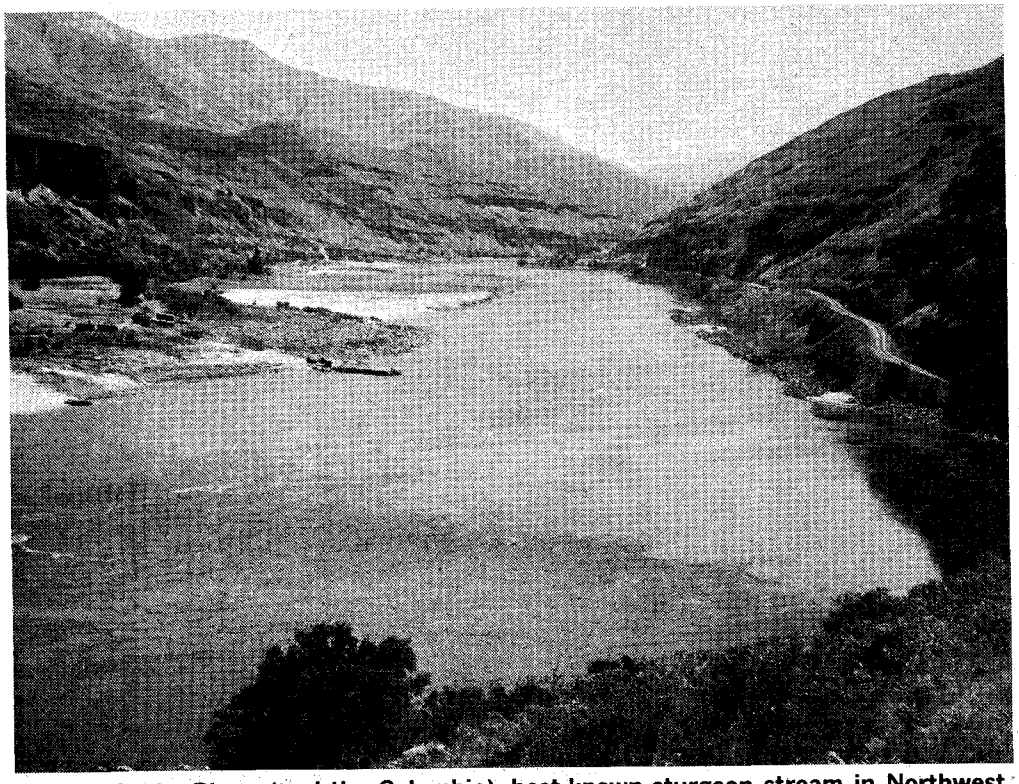
THE WILD OLD WEST was not composed entirely of gunslingers, miners, fur trappers, cowboys and similar characters who have become legends. Other westerners led equally interesting and exciting lives, as, for instance, the men who sought and found adventure—and profits—on the inland waterways, the great rivers of the West.

In the Northwest the large rivers—mainly the Columbia and its major tributaries—were vital links to the unknown, untamed interior country. Thus it was that most of the freight of the early days went up and down these rivers in boats of many kinds and sizes including sternwheelers.

A unique breed of pioneer rivermen were these fishermen. The undammed rivers teemed with numerous kinds of edible fish and throughout the nation there was a market for fish either fresh, smoked, or dried. Salmon on the Columbia River and its tributaries were at the top of the fisherman's list.

It was another species of fish, however, that caused more intrigue—a monster of a prehistoric hangover with a *200 million-year* ancestry. Literally a living fossil. Most people simply pooh fishermen who reported contact with strange giants that often weighed 800 to 1000 pounds. And there were a few catches in the 1500 to 1900-pound class.

Author's Photo.



Snake River, (and the Columbia), best-known sturgeon stream in Northwest.

For the unbelievers, until they saw one, it was really a "big fish tale." The tales happened to be true. The fish was and is the white sturgeon with the Latin name of *Acipenser transmontanus*, a prehistoric, armored fish that has changed little since the Mesozoic period except to lose some of its armor.

In many parts of the world, Russia in particular, the sturgeon was highly sought after for not only its meat but for the more important eggs which become that great delicacy, caviar. And as early as 1850, sturgeon were being caught on a commercial scale in the East in the Great Lakes and in the Hudson and Delaware rivers.

Around 1855, commercial sturgeon fishing began on the Columbia River with many fish weighing 1000 pounds or more being caught. Set lines, usually made of quarter-inch manila rope, were used with large hooks attached about every three feet. One end of the set line might be tied securely to a tree or a rock, and the other end heavily weighted so that it would stay

(Continued on page 50)

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THE "OTHER" DAVY CROCKETT

By CHUCK HORNUNG

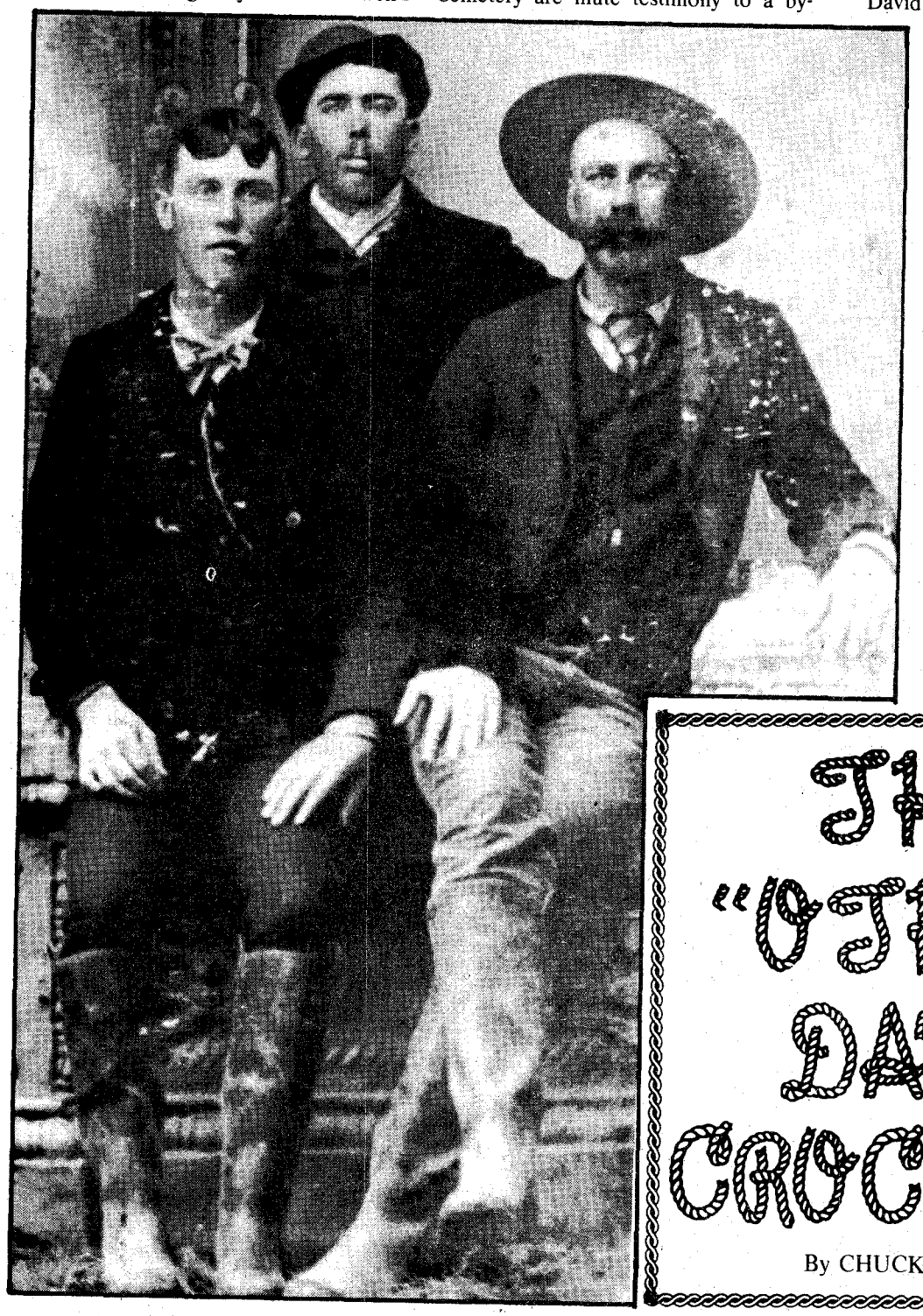
Every school child knows about Davy Crockett—one of the true heroes of the early West. But there was another Davy Crockett who left his mark on the West. Unfortunately, it was not the kind of mark that would enhance his grandfather's respected memory.

BY THE BANKS of the Cimarron River in northeastern New Mexico, just east of the mouth of the beautiful canyon named for the river, is a small village. The village, like the canyon, is named for the river. The little community is located today on U.S. 64 between Raton and Taos.

Cimarron, New Mexico, was first formed in 1853 by land baron Lucian B. Maxwell, and was originally called Maxwell's Rancho. That was gradually changed by common usage. The average tourist traveling through the village today has no conception of its violent, gunsmoking history as the center of the Colfax County War. Cimarron's present-day fame rests on the fact that the world famous Philmont Scout Ranch and Explorer Base is located a few miles away. But the silent, windswept slopes of Mountain View Cemetery are mute testimony to a bygone era. This plot of ground, overlooking the old town section, contains some famous—and infamous—persons of the Cimarron country.

One of the graves in the old boothill section contains the earthly remains of Davy Crockett. He was a 26-year-old rancher-badman when he died a non-hero's death before the blazing shotguns of a sheriff's posse.

David Crockett was born on August



In this photo (left) believed to have been taken in Trinidad, Colorado, Davy Crockett (right) poses with Gus Heffron (center) and drinking buddy Henry Goodman, with whom he raised hell through the southwest. The grandson of the West's most illustrious pioneer died at the hands of a posse at the tender age of 26.

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17, 1786, at what is now Rogersville, Tennessee. He was the fifth son of John and Rebecca Hawkins Crockett and had five brothers and three sisters. In early manhood he developed his famous saying, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Crockett had a keen sense of humor, was an expert hunter, a woodsman, Indian scout, and part time farmer-miller. He served as a county justice of the peace, two term Tennessee State Legislator and U.S. Congressman (1827-31, 1833-35). David enjoyed telling tall tales about himself. He also authored some biographical short stories. His last written words were penned in his diary the day before his death: "Liberty and Independence forever!"

Two years after his first wife's death Crockett married Elizabeth Patton, a widow with a small son and daughter, and moved to her farm to set up housekeeping. David and Elizabeth had three children of their own. A son, Robert Patton, and two daughters.

The Crockett family was happy on its Tennessee farm. Elivabeth stood by her husband through all his ups and downs in the political world. Following his final defeat for reelection to Congress she agreed to let him strike out for new lands—a new political future and a new house. The place he chose was Texas.

Crockett reached his new "home" just in time to fight for it. Most school children know the story about the Alamo's 13-day seige and final fall. The battle was part of Texas' fight to be an independent republic.

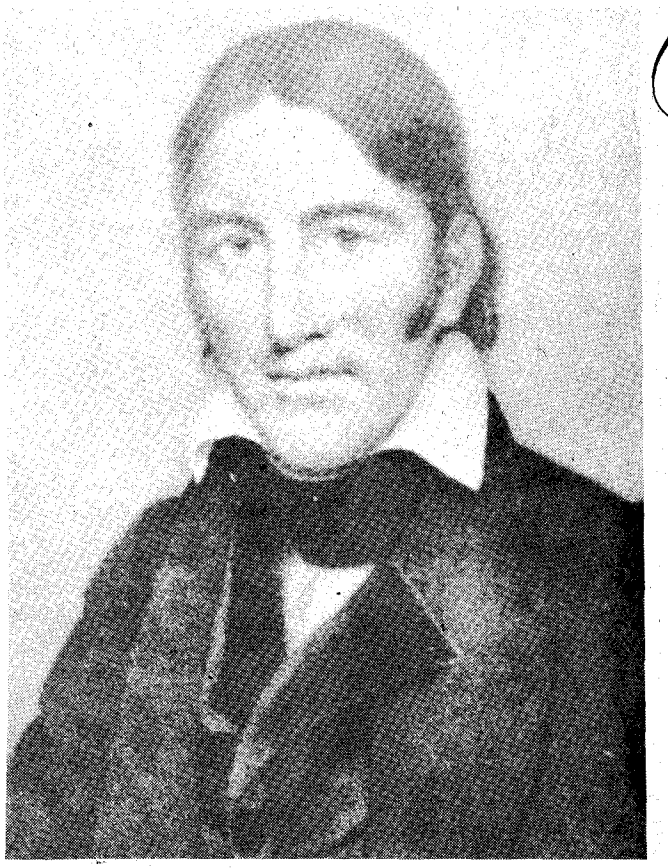
On March 6, 1836, David Crockett stood before a wall at the Alamo in San Antonio, Texas, and faced the firing squad of General Santa Anna y Lopez. Forty years later, another David Crockett was shot in front of a wall in Cimarron, New Mexico. He died no hero. The two men had more than a name in common. They were grandfather and grandson.

Elizabeth Crockett raised her children and mourned the death of her husband. The Republic of Texas gave her a grant of land near the present site of Canadian, Texas. She did not wish to leave Tennessee so she sold the land. A few years after Texas became a state Mrs. Crockett again was given a land grant by a grateful people. The 320-acre tract was located in present-day Hood County.

Robert Patton Crockett, her son, married Matilda Porter and settled on a small Tennessee homestead near the family place. When Elizabeth Crockett was given her land in Texas for the second time she was 68 years old. She asked her son Robert to go with her to claim and work the land.

In 1854 Robert loaded his family in a wagon and headed west. He first settled in Ellis County and had a small success as a stockman. Two years later he made his final move. Robert took up his mother's Hood County homestead. It was here that he buried Elivabeth Crockett. A statue now marks her last resting place.

Robert and Matilda had a son they named David in honor of his grandfather. The boy had been born on the Tennessee farm about 1850 and young Davy grew up like most boys on the early frontier. He worked on the farm-ranch doing simple chores until he was big enough to lend a hand at roundup and branding time. He learned the cattle business young, because his father became more and more interested in the management of the toll bridge across the Bravos River near Granbury. The new bridge there today is named the Robert Crockett Bridge in



Grandfather David Crockett (above) gained fame as a trapper, scout and crack shot. He served in the War of 1812 under Andrew Jackson and died at age 50 when the Alamo fell to General Santa Ana. Left: Davy's exploits became legendary and stories and songs were written about the Western folk-hero.

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his honor.

Young Crockett was described as tall and slender of build. His brown wavy hair, which he wore short, made him appear bald. His light blue eyes and high cheek bones were very attractive to the girls of the area. The young maverick was very popular at social functions.

The Crockett family was Southern in its leanings during the Civil War. Although the family owned no slaves—and chances are very good young Davy never saw any—the future badman developed a blind hatred for the black man and the men who wore the "soldier blue" uniforms.

Following the War for Southern Independence, the southwest was patroled by cavalry units of black soldiers. Crockett always felt this was a degrading insult to himself. This anti-Negro-anti-Yankee attitude of his youth he carried with him to his grave.

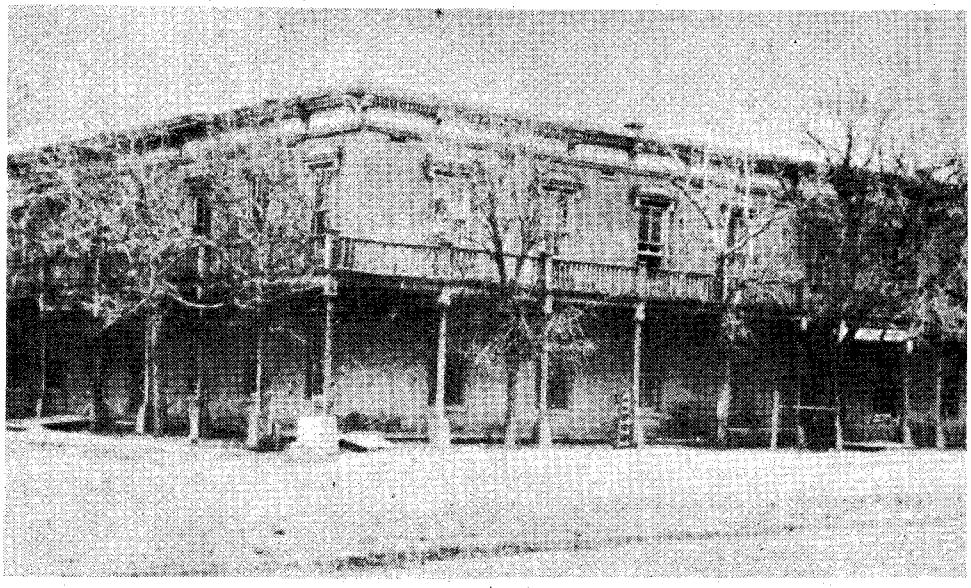
Another young rabid Southerner from the same locality was Tennessee-born Robert Clay Allison. Clay was older than Davy, but the two became good friends and drinking buddies. Allison had been on many trail drives into the lush green valleys of New Mexico. Clay had seen the grass along the Pecos, Cimarron, Red or Canadian, and the Vermjo. In fact he had even laid claim to some of it. What Allison told young Crockett caused Davy to think of seeing the country himself.

In the spring of 1870, Davy Crockett sold his small herd of cattle, closed his workings on his father's ranch, and said good-bye to Texas and his family. He had as his companion a boyhood friend named Gus Heffron. They turned their horses toward the setting sun and rode toward Cimarron, New Mexico. Crockett—like his grandfather before him—had a date with death at a stone wall.

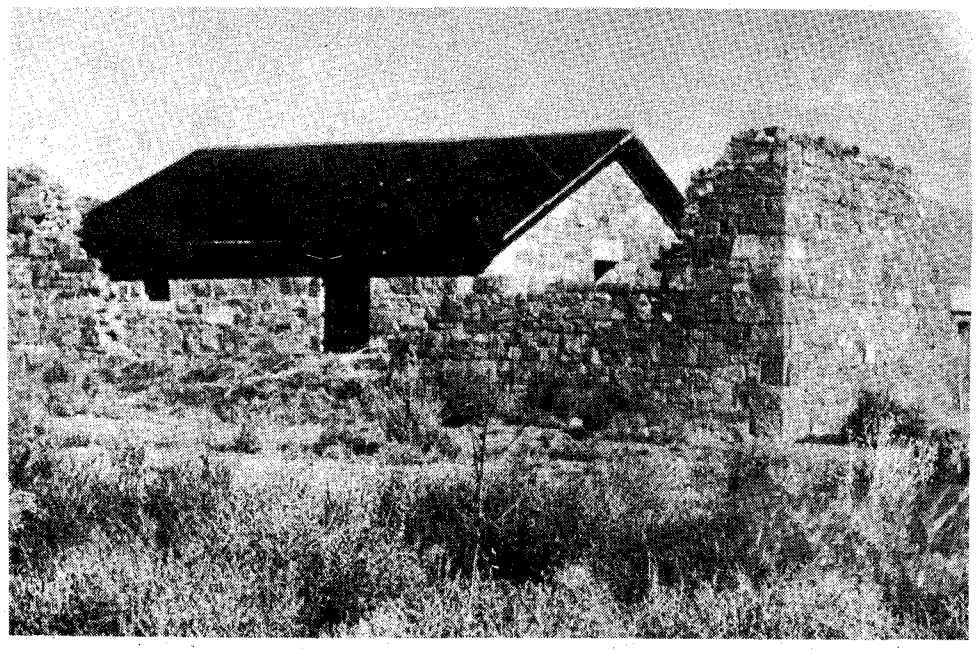
Davy staked a claim to a small piece of land near that of his Tennessee-Texas friend Clay Allison. Crockett developed a small herd which used the open ranges of Colfax County. Heffron worked as his foreman. Sometimes both young men worked for Allison on his larger ranch to make a little extra money.

Crockett—like many small ranchers in the area—did not recognize that he was a squatter on lands owned by the giant Maxwell Land Grant and Railroad Company. The grant company headquarters were located at the county seat of Cimarron.

For five years Crockett carried on his squatter cattle ranching business while the Maxwell Grant Company carried on legal fights to prove ownership to land claimed by larger squatter outfits. They would deal with the small outfits in due course. The fuse was laid for an all-out fight between the anti-grant and pro-grant factions in Colfax County. All that was needed to start a war was a spark to light the fuse. That spark was not long in coming.



The St. James Hotel, Cimarron, New Mexico, at the turn of the century. When Crockett visited here it was a one-story building. The barroom's to the right behind the hitch rail. Crockett was killed a block away.



The Cimarron, New Mexico, jail seemed a sure bet to house young Davy Crockett. But despite twice getting into shooting scrapes in which he killed Negroes, Davy was never incarcerated for those two crimes.

In late September, 1875, the Methodist circuit rider, F.J. Tolby, was killed while riding in the Cimarron Canyon. His death sparked the flame that exploded into the Colfax County War. This range war was longer and more bloody than the more famous Lincoln County War.

Tolby's death caused a rain of terror to rule Cimarron for almost a year. Vigilance committees evoked swift "justice" to persons they felt were involved in Tolby's murder. The county was on the verge of anarchy. Sheriff O.K. Crittenden resigned in December, 1875, because he was unable to enforce the law. The popular Isaac Rinehart was sworn in as the new chief lawman in the county.

Rinehart had no time to catch his breath before violence exploded in his face. The new sheriff was no lawman. He had accepted the job because of the percentage he got as tax collector. Rinehart was a miller by trade. He had come to Cimarron in 1864 to operate the grist mill that Lucian Maxwell had built for the local Indian Agency.

On January 21, 1876, the *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican* printed the following dispatch:

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"Cimarron, Jan. 20.—A band of outlaws came into Cimarron last night about 11 o'clock, broke into the Cimarron News and Press office, and literally demolished the press; a portion of the press and most of the type they carried and threw into the river just below the bridge."

The report was wrong in one detail. The newspaper office was not wrecked by a mob, but two men—Clay Allison and his friend Joe Curtis. Some writers have tried to blame Davy Crockett for this misdeed because he was known to be anti-grant in feelings. The *News and Press*, at the time, was pro-grant in editorial policy. Crockett's drunken habit of shooting up the town also gave cause to blame him for such violent actions.

Davy played only a minor role in the range war. He spent these bloody years in the shadow of his more famous friend, Clay Allison. Although Crockett was ranked as next to Clay in his ability to handle a six-gun, Davy was not a true gunfighter. He was, however, a badman when he was drinking. When drunk—the Cimarron playboy was a fellow to keep clear of. He had never killed a man, but many felt that day was bound to come. Crockett was sometimes moody, sometimes happy-go-lucky. He and Heffron were always ready for a practical joke—at someone else's expense. Davy was a fellow you either liked or hated. Most people just avoided him, drunk or sober, whenever possible.

On March 25th, 1876, the *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican* carried the following story on page one:

"A Cimarron dispatch dated today says: 'Last night after taps, about nine o'clock, as three of the colored soldiers belonging to the detachment under Capt. Moore stationed at this place, were entering Lambert's saloon, they were fired upon by a party of cow-boys, names unknown, and killed instantly. From what we can gather from the bartender there was no provocation whatever. No arrests have been made, but the guilty parties are being searched for."

Clay Allison has often been credited with these killings, mainly because of the following item that appeared five days later in the *Daily New Mexican*: "A Cimarron dispatch announces the arrest of R.C. Allison." The next day it was reported, "A dispatch received yesterday from Cimarron stated that Sheriff Rinehart with a strong escort had started with Allison for Taos."

Allison's trial in Taos had nothing to do with the three soldiers' deaths. Clay was answering charges dealing with the murder of Manuel Cardinas in October, 1875. The misunderstanding comes about because the *Cimarron News and Press* had a slow start in getting into production again following the raid on the paper in early January, 1876. All news out of Cimarron was either dispatches, letters or hearsay.

Clay Allison (right) and Davy were close friends and only Allison had a faster gun. Like Allison, Crockett was violently anti-north and, as a result, was anti-Negro. At times, Davy worked on Clay Allison's ranch.

Five months after the three 'Buffalo Soldiers" were killed at the St. James Hotel, the *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican* reprinted an item from the re-activated *Cimarron News and Press*. The *New Mexican* story was published on August 16, 1876.

"David Crockett and Gus Hefferon (sic), who have been charged with being implicated in the shooting of the soldiers at this place last March had a hearing before Justice Phelps on Wednesday. The evidence failed to show any reason for holding them and they were accordingly discharged."

Cimarron's badman with a hero's name had made his first entry into the pages of frontier journalism.

Davy Crockett was news copy for only a few months. He wrote his name in blood, but his fame was short-lived. The events on the larger stage passed him by even when he tried so hard to keep up.

The bodies of Crockett's three victims, whose names are variously reported even at this late date, are buried at Fort Union. None of the men was armed and the shooting started because the soldiers tried to enter the saloon door as Crockett was trying to leave. The young gunman's hatred for Negroes had surfaced to show its ugly face.

At his hearing Crockett said he fired in a blaze of anger. Davy had been drinking heavily that evening and the justice of the Peace felt that had Crockett not been drinking he might not have acted in such a manner. He was freed because he was under the influence of whiskey.

Since murder is not a federal crime the soldiers had no case against Crockett. They did, however, charge him with "carrying arms." He was tried at the September term of the First District Court setting at Taos. "The Territory-vs-David Crockett" ended with the defendent found guilty and fined $50, plus $50 court costs—a small price to pay for three men's lives.

Davy was now cockier than ever. He had killed and gotten away with it. In late September he rode through Cimarron making threats to kill anyone who crossed

his path. He was drunk again. Crockett and Gus Heffron ruled Cimarron for a couple of days while the sheriff was out of town chasing a jail escapee. By the time Sheriff Rinehart returned to Cimarron, Crockett and Heffron had cooled down and gone home. The town was quiet for the county political conventions that were set for the last of the month.

The Independent Party named Pete Burlison as its candidate for county sheriff and set up a platform that was Anti-Maxwell Land Grant Company in tone. The Independents also made a strong complaint about the law enforcement in the county.

The People's Party nominated Rinehart for sheriff, rancher Joseph Holbrook for probate judge and J.B. McCullough for county treasurer. This party made a stand in defense of the grant company and their friends in Santa Fe. Rinehart said he would campaign on his record.

Crockett and Heffron returned to Cimarron and again started drinking and trying to buffalo the village. Sheriff Rinehart took his problem to his two fellow party candidates.

Joe Holbrook was well-known and liked in both Colorado and New Mexico. He was a rancher east of Cimarron. In July he had just completed building a bridge across the Cimarron near his place. This crossing was the shortest and best route between Fort Union and Trinidad. Holbrook's Ranch, sometimes called the "Garca Place" because of its original owner, was well stocked with hay and grain for travelers and had good overnight accommodations.

John McCullough was the village postmaster and telegraph operator. McCull-

(Continued on page 58)

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EARLY LIFE IN

In those days you either lived through infections and home remedies or you died. It was as simple as that

Olive Belle Grant when she was sixteen.

by Olive Belle Grant
as told to Hank Wieler

The easiest way to start off is to say that I was born in Syracuse, Nebraska, in 1888. My father had been to Colorado several times when it was a Territory, and decided to move there. He was in Colorado when my mother and I joined him. I was just a babe in arms, but mother said I was real good because she fed me laudanum on the trip out. Laudanum contains opium and is not allowed to be used anymore, but it was very common then.

We met Dad at Siding No. 29. This was just a station stop and was about one-half mile east of the present town of Fleming, Colorado.

The West was just starting to grow up then. My father had visited Colorado Territory first in 1864. He was only four years old, and went with his father. He could still remember the trip. Their wagon train traveled along the Platte River, accompanied by some U.S. Cavalry. The Indians camped just across the river from them every night. They were waiting for one of the people or some livestock to stray.

When I was a child there were range cattle everywhere. What fences there were didn't amount to much. Nobody had any money, but we did eat.

One day Mom had a big box of fresh beef right by the door when some cowboys came riding up. She just had enough time to throw her apron over the box, hiding the beef. They would have taken it if she hadn't.

In those days buffalo chips and cow chips were burned for heat. People called them prairie coal. Most of us would have frozen to death in the winter without them.

I knew all about buffalo chips. One of my chores was to go out on the prairie with a team and wagon picking up chips for fuel.

We always tried to get all buffalo chips. They were smaller than the cow chips and somehow seemed more delicate.

After the railroad come to town we would drive all over the prairie and pick up wagon loads of bones. We would then pile them by the railroad station where

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THE SAND HILLS

they would be bought and shipped east. The bones were turned into fertilizer. Sometimes they were good enough to be made into buttons and combs.

The bones were mostly from buffalo and cattle that starved to death during the long cold winters, or died from old age.

As I look back, it seems that in my spare time, when I wasn't picking up bones, I was picking up chips to burn. And at all times I was keeping out of the way of the rattlesnakes. What a life!

In the "nineties" Indians had ceased to be a problem, but we had natural hazards. Lightning used to kill one of the old-timers every so often when they were out riding herd, and in the summer we always had the threat of a prairie fire. By the middle of summer the grass would be dry and long, perfect tinder.

One of the worst prairie fires I remember is one that burned from the town of Fleming clear to the Platte River, 14 miles away. Every man for miles around came in to help fight it. They used shovels and wet sacks, while the women kept sending out food to keep the men's strength up.

Water was always a problem in the early days. Dad made a wagon with wide wheels to go over the sand hills, and we would load up the back with barrels and haul our water from a sand creek.

While on the subject of water, most of our houses leaked. When it rained, out would come the pots and pans, and in wet weather we would set up an ironing board under a dry spot to have a place to eat on.

Winter wasn't the most comfortable time of the year. Our beds were so cold that Mom would heat up her irons and put them in the bed like the old time warming pans. The trouble was that they were either too hot or too cold, so that your toes were either being blistered or frozen.

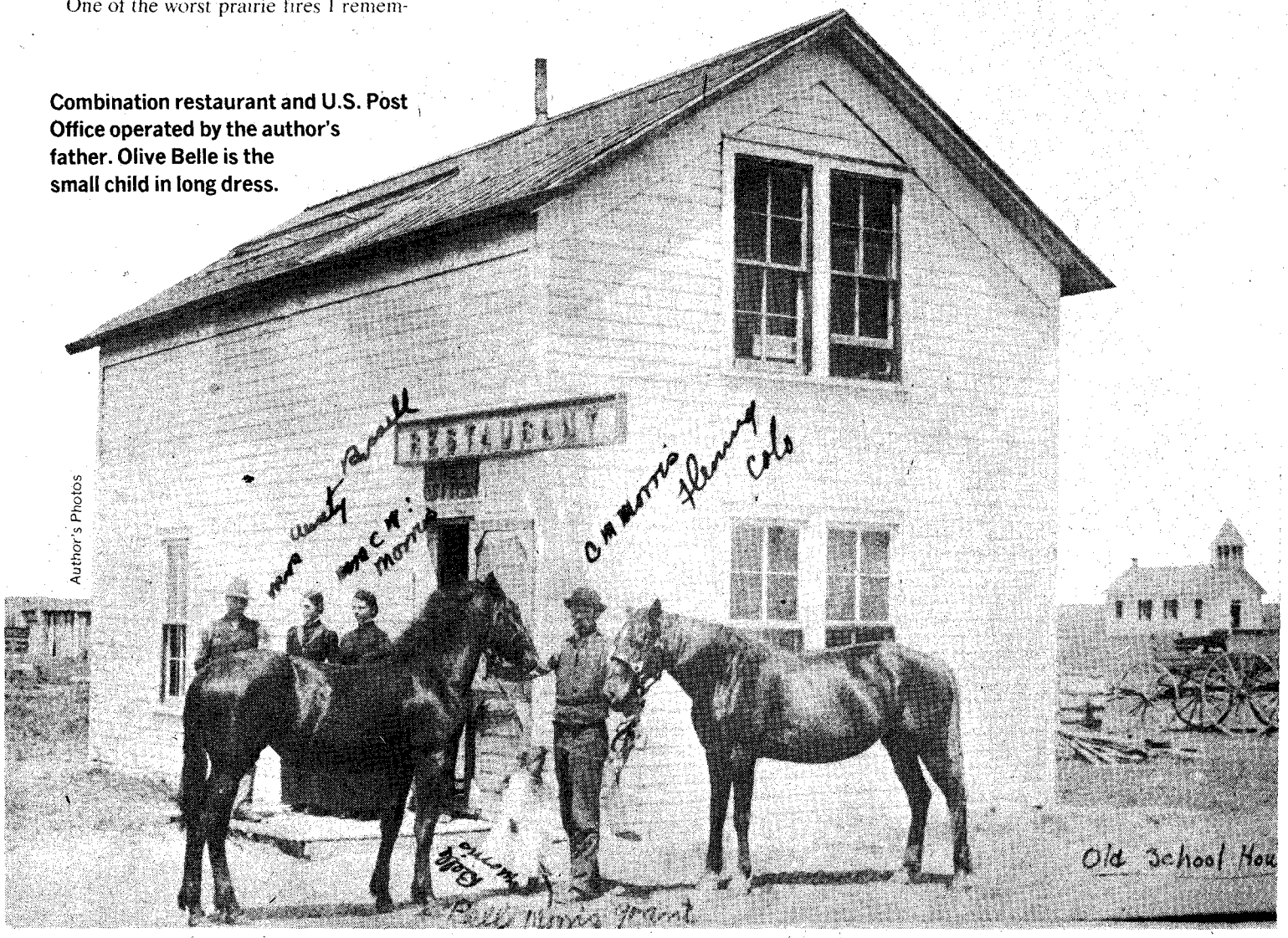
One winter the weather was terribly cold. The corn crop had been especially good, but the price was very low, so we burned corn all winter for heat.

On some days, hundreds and hundreds of wild geese would fly over. The men would shoot some and we would have a change of diet from eating beef. I can still taste those wild geese.

Sweets were few and far between. When the sand cherries were ripe it meant sand cherry pie and sand cherry preserves. They were very good.

In these days of the supermarkets and

(Continued on page 62)



Combination restaurant and U.S. Post Office operated by the author's father. Olive Belle is the small child in long dress.

Author's Photos

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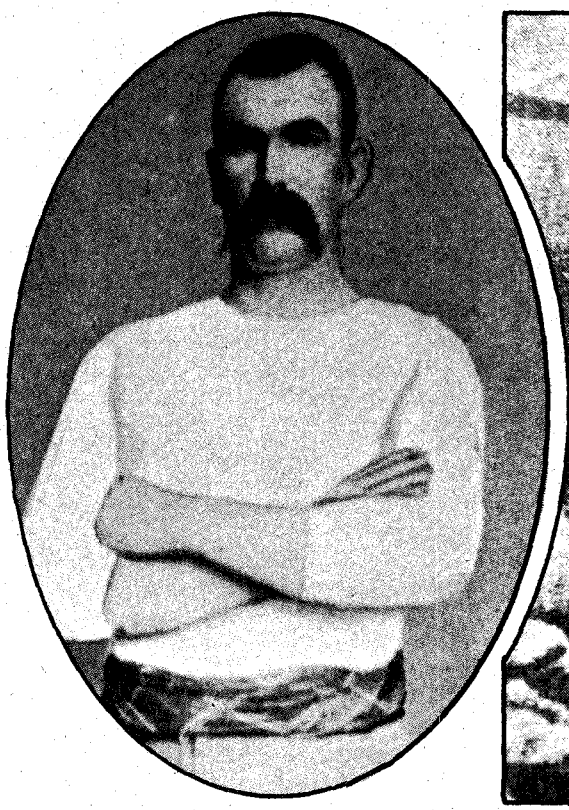
WHEN VIGILANTES TURN BAD

By Wayne T. Walker



Captain Nathaniel N. Kinney was the organizer of the Ozark nightriders who gained fame as the "Bald Knobbers."

This photo was taken from a mural in a Missouri bank showing the Bald Knobbers in action. The mural was painted by Steve Miller.

The Bald Knobbers decided they were the law, the judge and the jury in the crime-ridden Ozarks. But their brand of vigilante justice soon became more terrifying than the crimes of the lawbreakers they had organized to punish

SWEEPING ACROSS THE heavily timbered hills of Christian County, Missouri, the raw winds rattled a loose clapboard shingle on the one-room cabin. It was near midnight on March 11, 1888 and all eight occupants were sleeping soundly. Ordinarily, Jim Edens and the "Missus" were alone, but tonight they had company. Their daughter Melvina and her husband, Charley Greene, were asleep in the extra bed—along with the Greenes' two small children. The Edens' son, William Edens, and his wife slept on a floor pallet.

Suddenly, the entire household became wide awake! There was the loud cursing of men outside, the stomping of horses' hooves and the baneful staccato of gunfire. Something came hurtling through the front window. Something awful!

The older Mrs. Edens clutched at her husband in terror, screaming: "My God, it's the Knobbers!"

There followed a loud pounding on the door and a harsh voice bellowed: "Open this damn door and let us in!"

It was a demand, not a request!

The miserable but deadly frightening sound of axes splintering the front and back doors to the cabin was suddenly identifiable, and everybody began scrambling out of their beds, badly shaken.

The voice outside bawled out, "Git up! Git up! Or we'll kill every damned one of you!"

Masked men sprang into the room from both the shattered doors and gunfire thundered, mingled with screams of anguish. Charley and William went down with bullets in their brains, but old Jim Edens managed to grab his pistol and shoot one of the masked men in the leg before they clipped his skull with an axe.

In the melee the man who was shot by Edens tried to shoot the old hillman, but Melvina Greene grabbed the gun muzzle just as he fired, thwarting his aim but *almost* losing a finger in the process. Frantically she grabbed at the fantastic mask and tore the front of it away, revealing the smooth features of a beardless youth. Then she fainted.

Emma Edens lay where she had been struck down and beaten until she was bloody and unconscious. The two small Greene children were scratched and bleeding, wailing tearfully... staring ter-

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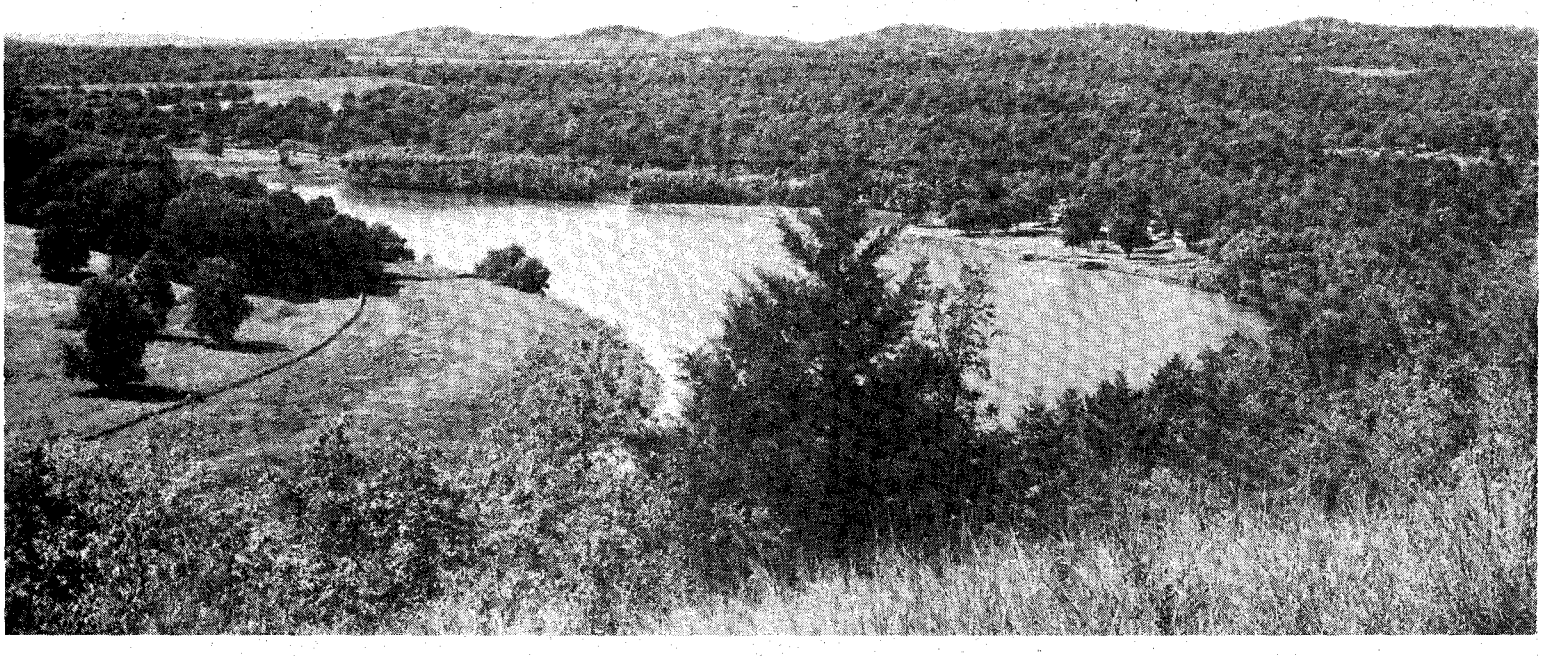
Photo courtesy of Empire District Electric Co.



Taney County, Missouri, was where the nightriding Bald Knobbers conducted their reign of terror. The hills in the background are now covered with timber, but were previously known as the "Bald Knobs."

rified eyes at the men in the Devil's masks. Each mask consisted of a weird, nightmarish hood with horns and grotesque markings, trademark of the Ozark nightriders, the Bald Knobbers.

Captain Nathaniel N. Kinney was born in the hills of Virginia about 1835, growing into a perfect specimen of manhood by the time he enlisted in the Union Army during the Civil War. He served seven years with the Army, and was mustered out with the rank of captain. Not long after, he became a special agent for the Postal Department on the western frontier, chasing after stagecoach robbers. Later he was employed as a railroad detective by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. Finally, he invested money in a popular drinking emporium in Springfield, Missouri and apparently made himself a small fortune before retiring to a homestead in the hills of Taney County.

In 1883, the 48-year-old Captain Kinney settled on a section of land on the banks of the White River, a few miles from the settlement of Kirbyville, Missouri. Nearby was the Oak Grove schoolhouse, made of logs, which Captain Kinney took over on Sundays for church services and Sunday School.

Kinney was a big man—six-feet-six, 285 pounds—and walked with an erect, military bearing. He would stride to the front of the Oak Grove schoolroom, unstrap his revolvers and lay them on the solidly-built wooden table in front of him, meanwhile gazing keenly at the small group of hill folk gathered there—people with friendly blue-gray eyes. Usually he would start the services by leading the congregation in a hymn; after that he spoke to the expectant faces turned toward him.

It wasn't long before Kinney began to use this time to pontificate on the lawlessness running rampant in the Ozark mountains of Taney and Christian Counties. According to his figures, there had been over thirty murders committed in the region since the close of the Civil War, in addition to the rapes and robberies. None of these offenders had been brought to trial, convicted, and sent to the state penitentiary at Jefferson City to pay for their crimes, as they rightfully should!

He had come here to live in peace, Kinney insisted, but he wanted the hills safe for his family and his neighbors. Somehow, the lawbreakers had to be stopped. There were many other things that riled him, he said, since he had taken residence there. Graft in the county offices, men mistreating their families, bootleggers selling moonshine whiskey to the young folks...

Pounding on the table, Kinney would assert, "Brethren, these things are just not right in the sight of the Lord!"

At last, after an unusually bitter tirade on the lawless element, Kinney told his listeners that with the help of the Almighty, he had a plan to offer. But when it was all boiled down there was very little "Almighty" in his plan. It turned out to be the old hard, vigilante justice. "... if the legal law won't take care of the wrongdoers, then we, the people, will do the job." Kinney set himself up as sheriff, judge, jury and executioner.

The newly formed secret organization met on a barren mountain top near the Kinney farm which made an excellent meeting place for their purpose. Since the summit was entirely bare of vegetation, except for a little puny grass, it was impossible for anyone to spy on them without being noticed. They would often change meeting places, but it was most always to another of these barren mountain crests. Soon they were given the name, "Bald Knobbers," and began to leave notes after an execution or chastisement that were signed "The Bald Knobbers."

To a great many of the men who lived in the rough and rocky hill country life was a dull drudgery of cutting railroad ties, or eking out a miserable living on a hillside farm with a bull tongue plow and double shovel, or both. But a membership in the nightriding clan provided an intoxicating wine to their lives—off-setting the usual dull monotony.

At first, the Bald Knobbers did a lot of good... in an unlawful sort of way.

A man who had been rather free with the neighbor's stock, not giving proper care to his family or guilty of general hell-raising, would abruptly become an example of a model citizen after opening his cabin door one morning to find a neat bundle of stout hickory switches.

That was the sign of the Bald Knobber outfit. Not much, but most of the time it was ample.

According to Roy H. Stout, there was one man who was too lazy to work and wouldn't support his family... but after a night visit from the Knobbers, he was on a job by daylight the next morning. From that time forth, he made a good, hard-

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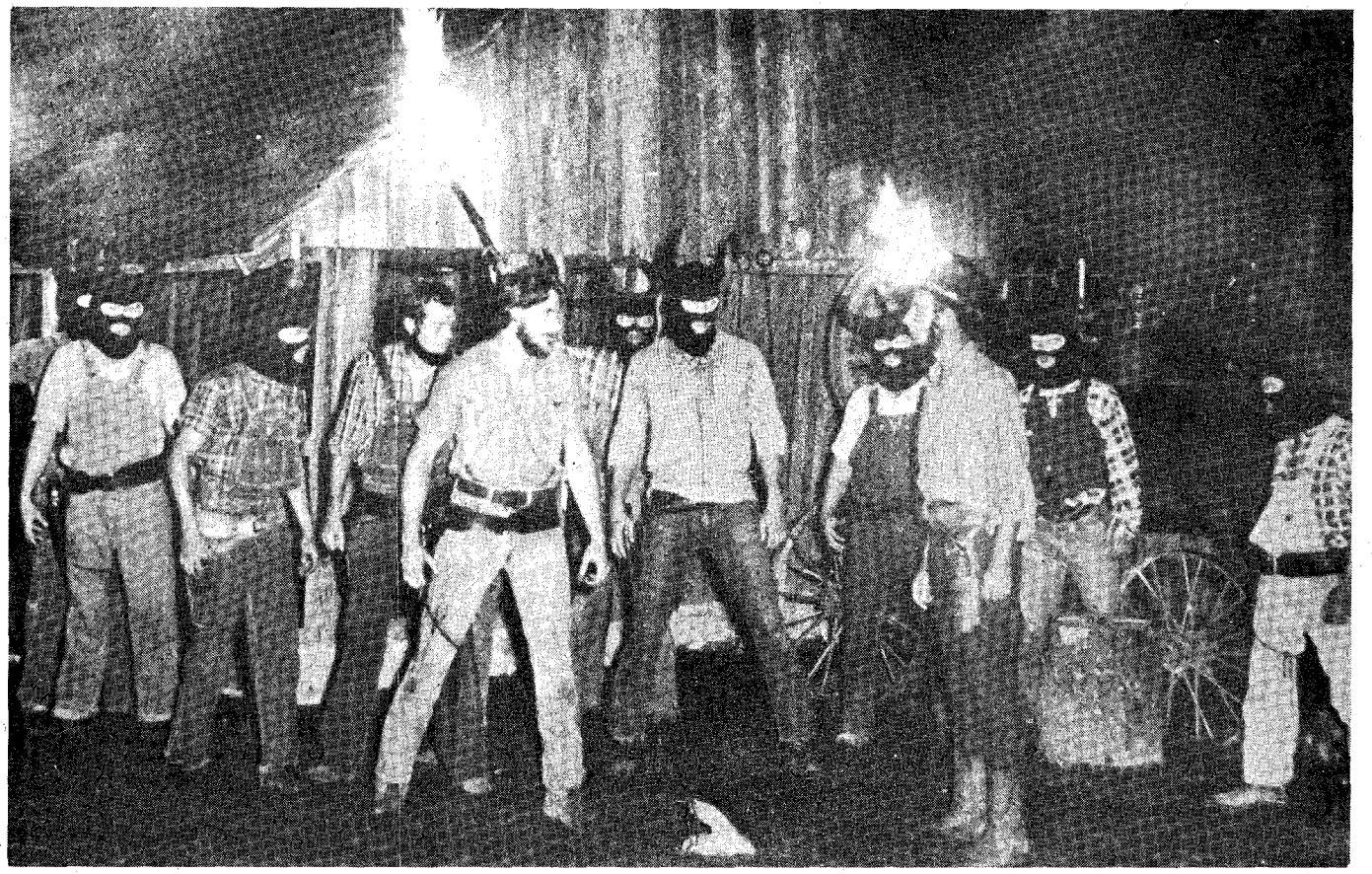
Photo courtesy of Shepherd of the Hills Farm



Actors at the Old Mill Theater re-enact a scene from Harold Bell Wright's famous Ozark novel "Shepherd of the Hills." The scene depicts a citizen getting a late-night visit from the masked Bald Knobbers.

working hand.

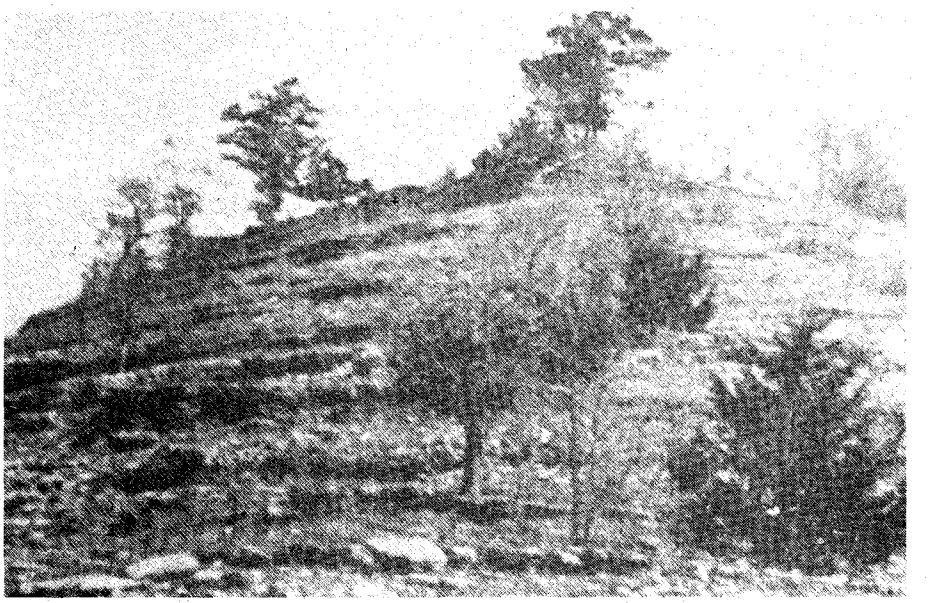
If a wrongdoer was stubborn, deciding to disregard the warning, the bundle of switches appeared again. Only this time they were not left at his door, but applied in rather lusty strokes to his bare back.

Even though it was unlawful, the mute bundle of sticks preached a sermon louder than a meeting house full of holly-rollers, and had a more sanctifying effect than a book of laws. However, as history has proven time and again, vigilante law allowed a man to settle old personal feuds or helped a member to acquire a claim lawfully owned by a non-member.

Now the wheel began to come back full cycle and the very abhorrent acts the Knobbers had originally organized to quell were being committed by the members themselves. Again, terror began to spread over the hills.

Operating in bands of ten, fifteen and twenty men, they began to deal out their own brand of sanctimonious chastisement, making up their minds beforehand the victim they wished to punish was guilty. Lashing their horses, the Bald Knobbers with their crude masks rode through the night searching for those who had incurred their wrath. The sound of the horses' hoofs echoing in the hollows and glens made entire families crouch in abject fear behind the log walls of their homes.

They dominated the two counties for years, electing their own sheriff and other county officials—leaving the courts powerless to punish them for their own increasing crimes and lawless acts. The Knobber elected sheriff would always select a jury made up of other members or friends of the secret organization. The prisoners would be quickly acquitted—if they were ever indicted. And they continued to hang men from handy tree limbs...



One of the Taney County "Bald Knob" mountain tops from which Kinney's nightriding vigilantes took their name. They're now covered by trees.

A large segment of the better element began to condemn the vigilante organization and soon there were two factions in an open feud with one another—the Knobbers and the Anti-Knobbers. More men began to ride the night trails and more fires of burning cabins lit up the night sky. Screams of men being lashed sounded out in the night, wafted far by the strong night winds.

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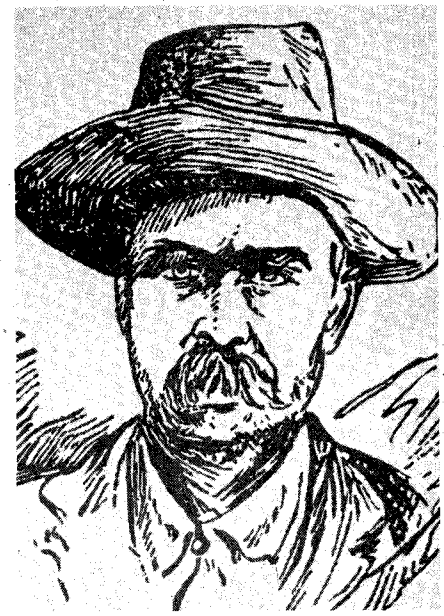
Sketches courtesy of St. Louis Post Dispatch



Bill Walker (left) was a young, handsome Bald Knobber who died on the gallows. Bull Creek Dave Walker (center) was the chief of the Christian County, Missouri clan of Knobbers. By day, John Matthews (right) was a Baptist Deacon. By night he was a nightrider. These sketches were drawn in April of 1889.

Children cried out, begging and whimpering, not understanding. They were roughly thrown aside by the heartless, cursing men, carrying out their evil mockery of justice.

But violence breeds vengeance! One of the most outspoken enemies of the Bald Knobbers was a seemingly carefree, happy young man named Andy Cogburn, who loved to sing and play an old guitar he kept hanging over his beat-up saddle. The first incident that aroused the ire of Captain Kinney was supposedly when Cogburn and his sidekick, Sam Snapp, slipped up on one of the Bald Knobber meetings. Later, Cogburn had told everyone how Kinney strutted around giving orders like an old, swelled-up turkey gobbler. To add fuel to the fire, Cogburn continued to call Kinney—"the old Blue Gobbler."

It wasn't long before Andy Cogburn was paid a night visit. With no time wasted on preliminary warnings, he was given the second treatment. But even the hickory switch lashings failed to quell young Cogburn. Instead, he became more outspoken.

One night when he was with a group, he started picking around on his guitar. After awhile, he said: "Boys, I wrote up a little dittie you might like to hear." And he proceeded to sing a couple or three verses which ended up like this:

These Knobbers run the country, but
they can't keep it up.
They'll stick their tail between their
legs like any other pup,
And there's a day a-coming, boys,
when they will hunt their dens,
And if I'm not mistaken, there's some
will find their ends.

According to the Bald Knobbers, young Cogburn had sent them a whittled cedar coffin with a bullet inside, and a threatening message stating his objective was to kill Captain Kinney. However the Slickers (Anti-Knobbers) were saying Cogburn was angry at hearing that a peace disturbance charge had been issued and turned over to Captain Kinney to serve, which was adding insult to injury! A showdown between these two men was inevitable.

On the Sunday evening of February 27, 1886, Kinney marched up the woods trail to the Oak Grove schoolhouse, where he still unctuously held preaching services. In front of the log building stood Cogburn, grinning like a persimmon-eating possum. He had been waiting for the "old Blue Gobbler" all evening...

Their eyes met and Cogburn quit smiling. The two men went for their revolvers at the same time, but Kinney was the more experienced and proved it. Shattering gunfire shook the group inside the school and powdersmoke hung over the clearing between the two adversaries who had shot it out. When the shooting was over... there stood the Blue Gobbler, unharmed. On the ground lay the inert form of Andy Cogburn—never again to raise his voice in song against anything.

Yet, in death there was still victory for Cogburn. The word went out among the Slickers throughout the hills, "Get the Blue Gobbler! Any way at all—but get him! Captain Nat Kinney must die!"

Most people predicted Sam Snapp, Cogburn's buddy, would be the one to avenge Cogburn's death, and waited expectantly. However, on May 10, 1886, one of Kinney's close associates made sure this was not the way it was going to be. Wash Middleton, a tall, slender mountaineer and close friend of Kinney, met Snapp in Kirbyville and shot it out with him. Snapp fell backwards to the ground, dead.

On August 21, 1888, Captain Kinney, acting as receiver in a bankruptcy case, was in charge of the mercantile store of J.B. Berry in Forsythe, Missouri. At around ten o'clock in the morning he was working with the tobacco stored in the rear of the building when Billy Miles walked in on him. A crash of gunfire came from the building.

Soon Billy Miles appeared and announced, "I killed Captain Kinney! You'all hear me, I got that crazy Blue Gobbler!"

He wouldn't let just one person go in. He made several men enter at once, so they could testify it was self-defense. Inside they found the leader of the Bald Knobbers stretched out on the floor with four bullet holes in him. He would strut no more, he was dead. Billy Miles was arrested for murder, but was quickly acquitted. He became a town hero.

The Bald Knobbers swore vengeance, but nothing came of it.

Even though this halted the activities of the Knobbers in Taney County, they continued to spread terror in Christian County with their merciless, nightriding activities.

Sheriff Zack Johnson and Prosecuting Attorney Almus Harrington questioned Melvina Greene about the massacre at the Edens' cabin; they wanted to know if she recognized the Knobber whose mask she tore.

"No, there really wasn't enough light. But he was certainly young."

Sheriff Johnson raised his eyebrows. "Oh? What makes you sure of that?"

"All the men I know around here grow beards or at least, a mustache. He was smooth skinned, like a girl or young boy."

She almost broke down as the memories of that horrible night came rushing back. The officers had made up their

(Continued on page 60)

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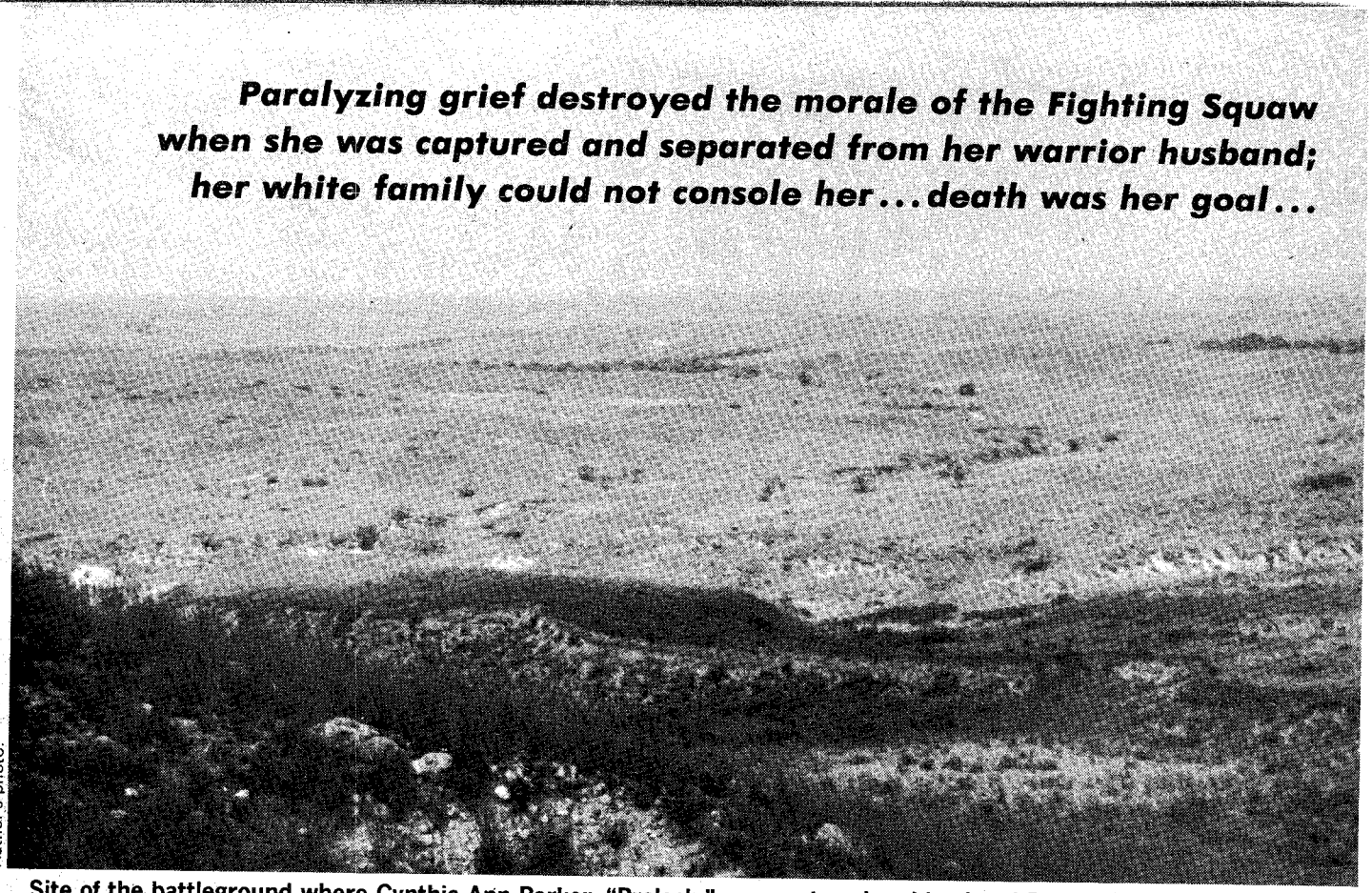
Paralyzing grief destroyed the morale of the Fighting Squaw when she was captured and separated from her warrior husband; her white family could not console her... death was her goal...



Author's photo.

Site of the battleground where Cynthia Ann Parker, "Preloch," was captured and husband Peta Nocona was killed.

THE FIGHTING WHITE

Photo: Univ. of Oklahoma Library.

Cynthia and infant, Prairie Flower, the mother and sister of Quanah Parker, after recapture by Rangers.

by Barbara E. Andre

FLICKERING FIRES cast weird shadows as the Comanche warriors wailed their wild rhythm in a circular dance around the prisoners. Blond-haired little Cynthia Ann Parker whimpered in pain as the chafing rawhide thongs cut cruelly into her wrists. At the same time blood gushed from her throat.

"Lie still," her married sister Rachel whispered. Rachel, too, longed to rub her own bound hands and feet, but she knew any movement would attract only more punishment.

The little girl whimpered again. Then she cried out in terror as the wizened face of an old crone pushed close to hers. Dirty, gnarled hands pulled the child to her feet. She tried to swallow her fear, despite the sobs choking her throat.

The strange yelps from the dancing figures filled little Cynthia Ann with horror, even as the old squaw dragged the child out of the circle of death. Cynthia Ann threw one last pleading look at Rachel, but the older girl lay frozen, her glazed eyes offering no hope.

"No, no," Cynthia Ann moaned, feeling her feet bounce off the sharp rocks as she was roughly dragged across the ground. The Indian woman didn't pause. She half-carried the child to the tepee, and threw the almost limp figure on top of the confused litter on the ground. There the terrified child cried all night without making a sound.

Except for sister Rachel, brother John, and baby nephew James, Cynthia Ann knew nothing about the fate of her family. Once more the full terror of the day that had preceded this night of torture flashed before her eyes.

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Photo: Univ. of Oklahoma Library.

White L. Parker, oldest son of Chief Quanah Parker, and grandson of Cynthia Ann Parker.

Photo: Univ. of Oklahoma Library.

Famed Comanche Quanah Parker was chief of Cohoites, who adopted him after parents met disaster.

SQUAW

It had really begun four years before that night, when the Parkers had decided to move to Texas.

Cynthia Ann had been only five when her father, James Parker, joined the Parker family migration to the Lone Star state. She had been born in Illinois, but in 1833, her grandfather, John Parker, had gathered his sons and their families, and with a few friends, had moved south to establish Parker's Fort on the West bank of the Navasota Creek, near the present town of Goresbeck, Limestone County, Texas.

There were 34 people who lived in the sturdily built little fort which had been constructed without the aid of nails or iron spikes. A few families settled close by, but the nearest real protection was Fort Houston in Anderson County, almost sixty miles away.

In spite of roving bands of Indians, the little fort suffered no real discomfort until Texas rebelled against Mexico, and the Parker clan was forced to flee before the invading Mexicans.

Once Texas gained her freedom from Mexico, the Parkers returned to their homes at Parker's Fort, arriving on the warm Spring day of May 18, 1836.

The next day dawned bright and sunny. The men went out to the fields to start work. Cynthia Ann pleaded in vain to go along, but Mrs. Parker had work for her young hands, tending her two-year-old nephew, James, and her two baby brothers. Cynthia Ann was drawing figures in the dust to amuse the little ones when she heard her mother gasp.

Through the open gates of the fort, she could see several hundred Indians. Cynthia Ann watched them stop three hundred yards from the fort and wave a white flag.

Her uncle Benjamin *(Continued on page 47)*

Photo: Univ. of Oklahoma Library.

Another son of Quanah—Baldwin Parker (1937 photo).

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POKER ALICE

THE WEST'S FIRST WOMAN GAMBLER

Author's photo

"Poker Alice" Tubbs would laugh at the women claiming the current "Woman's Lib" movement is finally emancipating their sex. Poker Alice was emancipated before the '70's—the 1870's!

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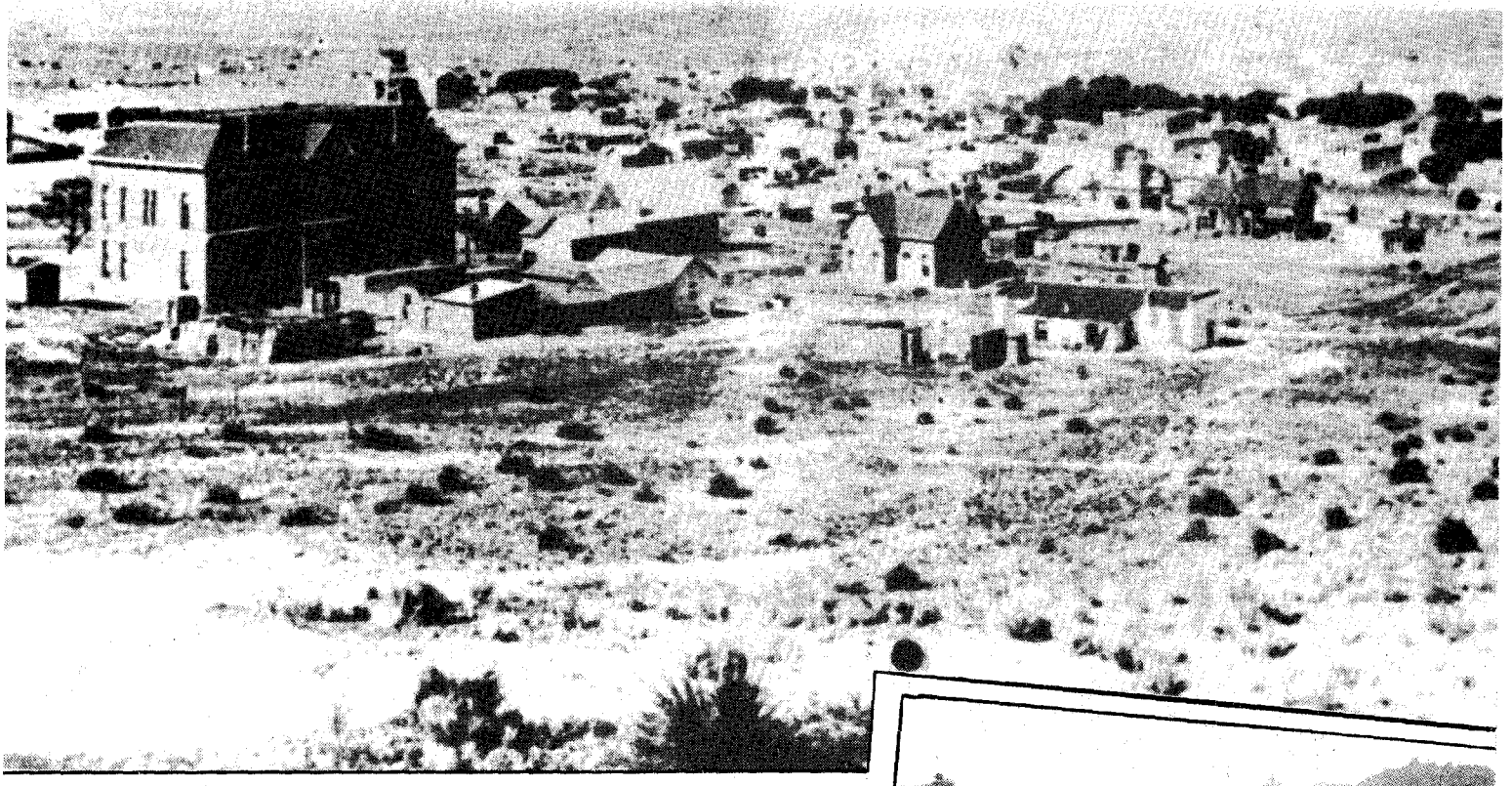
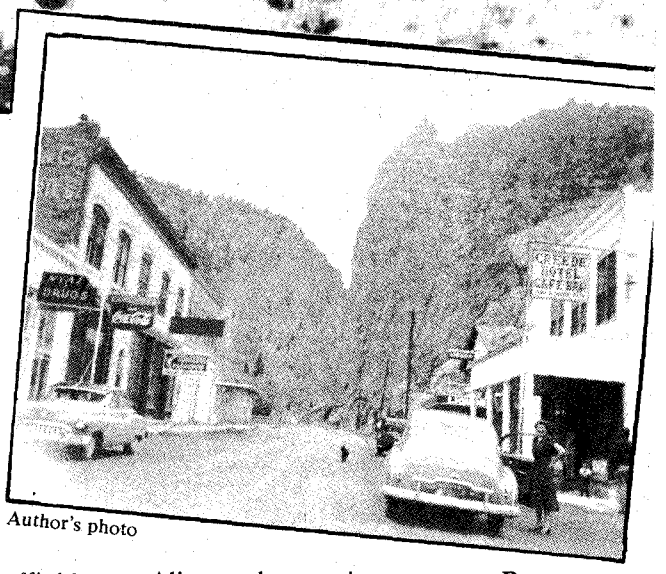
Courtesy of the Museum of New Mexico





Author's photo

Creede, Colorado, (above) was called "Jimtown" when Poker Alice, arriving in men's clothing, cut down trees to build her home and gambling establishment. Right: Silver City, New Mexico, 1872, where Alice broke the bank at the Gold Dust Gambling House.

By Carl W. Breihan

IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE, this rumor which was spreading around Silver City, New Mexico. Yet anything could happen in the old West, so the excitement-craved prospectors and white-faced gamblers rushed pell-mell to the Gold Dust Gambling House.

"Let's go!" cried one old sourdough as he hobbled along the dusty street toward the gambling house. "They say a woman broke the bank at the Gold Dust! This I gotta see."

This was something undreamed of in those days. A woman seldom visited the gambling houses, yet, they say this one broke the bank and would deal the game herself. No wonder these old fortune hunters and bug-eyed citizens made a rush to the Gold Dust. Even the dust devils whirled crazily in the breeze and they danced down the street, seemingly aware of all the excitement going on in this infant city.

The crowd of mixed humanity filled the gambling house and it was not disappointed in what it saw. Perched high on a stool was a stern-faced, determined woman, later to be dubbed "Poker Alice." At that particular time she was the widow of a mining engineer named Frank Duffield, who had been killed a few weeks before in a dynamite explosion. She was destined to become the first and most famous woman gambler of the old West.

This woman was a born chance-taker and not an emotion reflected on her face. Slow but thorough, she dealt the game without the aid of a helper or lookout, something no sensible faro dealer would do with such an important game.

It was no easy chore, this dealing of faro. One had to be keenly alert with his eyes on all things at all times. The cards were dealt one at a time from a small wooden or metal container. Many bets had to be watched, bets must be paid and money lost dragged in for the house.

Men struggled to get close to Poker Alice as the evening wore on. Perhaps the novelty of betting against a woman dealer enthralled them, perhaps they were taken in by her beauty. Poker Alice was a small woman, about 5-4 with soft brown hair piled high on her head. Steady grey eyes took in everything in a sweeping glance, and her firm, pointed chin wavered not a bit whether she lost or won.

All attention in the Gold Dust was centered around the table operated by Poker Alice. In later years men were to boast they had bet against the famous woman gambler, Poker Alice Tubbs. The men who pushed and shoved for the privilege of betting against her dropped a lot of money that night. By the time the witching hour came around Poker Alice had won more than six thousand dol-

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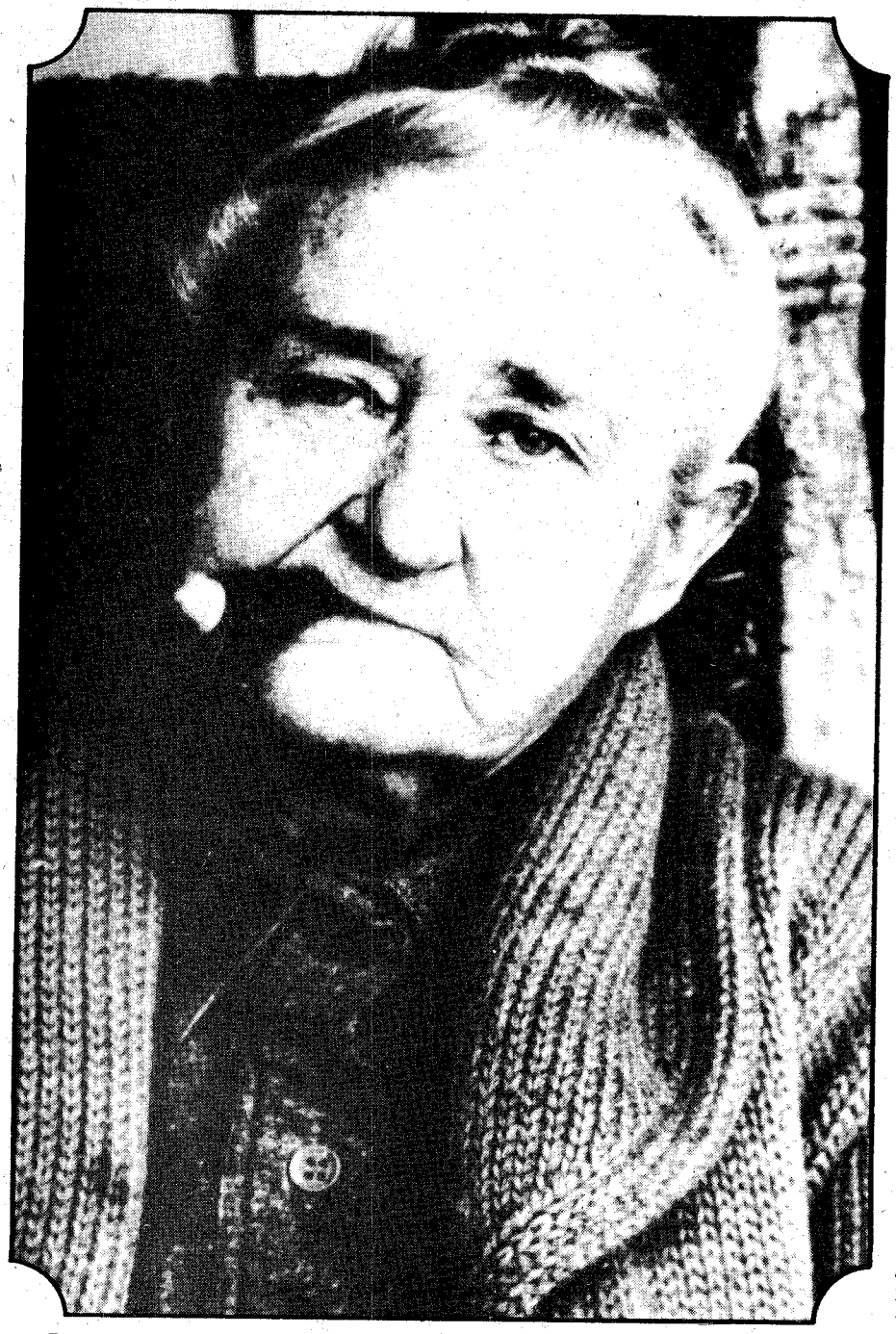
Author's photo



Poker Alice finally wound up in Deadwood, South Dakota, and mixed in state and county politics when the gamblers and miners moved on. Many claimed no candidate could get elected without her support. One of her trademarks were the smelly cigars she smoked until her death in 1930.

lars. In short order, the rumor spread throughout the West that a woman with eagle eyes and a steady hand had broken the bank at the Gold Dust and dealt faro like a man. That same evening the legend of Poker Alice was born.

Poker Alice was born Alice Ivers in Devonshire, England, February 17, 1853. She was brought to this country at age three by her parents and was later educated at a woman's college in the South. Her father, an English schoolmaster, taught her many things as well. However, at the age of 20 she married Frank Duffield and moved west with him. She was not yet 25 years old when she broke the bank at Silver City!

Gambling was nothing new to Alice. She had often visited the gambling casinos with her husband. There she learned the thrill of winning a bet on a turned card. It was only natural she would turn to this trade to earn a living after her husband had been killed.

Poker Alice was determined to live up to her reputation. After winning high stakes at the Gold Dust she took a trip to New York City. She told her friends that a gambler had a "prestige" to uphold and she must dress the part.

Alice made many trips to New York City via stagecoach, steamer, and train, there to spend most of her winnings on beautiful clothing and taking in the sights of the great metropolis. She never ceased to talk about the bright lights, courteous men, and extravagant stage shows of the city. Even in New York her fame went before her. Poker Alice was treated with respect and honor.

She traveled the West in style, always alighting from the stagecoach and announcing that she was the woman who had broken the bank of the Gold Dust Gambling House in Silver City. Such towns as Del Monte, Leadville, Georgetown, and Almosa catered to her whims. Men flocked to place bets against her.

It was in San Marcia, New Mexico, that she hired out to a local gambling establishment as a faro dealer and houseplayer in the poker games. It was the same thing all over again. Men flocked to see the famous woman gambler and it was here that she was really dubbed "Poker Alice."

She had not been in San Marcia very long when she fell in love with a professional gambler named W.W. Tubbs. Alice could have easily married any of the wealthy miners who offered to throw their gold at her feet. Instead, true to her ethics as a square gambler, she married the man she loved.

Their wedding was one of the most elaborate ever seen in that little New Mexico town. Disappointed suitors and elite friends showered them with gifts representing a small fortune. It is said this money was used by them to start their dual career beside the gambling tables.

But sometimes Dame Fortune smiles the other way. Alice and her husband found it difficult to make ends meet and she suggested he return to working for the house at a substantial salary. Even though they won and lost, never amassing a fortune of any size, the fame of Poker Alice always went before them and there were always offers in every town they visited for them to deal the games of chance.

People were fascinated by the steely gray eyes of this woman gambler—and also by the .38 calibre revolver which hung in a holster at her waist. There is record of her using this revolver twice, once to save the life of the man she loved.

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Courtesy of The Miller Studio, Pierre, S.D.

Wild Bill Hickok ran Deadwood when Poker Alice arrived there. She was one of the first ones to enter the saloon after Jack McCall shot and killed Hickok.

It happened during the early hours of the morning. Tubbs was dealing and Poker Alice was bucking the house game which her husband dealt. Suddenly a customer began a dispute over a bet, claiming Tubbs had short-changed him. Tubbs refused to pay more, stating he had paid the proper amount. The troublemaker cursed and grabbed for his knife. Just then Alice went into action. The .38 snapped from its holster and a sharp report of a shot was heard in the room. The attacker dropped his knife to the table as Alice's shot crashed into his elbow. Not a sign of emotion showed on her rigid face. Someone escorted the wounded man out of the building and the play was resumed as if nothing had happened.

Life planned for Poker Alice to see many things other than the green of the gaming tables. She saw men die in shoot-outs in the street and she saw many people die from disease, always doing her part to try and comfort the victims. Death played a grim role in the lives of the people. Alice witnessed young men die in gun duels at the bar, saw them slump to the floor in a heap. It was a time when men dug deep for gold, shallow for graves.

In Deadwood, South Dakota, the former stomping grounds of Wild Bill Hickok, her husband became seriously ill. All during his illness she refused to work the gaming tables, remaining ever at his side. When the end came and the Grim Reaper turned up the losing card for Tubbs, it is not known whether Alice went to pieces or took the verdict like a good loser. At any rate, when she again appeared in public life, she showed no emotion nor did she speak about her husband.

Poker Alice followed one strict rule and perhaps it helped her to forget some of the troubles that had befallen her. Every large winning was followed by a trip to New York City. When she returned she was laden down with garments of the latest fashion, always remarking that a gambler must be well dressed. Some people said her expensive clothing sometimes was a source of income for her when she was broke.

During the winter of 1891 Poker Alice and several miners crossed the Colorado Rockies and stumbled into the little town of Jimtown, sometimes called Creede, as that was the name of the railroad way station. None of the few residents recognized her as a woman dressed in men's clothing, nor did they when she began cutting down trees for her cabin. Alice knew that when the spring weather arrived, miners by the thousands would flock into the area. They did come, and it was not long before Poker Alice had to add to the size of her gambling establishment.

It was also in Jimtown that Poker Alice saw the body of Bob Ford, the killer of Jesse James, after he had been shot by one Edward O'Kelley. She had known Bob Ford there and often listened to him tell the story that his brother Charlie had been responsible for the death of Jesse James. However, there is too much proof pointing the other way. When the big rush for the Creede area gold fields opened up, O'Kelley came there as did Bob Ford.

Another actor in the drama about to unfold was Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith. He took over Jimtown, appointing his brother-in-law, John Light, marshal. Smith owned and operated the Orleans Club on the east side of the canyon, and woe betide any sucker who thought he had a chance to win anything in Soapy's place. It was common knowledge that every game in the place was fixed. There was faro bank, bird cage, roulette, chuck-a-luck and stud poker, all as crooked as a ram's horn.

The other two gambling emporiums in Jimtown were Ford's Omaha Club and the Gunnison Club and Exchange. Smith wanted the other owners to accept his own methods, but they refused to go along with his proposition.

The Smith gang went to work on the Gunnison place first. Each night they would go into the place as gamblers and then start a row. Eventually there was the killing of Red McCune, one of the owners, who always attended bar. However, in the case of Bob Ford, the Smith gang was afraid to start anything because they knew he was a dead shot and swift on the draw, not afraid of anything. Consequently, they confined their activities to sending him letters written in chicken blood. These warning letters, signed "Committee," warned Ford that if he did not close and get out of town—he would be given the same treatment he had given Jesse James!

One night Ford got liquored up, leaped on his pony, and rode up and down the street. He stopped in front of the free-and-easy house referred to as the Central Theatre. There he made a speech to the crowd, telling them there was a certain element in town writing him unsigned letters and threatening to bump him off. Ford said if there was any one man in town who cared to shoot it out with him, he would be happy to oblige. He would meet anyone interested on the Mesa (west of the lower part of Jimtown). By that time the first electric lights had come to Amethyst Street and Ford pulled out his gun and shot out a light some 50 feet away, as a demonstration of his skill. After this, Smith realized that Ford was a dangerous man to fool around with.

Soapy Smith was smart enough to get someone to do his killings for him. Around his saloon Edward O'Kelley regularly looked for free drinks or odd jobs and Smith picked him as a likely prospect, since he knew that O'Kelley hated Ford.

"You'll become world-known as the man who killed the man who killed Jesse James!" he promised.

A big fire had emptied Willow Gulch of all its buildings. However, some of the wiser inhabitants had erected structures south of Jimtown on what was known as the School Land, which is the present site of Creede, Colorado. Shortly after the fire Bob Ford secured a location on the School Land and had a floor put down. He erected a tent over the

(Continued on page 52)

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Oregon's Homestead Murders

A killer who believed there had to be a corpse to prove a crime was in for a big surprise

by Estelle C. Laughlin

A jury returned a surprise verdict at the Wasco County Courthouse.

One of the first things I learned as a law office secretary was that there has to be a corpse to prove murder has been done. The evidence — the basic facts necessary to the commission of a crime, as, in murder, the actual death of the person alleged to have been murdered — is known as the *corpus delicti.*

Each month I opened a large box that arrived with new law books and new decisions that had been handed down by the courts. These were carefully inventoried and then placed on the shelves with other red-backed law books.

There was a section of old "buckskin" law books in one corner that the attorneys referred to as Old Timers. They were still useful, however, and were consulted on many occasions.

Sometimes, when I arrived at the office and found piles of law books all over the floor I wondered why any man, after studying law for eight long years and receiving his degree, would need to read so many books to win (or lose) a case. The whole thing fascinated me greatly.

One case that was discussed by the lawyers on more than one occasion was a murder that had taken place on March 9th, 1900. The victims were two women who had come west from Iowa.

It all began on a stormy night when a howling wind was sweeping the Cascade Mountains around Hood River, Oregon. Despite this inclement weather a man named Norman Williams went to the Fashion Livery Stable in Hood River to get his spring-wagon and team of horses. He told the proprietor, H.D. Langille, that it was imperative he get back to his homestead twenty miles from town that night.

After Williams had driven away the livery stable man noticed a lantern that someone had left behind. Reasoning that it had to be the man who had just left, Langille ran outside and called to him, but Williams was out of sight. Langille knew the man would need a light to see his way on such a night, so he saddled a horse and started out with the lantern to overtake Williams. He found the man and his spring-wagon in front of Thompson's boarding house.

By then Williams was not alone. There was a very pretty young lady seated beside the man and an older woman in the back. The latter had a grey valise and some bundles which she was adjusting in the wagon.

Williams thanked Langille for bringing the lantern, which he managed to hang over the buggy whip that stood upright in its socket, thus giving some light alongside the road.

The older woman in the back said, "This will help. It's a terrible night, but the Lord willing, we'll make it."

Williams picked up the reins, spoke to the team and drove away in the darkness.

The two women were never seen again.

More than two years later, Norman Williams was hung for their murder.

The story has been practically forgotten during the 66 years since it happened, except in law courts. The case of the State of Oregon vs Norman Williams is familiar to lawyers and jurists all over the United States. It has been cited again and again by prosecutors whose cases lacked that prime necessity known as the *corpus delicti.* A few old-time pioneers in the back country around Hood River recall the case as "The Great Homestead Murders."

The one thing that Williams overlooked was that blood is thicker than water. There was a man back in Iowa who became suspicious when he failed to hear from his mother and sister. His name was Nesbitt.

Alma Nesbitt, the sister, had gone to Oregon in 1899 to take up a homestead adjoining one occupied by Norman Williams, a man whom she had met back in Iowa. Williams had urged her to take up some of the free land in Oregon, insisting it was unusual, [illegible] and therefore cap-

(Continued on page 57)

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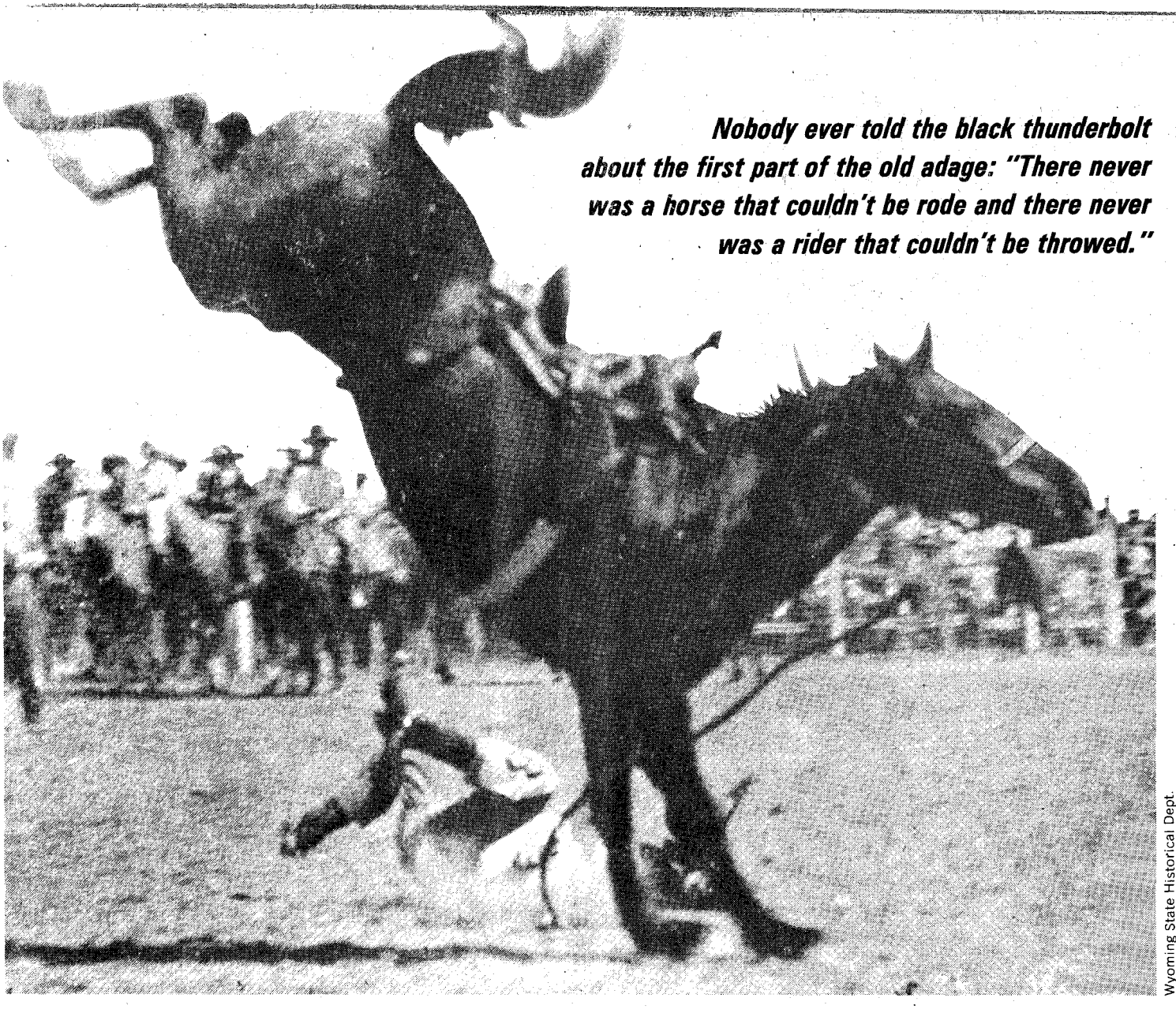
Nobody ever told the black thunderbolt about the first part of the old adage: "There never was a horse that couldn't be rode and there never was a rider that couldn't be throwed."



Wyoming State Historical Dept.

Midnight did his best to stand on his head and kick a hole in the sky with his hind feet.

REDOUBTABLE MIDNIGHT

by Norman B. Wiltsey

Sooner or later, on the big-time rodeo circuit from New York to Calgary, the bronc riders get around to talking about a certain horse over ranch-style coffee strong enough to float a horseshoe nail. No rider active today is old enough to have tried to ride Midnight in competition, but all have heard of him as the one top bucker to disprove the first half of the old adage: "There never was a hoss that couldn't be rode and there never was a rider that couldn't be throwed!"

Now and then a grizzled rodeo hand will stoutly maintain that two bronc-twisters, Fred Studnicka and Floyd Stillings, successfully topped Midnight. Then, invariably, other leathery old rawhiders rise to defend the black thunderbolt's flawless record in pungent language.

"That there yarn stinks worse than a stack of bull chips in wet weather!" Brazos Jim Turner recently assured the writer. "In the 1932 Pendleton Show, Studnicka rode Midnight and claimed a win. I saw that ride and man, it sure was a wing-ding! They had their own local rules; no starting chutes. A bucker was snubbed to the saddle horn of a hazer while the rider mounted up. Then the bucker was turned loose and his blindfold jerked.

"Well, sir, the ornery sidewinder that jerked Midnight's blindfold slapped him plumb across the eyes with it! The big hoss sat down for a couple of seconds, then started pouring it on. In three jumps he peeled off his rider, but the timing judge fired his pistol while ol' Fred was in the air. I swear that was the shortest ten second ride in rodeo history. Midnight's owners publicly offered to bet Studnicka $10,000 that he couldn't stick to the black ten seconds under standard rodeo rules. The bet was never accepted.

"Then at the Fort Worth Show in 1933 the lost stirrup rule was changed so that the loss of a stirrup meant only the loss of 20 points instead of disqualification. Floyd Stillings blew a stirrup but stayed with Midnight for ten seconds. Like I

(Continued on page 46)

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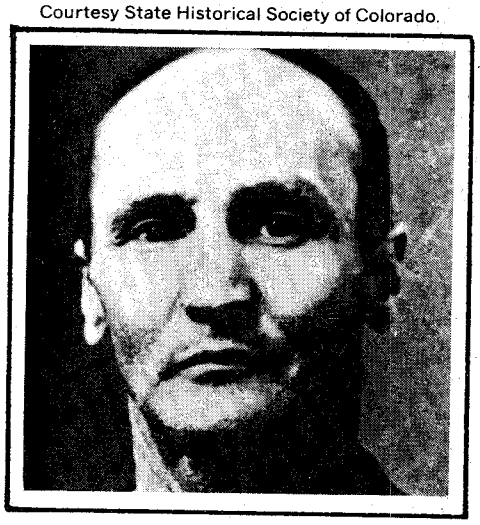
Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado.



AL PACKER-AMERICA'S FRONTIER CANNIBAL!

By DONALD V. BENTZ

THE PLATEAU REGION of southwestern Colorado, split by the Continental Divide, consists of a series of mesas and/or plateaus that decline gradually toward the western border of the state. Within this area are the San Juans, a massive and rugged group of mountains containing many precipitous peaks, all but a few over 14,000 feet high.

Rich deposits of silver and gold, later to be followed by lead, copper, and zinc discoveries, were found in this portion of the Colorado Territory in the 1860's and 1870's. (Colorado became a state in 1876). This richly mineralized area became known as the "Silvery San Juan," and in it was born a legend people often referred to as "The Ghoul of the San Juans."

This legend had its origin in the autumn of 1873 when a motley group of fortune-seekers, miners and prospectors, disgruntled and disenchanted with their future in the mining areas of Utah, decided to seek their fortunes elsewhere. They had heard of the gold strikes in 1871 near Breckenridge and Summit, Colorado Territory, on the eastern slope of the Continental Divide, and organized a party to head for that region. Before long they were 20 in number, men from Provo, Ogden, and Salt Lake City, all congregated in Bingham Canyon, Utah.

They needed a guide so one Alfred G. Packer was selected. (He sometimes spelled his first name both "Alferd" and/or Alfred," but preferred "Alferd," as did members of his family). This man stated he had lived in Colorado, had been a trapper, guide, miner, hunter, and scout there, and represented himself as being well-acquainted with the San Juan country. He was described as being about 30 or 31 years old, approximately five feet ten and one-half inches tall, of slender but muscular build, and possessed of a

"They was sivin Dimmycrats in Hinsdale County, but you, yah voracious man-eatin' son of a bitch, yah ate five of thim!"

Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado.

This is the last photograph ever taken of the "man-eater." There are still arguments concerning Al Packer's innocence or guilt.

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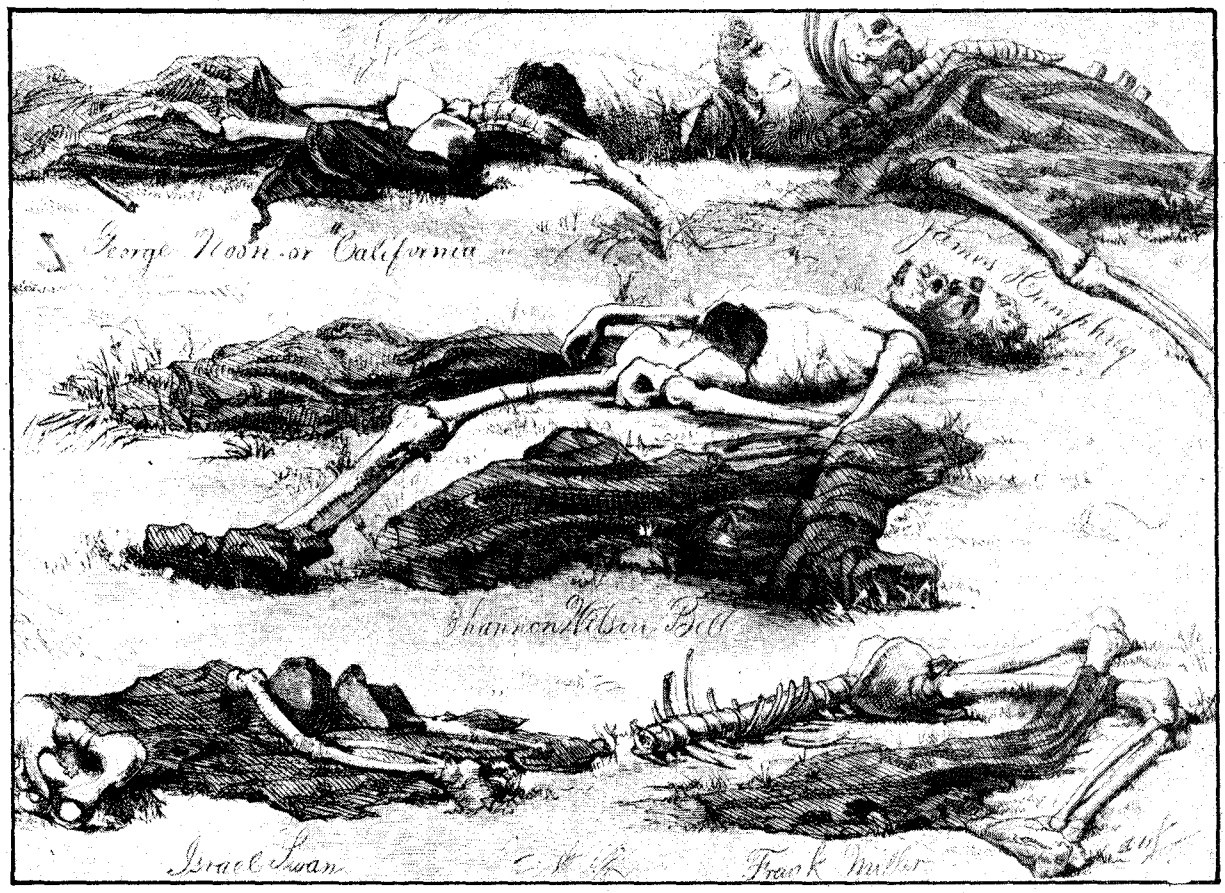
Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado.



This drawing of "Alferd Packer's victims" appeared in the "Harper's Weekly," October 17, 1874. Packer's group had seven days provisions when it set out from Chief Ouray's camp for the Indian Agency post.

long slender nose and a large head, with almost no forehead, the cranium sloping backward from blue-gray eyes. He was broad-shouldered, had a wax-like complexion, sported a small goatee, long black hair, and an incredibly peculiar high-pitched whining voice that anyone could remember.

Packer, not given to conversation, was considered to be a rather illiterate and unsavory character who, rumor had it, dabbled in counterfeiting at times. The story is told that he was working out a fine with a chain gang when he was first contacted about guiding the group to Colorado. A guide was needed so the cluster of miners and prospectors bailed him out, made their offer, and it was accepted.

The group of 21 men started out for the territory of the San Juans on November 8, 1873, in an excellent condition. They constituted an outfit consisting of four good teams and wagons, 15 to 20 pack and saddle animals, guns, ammunition, food, supplies, and a complete outfit of mining and prospecting tools.

The gold-seekers started on their journey of almost 600 miles by following as nearly as possible the old road made by the Mormons on their flight to Utah. As the road had not been used since Sidney Johnson's army passed over it some 22 years previous in their expeditions against the Mormons, the prospecting party experienced great difficulty in keeping the trail.

Although averaging only about 10 miles per day, over a road that was almost impassable, the trip actually was pleasant at first, despite one of the severest winters on record. However, disaster struck when the group reached Green River, still in Utah Territory. Here they lost most of their supplies in an abortive and clumsy raft crossing of the river, and two-thirds of their trip was yet to be completed. Pushing on they reached the Colorado border in late November.

By this time the men were grumbling. They were tired, in poor physical condition, their clothes were tattered and torn, and their supplies were so low they were forced to eat chopped barley, food that had been brought along for the horses.

The grim party plodded ahead and on January 21, 1873, it arrived at the Ute Indian winter encampment at the junction of the Uncompahgre and Gunnison Rivers. The famous Ute chieftain, Ouray, known as "The White Man's Friend," attempted to persuade the gold seekers to give up their venture and pointed out the danger of heavy snow and extreme cold that lay before them in the high mountain country. He even offered to shelter and feed them until spring.

The men from Utah had no reason to fear Ouray or to question his words. He was an Indian of remarkable ability who had made several trips to Washington, D.C. Ouray lived in a house, cultivated many acres of land, had a large flock of sheep, and often wore the clothing of a white man. He rode around in a carriage and had adopted the habits and customs of what people called civilization. His influence had been all-powerful on the side of peace.

The men stayed and rested but a few weeks. The gold fever was too great for some of them to overcome. In early February five men left the camp. They were O.D. Loutsenhizer, Mike Burke, Isaac and Tom Walker, and George Driver. Their immediate destination was the Los Pinos Indian Agency post, some 75 miles to the east.

They took with them one pair of blankets each, all the provisions they could carry, some ammunition and their snowshoes. Packer wanted to go as guide, but Loutsenhizer, being suspicious of him, preemptorily refused to permit him in the party.

A week later, on February 9, 1873, Alferd G. Packer, accompanied by Shannon Bell, James Humphrey, Frank Miller, George Noon, and Israel Swan, led the second group out of Ouray's camp. Their destination was also the Indian agency post to the east. The rest of the original group of 21 men stayed in the Indian camp until spring.

Packer's men had seven days' provisions and were packed out some 30 miles on horses by the Indians.

Ouray had repeatedly and strongly warned both groups against making this trip. He said they could not conquer the

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Ute Chief Ouray, known as the "friend of the white man," allowed the group of prospectors and miners to stay at his camp for the winter.

cold, the mountains, the snow, and the distance, and survive. In this, as events turned out, one might say he was half correct.

"Lot," leader of the first group, arrived alone at the Indian agency almost two months after leaving Chief Ouray's camp. He was near death from starvation and exposure and told of fighting fierce blizzards, high mountains, and lost trails. A few days after "Lot's" arrival, Burke, a second member of the first party, stumbled into the Los Pinos agency. He, too, told the same story, and of how the men became divided and lost. Eventually all the men reached Los Pinos, including those who had remained at Chief Ouray's camp until the worst of the winter weather had passed. Now all the men were accounted for with the exception of Packer and the five men who had accompanied him.

On April 16, 1874, Al Packer, looking sleek and well-fed, walked into the Indian agency. Although he had been out in the wilderness for 65 days he did not have the appearance of having suffered from want of food. In fact his face was bloated and he was apparently very healthy. One rumor had it that the first thing he asked for was a drink of whiskey. His story was similar to that told by O.D. "Lot" Loutsenhizer, of how his party met with fierce storms, cold weather, high mountains, lost trails, etc. Packer added that he had suffered a leg injury and his companions left him while they forged ahead. When they didn't return he said he lived off roots, berries, rose buds, and small game.

Although there were those who doubted that the miners and prospectors would desert one of their own when he was ill or injured, Packer's story, admittedly a plausible one, was believed and he was taken in and cared for. After remaining at the agency for only a few days to recuperate Packer went to Saguache, some 45 miles distant, which was then the nearest point to the agency and the most advanced of all the frontier towns in that area.

For the next six weeks Packer enjoyed himself in Saguache, drinking, carousing, and gambling. He insisted that his missing comrades would shortly turn up in Silverton or in the Animas Valley, alive and healthy, and still searching for gold and silver. At times he exhibited large sums of money. This created much suspicion as Packer had been known to be almost penniless when leaving Utah. From his "headquarters" at James "Larry" Dolan's saloon and gambling tables Packer even offered to lend relatively large sums of money to friends.

General Charles Adams, the Indian agent in charge at Los Pinos, returning to his post after an official business trip to Denver, heard the Packer story while passing through Saguache and induced the man to return to the agency for the purpose of organizing a search party to look for the missing men.

During the subsequent search Packer claimed he couldn't locate the camp where he had last seen his fellow travelers. In answer to questions by General Adams, Packer told many contradictory stories. When asked how he obtained the items in his possession, a knife, gun, and pipe, which had been identified as belonging to the missing men, Packer told more conflicting stories. Neither could he account for the large sums of money he had been spending.

When some Ute Indians turned up at the agency with strips of human flesh they had found on Packer's route, General Adams immediately placed Packer under arrest. The man was questioned further and finally broke down and made what has since been called his "first confession." In brief it read as follows:

"Old man Swan died first and was eaten by the other five persons, about ten days out of camp. Four or five days afterwards Humphreys (sic) died and was also eaten; he had about one hundred and thirty-three dollars ($133). I found the pocket book and took the money. Some time afterwards, while I was carrying wood, the butcher was killed—as the other two told me, accidentally—and he was also eaten. Bell shot "California" with Swan's gun and I killed Bell. Shot him. I covered up the remains and took a large piece along. Then traveled fourteen days into the Agency. Bell wanted to kill me with his rifle—struck a tree and broke his gun.

"I, A.G. Packer, do solemnly swear

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that the above statement is true and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

Signed: A.G. Packer

"Sworn and subscribed before me the 8th day of May A.D. 1874.

James P. Downer, J.P."

The nation's newspapers picked up the horrible story of "The Colorado Cannibal," but had no actual ending for it. Further searches were made for the missing men, but all proved fruitless. There were those who thought Packer had simply murdered all five men for both their money and food, and had somehow very cumningly disposed of their bodies

For several months Packer languished in a flimsy abode shack that Saguache called its jail while law enforcement officials wondered what to do next in this case.

The break came in August, 1874, when one Mr. John A. Randolph, a wandering artist-photographer-writer for *Harper's Weekly*, who was out on a sketching tour in the Uncompahgre Mountains, was startled one afternoon by coming suddenly upon the remains of five human beings. They were lying in a gloomy, secluded spot, densely shaded by tall trees, at the foot of a steep bluff near the bank of the Gunnison River. Marks of violence on each body indicated that a most terrible crime had been committed there. The bodies lay within a few feet of each other, in their blankets and clothes. There had been no attempt to conceal the remains. No guns or camping utensils were found with them, nor a trace of any boots or shoes. The feet were heavily bandaged with blankets, which they had torn up for that purpose.

It appeared that the skulls of the five men had been crushed and strips of flesh were missing from several of the bodies.

The photographer immediately notified the agency of his discovery. A party set out at once for the scene, identified the bodies as the missing men from Packer's group, and buried the remains in five graves, marked with solemn headstones, upon a high bank above the river. For years the immediate site was called "Dead Man's Gulch." Today, five miles east of Lake City, a simple tombstone marks the spot, and the entire high snowy mesa area is known as "Cannibal Plateau." The bronze plaque on the one large tombstone reads:

THIS TABLET ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF
ISRAEL SWA.
GEORGE NOON
FRANK MILLER
JAMES HUMPHREYS
WILSON BELL
WHO WERE MURDERED
ON THIS SPOT
EARLY IN THE YEAR 1874
WHILE PIONEERING
THE MINERAL RESOURCES
OF THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY

Once again the nation's newspapers carried the news of the cannibal case in Colorado, and this time added the details of the grisly find. But by the time the rumors of the discovery reached Saguache, and were thoroughly verified, it was too late to take drastic action against the man most people now believed completely guilty of the fiendish crime. For Alferd G. Packer had escaped from the flimsy adobe jail in Saguache on August 8, 1874! For almost nine complete years he remained free, despite rewards totalling $5,000 for his capture.

In March, 1883, Jean "Frenchy" Cabazon, one of the original "Utah party of 21," was working in the area around Fort Fetterman, Wyoming Territory, as an itinerant peddler of household goods. One night, while staying in a crowded roadhouse, he thought he recognized a high-pitched, whining voice originating from another room. The next morning he made it a point to meet the owner of that voice. The man was introduced to him as John Swartze. Cabazon managed to remain calm as he talked with the man. Immediately thereafter "Frenchy" notified the authorities and on March 11, 1883, John Swartze was arrested. Of course, "John Swartze" was Alferd G. Packer. Ironically, Packer did not recognize "Frenchy" Cabazon although nine years before he had vowed to kill him when they next met.

Packer was returned to Denver and made another confession, which was similar to the first one. For some reason or other he was charged only with the murder of Israel Swan, with no mention of the other four victims. The trial took place in Lake City, Colorado, from April 9 to April 13, 1883. The verdict was not an unexpected one.

"We, the Jury, find Alferd Packer... guilty as charged in this indictment and find that the killing... was premeditated."

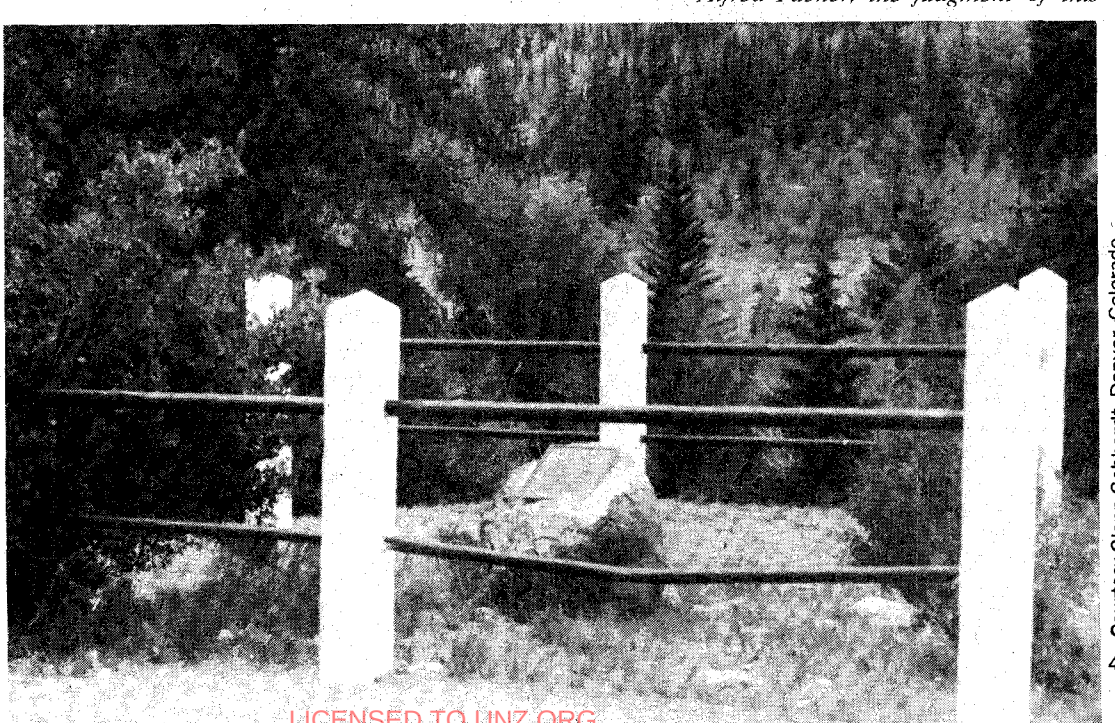
Late in the afternoon of the same day, Democratic Judge Melville B. Gerry sentenced Packer, a Republican in politics. An apocryphal story, widely believed in and circulated throughout the country, had the Judge rendering a somewhat humorous sentence. The Judge is supposed to have said... and there are many versions of his words:

"Stand up, you voracious man-eating son-of-a-bitch. There were seven Democrats in Hinsdale County, and you ate five of them. I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, as a warning against reducing the Democratic population of the state!"

James "Larry" Dolan, the Saguache saloonkeeper and Packer's old drinking crony, not only retold this story many times, but it is most likely he originated it as well.

In actuality, Judge Gerry, a stanch Democrat from Georgia, and a competent jurist, rendered an extremely sober and somewhat lengthy pronouncement which can only be described as eloquent. He closed with these words:

"Alfred Packer, the judgment of this



This memorial marks the site of the graves of the five men who fell victim to the "cannibal."

Courtesy Glenn Gebhardt, Denver, Colorado.

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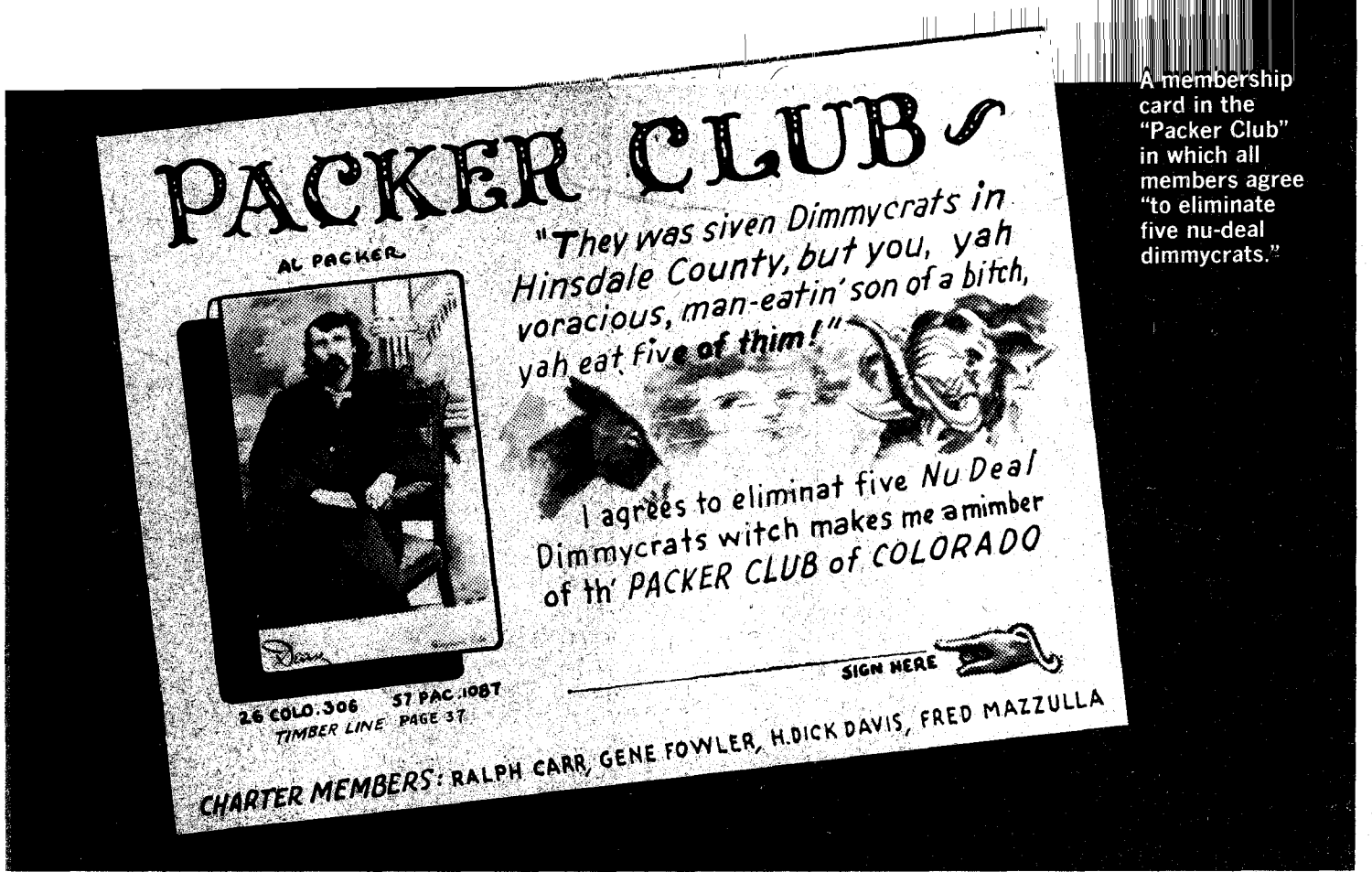

A membership card in the "Packer Club" in which all members agree "to eliminate five nu-deal dimmycrats."

Courtesy Steve Ende, Editor, GOLDEN WEST.

court is that you be removed from hence to the jail of Hinsdale County and there confined until the 19th day of May, A.D., 1883, and that on said 19th day of May, A.D., 1883, you be taken from thence by the Sheriff of Hinsdale County to a place of execution prepared for this purpose, at some point within the corporate limits of the town of Lake City, in the said county of Hinsdale, and between the hours of 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. of said day, you, then and there, by said Sheriff, be hung by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul."

Packer, after being sentenced to death for the premeditated murder of Israel Swan, was moved to the jail in Gunnison. It was feared he would be lynched in Lake City. However, the Colorado cannibal did not hang. While he languished in the Gunnison jail for three years, from April 15, 1883, to August 5, 1886, his two able lawyers appealed his case to the Colorado Supreme Court. They were able to get his original death sentence set aside and obtain a new trial on a strict technicality. The Colorado Supreme Court ruled that an individual could not be hanged for committing a crime in Colorado before it became a state. Packer had committed murder in the Colorado Territory in 1874, fully two years before it became a state in 1876. In other words, he was charged under a Territorial law, but tried under a State law.

Packer's second trial was held in Gunnison from August 2nd to August 5th, 1886. This time he was charged with the "voluntary manslaughter" of all five of his prospecting party members. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of manslaughter of each of the five victims, and sentenced him to the state penitentiary in Canon City for a total of 40 years at hard labor.

While a prisoner at the Colorado State Penitentiary in Canon City Packer applied for a veteran's pension on November 6, 1890, and somewhat heroically stated that he "contracted (*sic*) typhoid fever, terminating in epileptic fits, caused by constant, prolonged and unnecessary guard duty" . . . while in service at Camp Douglas, Illinois. He swore in the same declaration for a pension that he had not been employed in the military or naval service otherwise than stated above, i.e., his original enlistment. He realized he had to "forget" about a second enlistment, and his bad record connected with it, if he were to get any help from the government at all.

Alferd Packer was awarded a pension of $25 per month, given to him even while he was in prison.

As stated before, Packer was an uneducated man but not an ignorant one. For almost the next 14 years he was simply convict number 1389, a model prisoner, earning extra money by making rings, rope, belts, bridles, watch chains, etc., from horse hair. He sold these products to the morbidly curious who wanted souvenirs manufactured by the notorious man-eater. His case and sentence were appealed many times, without success, and his petitions for parole were always turned down.

In 1900 a reporter-columnist for *The Denver Post*, Mrs. L.R. Anthony, who wrote under the name of Polly Pry, visited Packer in prison, became convinced of his innocence and circulated a petition for his release. The entire story of the Colorado cannibal was again revived.

The petition for parole engendered much opposition. Packer was described in some newspapers as possessing a persecution complex. Various reports and individuals called him "lower than a skunk, slow-witted, filthy-minded, cowardly, a natural bully, a dope fiend, vicious, a remorseless criminal, a desperado of the vilest character, a counterfeiter, selfish, vulgar, a disgrace to the human race, etc." One newspaper account briefly outlined his criminal record:

"He formerly lived on the Divide, in this state, where it is supposed that he murdered an old man and his son, of whom he begged a ride. He secured their team and succeeded in getting away. He afterward turned up in California gulch, killed his partner there and skipped to Arizona. There he killed his partner in trapping, and got away with about $1,500 worth of furs which he disposed of in Salt Lake. In that city he held up a Mor-

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mon, securing the trifling sum of $23, and was imprisoned for 90 days . . . he was in partnership with two men in the mines of Arizona, and in attempting to get away with them was wounded in the shoulder after killing one and wounding the other . . . "

At one time Packer did confess to a law enforcement official that he had murdered two men in Colorado Springs, and had killed a prospector in Tombstone, Arizona.

Despite his abysmal criminal record, although he had been a model prisoner, Packer was granted a parole on January 7, 1901, due almost entirely to political pressures. He traveled to Denver and thanked Polly Pry and her associates on *The Denver Post.* A few months later he moved into a little shack in Littleton, Colorado, and boarded out. Here he lived the life of a recluse, did a little prospecting, and ironically enough, became the favorite of the children of the town. One newspaper reported:

". . . scores of Littleton children gathered on Saturday afternoons around an aged man who distributed to all nickel bags of candy. Open mouthed and all ears, they listened while he told brave tales of the pioneers, Indian battles, encounters with grizzly bears. The white bearded story-teller came in from his lonely cabin 'Deer Creek way' and stocked up with groceries . . . the gentle old man was the 'Pied Piper' to the youngsters who followed him in droves each Saturday afternoon to thrill to his stories and munch his candy beside the old mill that ground their fathers' wheat."

Another irony is that Packer became a confirmed vegetarian!

Gradually his health failed him, and after suffering many seizures of epileptic fits he died on April 23, 1907, maintaining his innocence to the end.

The next day the remains of Alferd Packer were buried in the Prince Avenue Cemetery in Littleton. At that time there were those who believed he had been a brave soldier, so he was buried with rites of the Grand Army of the Republic. Later a small, simple stone was erected over his grave with the inscription:

ALFRED PACKER
CO. F
16 U.S. INF.

To this day the story of Alferd Packer remains both a mystery and a controversy. There is a "Packer Club," headquartered in Colorado, which issues membership cards to its members. The red and white card contains a picture of Packer along with the following inscription:

"They was siven Dimmycrats in Hinsdale County, but you, yah voracious, man-eatin' son of a bitch, yah eat five of thim!

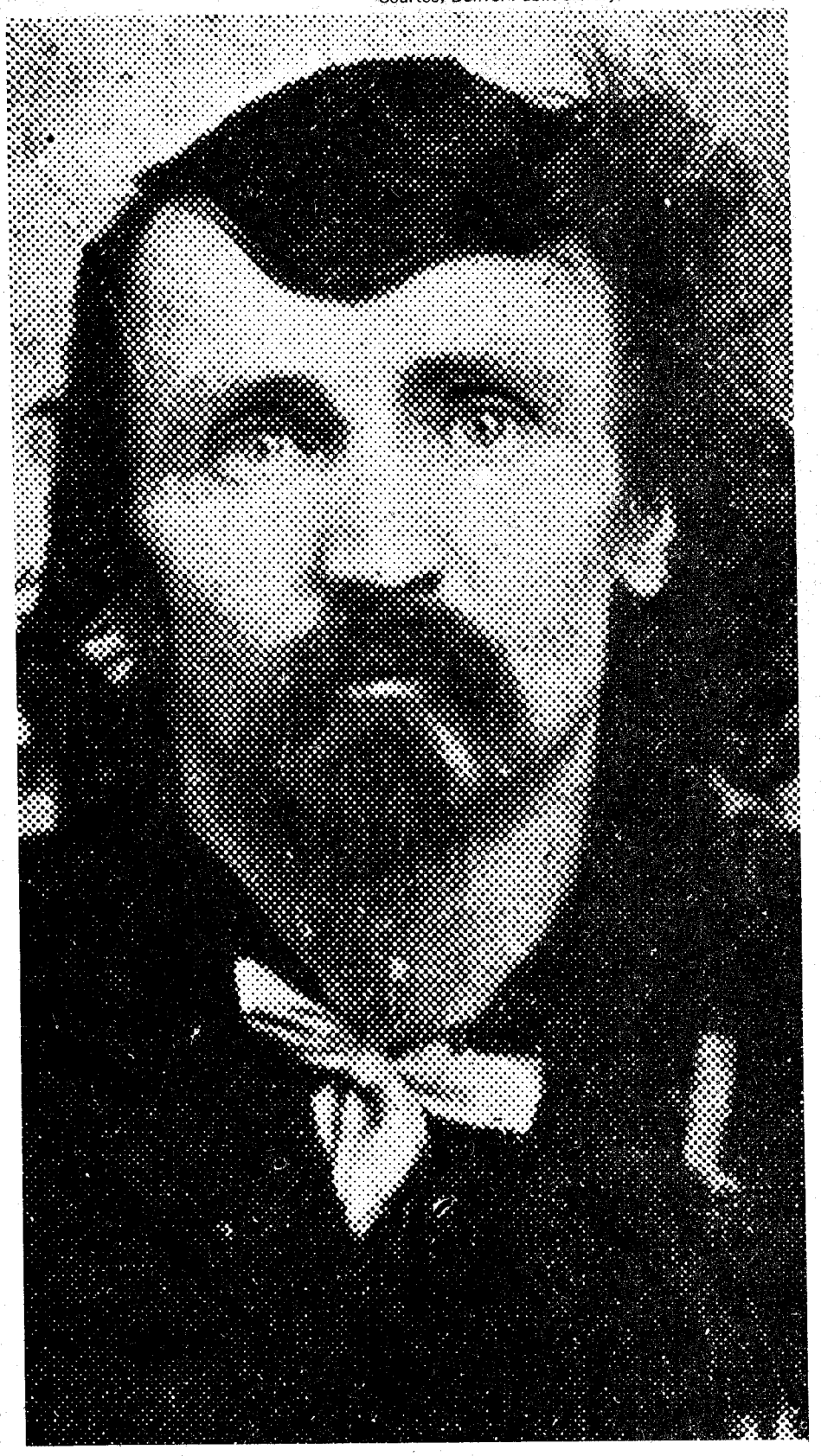
"I agrees to eliminat five Nu Deal Dimmycrats witch makes me a mimber of th' Packer Club of Colorado."

In addition, students at a major Colorado University have succeeded in keeping the Packer legend alive. Because of the quality of food served in their cafeteria, the students petitioned the University to change the cafeteria's name to the "Alferd Packer Memorial Cafeteria," which the school officials did—before they realized exactly who Alferd Packer was!

Was Al Packer indeed a frontier cannibal? Or was he, a "Pied Piper" adored by children?

Perhaps he was both. ●

Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection.



This picture was taken when Packer was at the Gunnison County Jail in Colorado. Packer lived until April of 1907 and he maintained that he was innocent of the terrible crime right up until the day of his death.

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REDOUBTABLE MIDNIGHT

(Continued from page 39)

say, both of them rides were stinkers. They suspended the rules so them jaspers Studnicka and Stillings could steal a phony win over the champ."

(Modern rodeo rules, in force during Midnight's career, state explicitly that "a rider must stay in the saddle ten seconds, using only one rein. The single rein cannot be knotted or wrapped around the wrist, and the rider must ride with one hand in the air and cannot change hands on the rein. The rider must also come out of the chute raking his mount on the shoulders with his spurs, and then must shift and rake his flanks. A rider is disqualified if thrown before the ten second whistle, if he pulls leather—grabs the saddle horn—or if he blows a stirrup.")

Midnight was foaled on Jim McNab's Cottonwood Ranch near McLeod, Alberta, Canada, in 1915. When Jim came home from World War I in 1919, the husky black stood slightly over 15 hands high and weighed 1250 pounds. Foaled of a thoroughbred dam and a Morgan-Percheron sire, he had never felt a saddle or a bridle in all his four years. Sensing potential disaster in the powerful black, Joe Stump, McNab's Indian horse wrangler, had prudently waited for the boss to come home and do the dirty work of breaking him. McNab, an expert rider, took a good hard look at Midnight and decided to ride other young horses on the ranch first and work up to tackling the big black.

When the moment of truth arrived, two cowboys cut the colt out from the other young horses in the horse pasture and hazed him into the corral. Here the boys managed to rope him and hold him still long enough to rig a blindfold and clap a saddle and bridle on him.

Snubbed fast, Midnight stood braced and quivering as Jim warily approached him. McNab tossed away his half smoked cigarette and carefully checked the saddle cinches. Finally he thrust a booted toe in a stirrup and swung easily to the cyclone deck. As his butt touched the saddle, Jim could feel Midnight shudder beneath his weight and tense his great muscles, "like a grizzly windin' up to bust you wide open," as he reported later. McNab sat himself in the saddle and nodded okay. The boys jerked the blindfold and turned Midnight loose.

The black exploded rocket-like through the open corral gate into the pasture. Bogging his nose between his forelegs, Midnight did his damndest to stand on his head and kick a hole in the sky with his hind feet at the same instant. Used to that trick, McNab leaned back on a taut rein and waited calmly. Unconsciously, Jim was braced for an orthodox spin or sway ends maneuver, but Midnight was not orthodox. Suddenly he threw his great head upward, leaving his rider clinging foolishly to a slack rein. Before Jim could take in the slack for a fresh grip, Midnight flashed into a dizzying power spin and McNab hit the sod.

Inwardly burning, but outwardly cool, Jim got to his feet. "Put him back in the corral," he said quietly.

The boys skedaddled with their catch ropes, and in fifteen minutes Midnight was snubbed up in the corral ready to go another round with his owner. This time the black went into a series of terrific sunfishes, swapped ends twice with incredible speed, winding up with the classic walking beam bone jarring straight up and down pitch. Again caught off-guard by the lightning switch in tactics, McNab ate grass for the second time.

This time the boss got really mad.

"Get the devil back in there!" he bawled above the ringing in his ears. The sweating ranch hands jumped to obey.

After his third quick flop, McNab sat on the ground and motioned to Joe Stump. "You ride him, Joe!" he growled.

Stump was thrown quicker than McNab and declined a second chance. "We got ourselves a buckin' hoss, boss," declared Joe. "Right now he knows more tricks and packs more power than any hoss I ever rode."

"Any hoss you ever *tried* to ride," corrected Jim sardonically.

McNab knew Midnight would be a sensation on the professional rodeo circuit, but he kept the powerful black bronc on the ranch for kicks. Jim enjoyed watching ambitious riders take a crack at riding Midnight. For miles around the ranch hands came, most to look and admire, a few of the most daring to try their luck at topping "the Midnight hoss." Their luck was uniformly bad. Midnight piled them all without working up a lather.

Best known of the aspirants was "Twenty-one" Johnson. Twenty-one was a shrewd operator whose racket was riding wild horses for a suitable wager and then investing his profits in a high stakes blackjack game. Johnson had a gimmick; he used a saddle with an 18-inch swell. When he pressed his thighs against that broad swell, no bucking horse ever foaled could shake him loose. Anyhow, that's what Twenty-one boasted, and he backed his claim with fifty dollars.

The result was sad for Twenty-one. Midnight gave him his head-stand, moon-kicking treatment, snapped without pause into his walking-beam act and used three fast spins to finish up. Johnson came to on the ground after McNab had poured a bucket of water over his face to wake him up.

Midnight retained his undefeated, amateur status until 1925 when McNab sold him to Canadian promotor Pete Welch. Pete immediately took his new star on a gala tour of Canada, along with his troupe of top-notch rodeo horses and riders. Midnight thrilled the cash customers at the Edmonton Jubilee that season of 1925 by dumping four of the best riders in the country in world record time.

Within two years Midnight added the bucking championship of the United States to his Canadian title. He won the unofficial but generally recognized U.S. title by throwing Bobby Askins, of Montana, before 20,000 screeching fans at the Toronto Exhibition Grounds. Bobby made the grave error of spurring Midnight hard instead of lightly. He really pushed the rowels into the black's sleek hide, and paid for his tactical mistake in blood and teeth. No bronc twister ever "savaged" Midnight and got away with it.

Verne Elliott and Ed McCarty, American rodeo operators and old-time riders, bought Midnight in 1927 for the astoundingly low price of $250. Probably Pete Welch thought the black bronc was over the hill, but Verne and Ed held different views. Delighted with their bargain, they promptly insured Midnight for $5,000, and within three years of brilliant campaigning were to refuse a solid offer of $10,000 for the horse. From the moment of his American debut at the Fort Worth Rodeo in 1928, the gleaming black Canadian star was a tremendous drawing card in the United States.

At Fort Worth, Elliott and his outfit pooled their bankroll and picked up a side bet of $5,000 from a Texas rancher oilman with more money than horse savvy. The Texan bragged that he knew a wrangler who could ride anything that wore hair if he was permitted to "ride him slick, cowboy style"; that is, waiving all rules except the time limit and pulling leather.

"That rider was a husky gent, tougher than rawhide, used to bustin' hosses by sheer muscle," recalled Elliott years later to his friend, Western writer Forbes Parkhill. "He leaned down and got a short hold on the rein, figuring to hold Midnight's head close by main strength, which is a good move if you can get away with it. A horse can't buck all out restricted that way. When the chute opened, Midnight won the bet for us just by wrinkling his backbone and stickin' out his nose, jerkin' the rider out of the saddle by the rein. That tough wrangler didn't get as far as you could throw a post hole!"

Understandably annoyed, the rancher offered Pete Knight, one of the top rodeo riders of all time, $2,500 if he could stay

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with Midnight the required ten seconds. He also bet Elliott and McCarty $3,000 more that Pete could handle the job. Pete couldn't deliver. Midnight threw him high, wide and handsome on the third pitch, and the Texan was out $8,000 pocket money He was quick to see the light, and craved no further action.

Pete Knight, however, was harder to convince. Proud professional that he was, Pete risked his neck aboard Midnight at Columbus, Vancouver, Pendleton and Cheyenne. Knight's best time in any of these wild go-rounds was seven and one-half seconds at Cheyenne. Pete, along with Eddie Woods, Paddy Ryan and many another top contestant, battled Midnight all over the big-time circuit. Asked by a newspaper reporter at Madison Square Garden what was the best course to follow when riding the champion bucker, Pete spat disgustedly past the inquisitive scribe's ear and drawled: "Start prayin', son, start prayin'!"

Yet, for all his power and fury, Midnight never hurt a rider once he'd dumped him. He had a startling trick of sniffing the fallen rider as if to commiserate with him, and occasionally he'd step carefully over the prone waddy and head back for the chutes.

Perhaps the best crack about Midnight and certainly the funniest was one originating with an ordinary run-of-the-show rider who had no business tackling the great bucker in the first place. This nervy little cuss ate dust on Midnight's first jump out of the chute, and he sat there on the ground bug-eyed watching the champ buck circles around him just for the pure hell of it. Kicking high, Midnight caught a hind hoof momentarily in a swinging stirrup. Instantly his deposed rider yelled to the pickup man: "See that? I got *off* when I seen he wanted to get *on!*"

Year after year Midnight made the rodeo circuit; Calgary, Pendleton, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Fort Worth, and east to Madison Square Garden. His owners retired him after the 1933 Cheyenne Frontier Days Show. The champion bowed out of competition undefeated by throwing his old opponents Bobby Askins and Turk Greenough. The crowd gave him a standing ovation as he was led from the arena after his last winning ride.

Midnight made his last public appearance in 1934, when, in response to numerous requests, he was taken to England and displayed in four exhibition rides at Wimbledon. After that triumphal trip abroad, Elliott and McCarty took him home to America and turned him out to pasture on Verne's ranch near Johnstown, Colorado. There he died on November 5, 1936, at the ripe old equine age of 21, and there his body lies buried today. ●

THE FIGHTING WHITE SQUAW

(Continued from page 33)

walked out to meet them.

Pulling the younger children behind her, Cynthia Ann crept close to the men and listened to their excited voices. Uncle Benjamin had a strange look on his face when he came back into the confines of the fort.

The Indians had said they were hungry, and they wanted directions to a camping spot along the creek. It didn't make sense to Uncle Benjamin, and he was suspicious. But then Benjamin's brother, Silas, insisted on talking to the Indians.

Cynthia Ann felt her mother's arm creep around her shoulder as they watched. Silas join the Indians. Tension among the settlers increased as Silas seemed to be arguing with the visitors. If only the rest of the men weren't so far away!

Suddenly Silas Parker raised his voice, and the white flag plunged into the dust at the feet of an Indian pony. A wild whooping raced through the warrior band. In horror, Cynthia Ann watched as an Indian spear struck Silas, and he dropped to the ground.

A couple of Parker men were fighting to close the gates of the fort, but they were too late. Indians raced all around them. Cynthia Ann felt her mother push her back into a little niche along the wall.

She watched in terrified fascination as the warriors wreaked destruction in the fort. Then everything got so confusing. People were running every which way and screaming and crying.

Numbly, Cynthia Ann followed her mother as Lucy Parker slipped her four children through the chaos, guiding them along the creek bank toward safety. But before they could reach their men, a small party of Indians overtook them. Mrs. Parker was forced to lift Cynthia Ann behind an Indian on horseback. Cynthia watched as her brother, John, was swung up behind another Indian. Then they were racing across the fields, away from the fort and Mrs. Parker and everything familiar.

The wind burned Cynthia Ann's eyes and she shut them. She wanted to try jumping from the horse, but it was going so fast. And besides, John rode near her. If she got away, what would happen to John? She decided it was best to stay with the others until she found a chance for them both to attempt to escape.

They rode through the heat of the day, stopping only for a few minutes when they came to water. Then, back on the horses to endure more hours of bouncing up and down.

Cynthia Ann's dress had been clean that morning, but now it was torn and dirty and tears traced a path down her dust-streaked face. The small band of Cynthia Ann's Indian captors were joined by other groups. All of them were laden with loot from the fort.

Shortly before dark, Cynthia Ann spotted her older sister. Rachel Plummer was tied astride a horse, but she clutched in one arm her son, James. The older girl's face was lined with pain.

Then, at midnight, Cynthia Ann discovered horror upon horror that she had never been prepared to face. The Indians, mostly Comanches and Kiowas, pulled the white captives from the horses.

With hands and feet bound by cutting rawhide, Cynthia Ann was thrown face down on the ground. Her heart lifted for a moment when she found herself wedged between Rachel and Elizabeth Kellogg, one of the women from the fort.

"Be brave," Mrs. Kellogg whispered—and screamed out in pain as an Indian foot stomped into her back.

Cynthia Ann flinched at the woman's misery, but soon she, too, felt the lashes as the Indians began a frenzied war dance around the captives, stopping occasionally to inflict sharp blows upon the hapless bodies in the center.

The pile of bodies became a bloody mass as some of the younger ones began to vomit blood from internal wounds. Soon it appeared they would all choke on their own blood.

Then the spoils, including the captives, were divided among the tribesmen, and Cynthia Ann watched as her brother was led away. She was not to see him again for many years. Even little James was torn from his mother, despite Rachel's heart-rending pleas.

In the morning, when Cynthia Ann awoke in the foul-smelling tepee, her feet and arms were untied, but the old woman was watching her so closely that there was no chance for escape.

Huddled in misery, she ate the meager meal the squaw gave her.

The days seemed to blur into each other. Occasionally she caught glimpses of Rachel or Mrs. Kellogg, but she wasn't allowed to speak to them.

Cynthia Ann often sat in the tepee alone. Escape seemed far away and useless. Even if she could get away, where would she go? She didn't have any idea where the camp was now located. It didn't make any difference whether she died here, among the Indians, or out on the waterless, lonely plains filled with rattlers and coyotes.

Suddenly, Cynthia Ann felt eyes on her. She turned her head and met the shy eyes of a young Indian child peeping at her through the slit in the tepee. His pudgy, solemn face vaguely reminded her of a little cousin. Slowly, Cynthia Ann held out her hand to the child.

She began to swap her native English for the words of the Comanches. She now

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THE FIGHTING WHITE SQUAW

(Continued from page 47)

belonged to Pa-ha-u-ka's band, and she was given the name, "Prelqch."

She was treated well—Indians never beat their children—and she began to forget. However, Rachel, being older, had a far harder time adjusting. When Mrs. Kellogg was traded to the Keechis six months after the raid, Rachel mourned her friend. But Rachel had no way of knowing that Mrs. Kellogg was to be purchased by the Delawares and carried to Nacogdoches where General Houston was to pay the same price the Delawares had paid—$150—for her friend's freedom.

Before Mrs. Kellogg was taken away, Rachel had given birth to a baby. Tenderly, she had wrapped the infant in the soiled rags of her petticoat. But the child was sickly, and cried.

Tiring of the sounds so unfamiliar in Indian children, the savages wrenched the infant from the mother's arms and dashed it over and over to the ground. Finally, still detecting a wisp of breath in the baby, they tied it to a horse's tail and the tiny body was dragged over the ground until all that remained was a bloody mass. This the stunned and sorrowing mother was allowed to bury.

Little Cynthia Ann didn't see this cruelty. She was kept in a different part of the camp. With Indian children to play with, she was happy. Even when Rachel was ransomed through the agency of some Mexican Santa Fe traders by Mr. William Donahue, Cynthia Ann no longer missed the sister she so seldom saw.

Rachel finally found her brother-in-law, L. D. Nixon, and was re-united with her family in February of 1838. But Cynthia Ann never saw her again because Rachel died in February, 1839, still longing for her lost children.

Rachel's son, James, wasn't ransomed until 1842, and by the time he was taken to Fort Gibson where his grandfather found him, Rachel had been dead three years.

Young John Parker's was a different story. He grew up with the Indians, too. And, like Cynthia Ann, he was treated well, trained, and eventually became a warrior.

On one of their raids, John's Comanche band captured a beautiful Mexican girl, Dona Juanita. John fell deeply in love with the captive girl, and won his chief's consent to marry her.

But before the party could return to their camp, John was stricken with a fever. He was so sick that they were sure he would die, so he was left along the trail, with Dona Juanita to nurse him.

Somehow, John didn't die, and Juanita was able to persuade him to abandon the ways of the Indians.

John fought in a Mexican company in the Confederate service, and at the end of the Civil War, he retired to a stock ranch on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

Like John, Cynthia Ann soon accepted the ways of the Comanches as her own.

In 1840, when a party led by Colonel Len Williams discovered the blue-eyed 14-year-old Cynthia Ann, they begged to ransom her. Pa-ha-u-ka refused, although he did allow the men to talk with the girl. She either couldn't or wouldn't speak English, and the traders left, completely defeated.

The years passed and Cynthia Ann's blond hair turned brown, and her fair skin tanned from the years in the sun and

Quanah Parker was one of the sons of Cynthia Ann Parker.

wind. But her clear blue eyes shone from a lovely face.

Many of the Indian braves expressed an interest in the fair-skinned squaw, but Cynthia Ann would have none of them. She had seen and secretly chosen the man she wanted—Peta Nacona, second in command to Iron Jacket.

At fourteen, when Cynthia Ann Parker became the bride of Peta Nacona, she was in all respects fully Indian. Although it was white blood that coursed through her veins, for more than five years now, Cynthia Ann, or Preloch, as the Indians called the spirited squaw, had not spoken her native tongue. She understood only the symbols of her adopted people. And her love for the young warrior permanently sealed the bond between Preloch and her chosen way of life.

Peta Nacona was no ordinary warrior. The dark-eyed youth had proven himself on the battlefield many times. During an attack, he rode beside Pohebits Quasho—Iron Jacket—the man who wore a coat of mail, no doubt stripped from a Spanish Conquistador a century before. Iron Jacket believed himself invulnerable to balls and arrows.

And beside Peta rode Preloch, her hair lashing about her face and her heart fully convinced in the right of what she was doing.

Within a year, Preloch learned to balance her new baby in one arm, as she took her place beside her husband during battle.

One time, on an encampment on the Upper Canadian, a party of white traders, including some Parker family friends, happened upon the tribe. Immediately, Preloch was recognized as being Cynthia Ann Parker, and the family friends begged to be allowed to ransom her.

"I am happily wedded," she said to them. "I love my husband, who is good and kind, and my little ones, who, too, are his; I cannot forsake them!"

As the disheartened friends turned to leave, Preloch watched them go. Her tepee contained blankets and supplies taken from the sacking of outposts and settlers' homes. Many of her people displayed fair-haired scalps. And yet, Preloch's heart was heavy. For just an instant, she wished she might be able to remember what it was that made her feel so sad when she cuddled her own babies. There was that brief, almost forgotten memory of warm arms about her, rocking her softly and crooning. Someone; someone so long ago!

After the sacking of Linville, Preloch fled with the Comanches up the Guadalupe and Colorado before the ruthless march of the Rangers. Then, in 1858, the Battle of Antelope Hills played a major role in the life of Preloch.

Here, beside the Canadian River, Colonel John S. Ford, "Old Rip," and Captain S. P. Ross encountered the whole force of the Comanches. It doesn't look like a place for battle. The weirdly-shaped Antelope Hills claw three blunt fingers toward the sky. And the feet of the hills drift gently down across grassy slopes to rest in the cooling waters of the slow-moving Canadian.

The sky is vast and endless, and the sun tinges the scene golden. Yet, at the base of these innocent hills, Iron Jacket led a charge against "Old Rip" and 100 Texas Rangers, including Captain S. P. Ross; W. A. Pitts, Preston, Tankersley and a contingent of one-hundred and eleven Toncahua Indians led by Chief Placide—long enemies of the Comanches.

It was a disastrous battle for the redmen. Iron Jacket lost 75 of his warriors before he himself slipped from life—his wound had been inflicted through a chink in his armor. Only two Rangers were killed.

But here, Peta Nacona picked up the reins from his fallen chief, and now Preloch proudly rode second in command. Peta's worst headache became Captain Ross. This white man plagued Peta, trailing the Indians for weeks, then striking when and where they were weakest.

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Ross and his Toncahuas—his famed Red Warriors—found the Comanches in the Wichita Mountains in October of 1858. Most of the squaws and children were captured, while Peta and Preloch led the warriors south into the heart of Texas.

For two years, Peta's heart smoldered with hatred for the white soldiers who had killed so many of the Comanches in the Wichita mountains. In the Autumn of 1860, Peta was ready. With Preloch astride her horse at his shoulder, Peta led a raiding party of Comanches through Parker County, named in honor of the family of his wife, Cynthia Ann.

Here they destroyed and sacked everything their hands touched. Fire and ruin marked the path behind them. Peta was determined to have his revenge on a hated people. And mingled with his fiery words of encouragement to his braves, were the clear notes of Preloch's voice.

Yet Preloch had no way of knowing that the little town of Weatherford that the Comanches destruction and depredations touched so deeply, was the home of Isaac Parker, uncle of the lost Cynthia Ann. And had she known, it is doubtful that she would have cared.

Perhaps old Isaac would have been more horrified to learn that the commingled blood of both murdered Parkers and vicious Comanches now coursed in the veins of a second generation—a generation held in the arms of the woman who led the attack!

This vicious and brutal attack that swept a wide path through the county was not to go unanswered. Governor Sam Houston sent orders to the son of the man who had hunted Peta's Comanches so long and so successfully.

Captain Lawrence Sullivan (Sul) Ross had recently graduated from Florence Wesleyan University of Alabama. He was anxious to prove himself equal to his father's reputation.

In early December, 1860, Captain Ross received Governor Houston's orders to repair to Fort Belknap and chase Peta Nacona. And above all else, Ross was to stop the Comanches' attacks! Big orders, but Ross was a big man.

With a company of 60 men, Ross set out December 18, 1860, marching up the Pease River. It took the troopers a couple of days to reach the camp of the Comanches. And just as they did, they discovered signs of an impending move by the Indians.

Preloch had finished her preparations for the move. She sat quietly astride the big roan, cuddling her baby girl in her arms. Her eyes darted about the camp and rested on her two sons.

Peta rode up beside Preloch, and their oldest daughter swung her lean, boyish body up behind her father on the horse.

Soon she will be marrying, Preloch thought, smiling at the teenager. How she has grown! In a few months, her daughter would be fifteen, older than Preloch was when the girl was born. Preloch's heart held a special warm spot for her first-born, the one with her father's courage and her mother's spirit.

That was when the first notes of the cavalry charge blasted down the slope of the hill. Preloch twisted around sharply on the roan. The sun bounced off death-dealing arms the soldiers pointed toward the bronzed redmen.

There was no time to drag loaded sleds behind the horses. No time to search for children. No time for defense.

Nacona's horse bolted for the wide open prairie. With a cry of terror, Preloch clasped her youngest closer to her breast and dug her heels into her roan's quivering sides. Even the ponies sensed danger as they stretched their bellies across the brown swaying grasses. Once, Preloch chanced a glance over her shoulder. What she saw brought grief, and yet a measure of relief.

The troopers had ceased firing on the Indians. Most of the Comanches were huddled defenselessly in the midst of the cavalry. But at least they were alive!

Now, several soldiers chased Peta and Preloch. Two officers, their symbols of rank glistening in the brilliant sun, drew closer. Preloch could see the side-arms in the men's hands. They would die, she and Peta, killed by the powerful enemy. Preloch threw one more look at the backs of her husband and daughter, who were now pulling slightly ahead in the frantic race for life. She made her decision.

Most of the Comanches back in camp were alive. Now Preloch would give Peta a chance for life. Then there would be hope for the tribe. Peta would find them again, of that she was certain. Preloch slowed her horse, and Captain Ross soon pulled up beside her, pistol drawn. Still—perhaps to gain time for Peta—Preloch used the last gift of her white ancestors. She held up the baby in her arms and begged for mercy. Of course, Captain Ross spared the life of the dirty, ragged squaw with the shocking blue eyes.

But Preloch's strategy failed. Ross did not give up his pursuit of Peta. The officer's big cavalry horse, well-fed and healthy, quickly out-distanced the scraggly pony of the chief. From 20 yards, Ross fired at the fleeing figures on the Chief Nacona's mount.

With a bursting heart, Preloch watched her beloved daughter fall, a bloody smear spreading in the girl's back. But as the girl fell, her death-locked arms scraped at her father, off-balancing him.

Peta hit the ground and rolled. For a moment, Preloch prayed out loud to the only god she knew; *give him a chance to escape*. But before her words were out, two slugs had blasted through Peta's chest.

Yet the great war chief of the Comanches was not to be defeated so easily. He pulled himself to his feet with the awkwardness of a great, shaggy bear. His back stiff with pain, Peta stumbled to the lone tree shading the vast prairie.

A wild, weird chant broke from the tortured lips of Peta Nacona. He swayed as he slipped to the base of the tree. Preloch took up his fading song. He was dying bravely, as he had lived bravely.

A Mexican servant was sent to offer surrender. Peta would not listen to the man's words. Snarls ripped out of the Comanche. The Mexican withdrew in fear. Animal grunts now mingled with Peta's death song.

Finally, Captain Ross took pity on the stricken savage. Ross' gun spat one fiery blast that ended Peta's torment.

For days the white squaw wept. She refused food or comfort. Yet she searched every face on the long trip back to Fort Cooper. Unable to bear her fears any longer, Preloch appealed to the conquering Captain.

"My sons," she pleaded. "They were with me, but now they are gone."

Ross had a search made for the two young sons of the dead chief and his blue-eyed woman. He learned they were not dead, but Ross could offer Preloch little hope for their survival. Some of the Comanches had escaped. Later they would make their way to friends on the headwaters of the Arkansas River, but there was no way to know that now.

All Ross could do was to contact Colonel Parker and report the possible capture of his niece. Parker hurried to Fort Cooper, but despaired of the wild-looking squaw being his gentle little niece.

After a brief, discouraging talk through an interpreter, Colonel Parker turned to leave. "This cannot be Cynthia Ann," Parker told the interpreter.

Preloch patted her chest. "Cynthia Ann. Cynthia Ann," she chanted softly.

Parker took Cynthia Ann and her child, "Prairie Flower", to Weatherford, but true to her Indian upbringing, she sought every opportunity to escape.

Cynthia Ann died at her brother's in Anderson County, Texas, in 1864, without ever again seeing her sons. Only a short time before her death, she lost Prairie Flower. Many feel Cynthia Ann grieved herself to death over her missing children.

One of her sons, Quanah Parker, was adopted and cared for by the Cohoites Comanches, and at manhood was made chief.

The grey-eyed Quanah camped near Anadarko, Oklahoma, and he and his mother now rest side by side in the Fort Sill cemetery. ●

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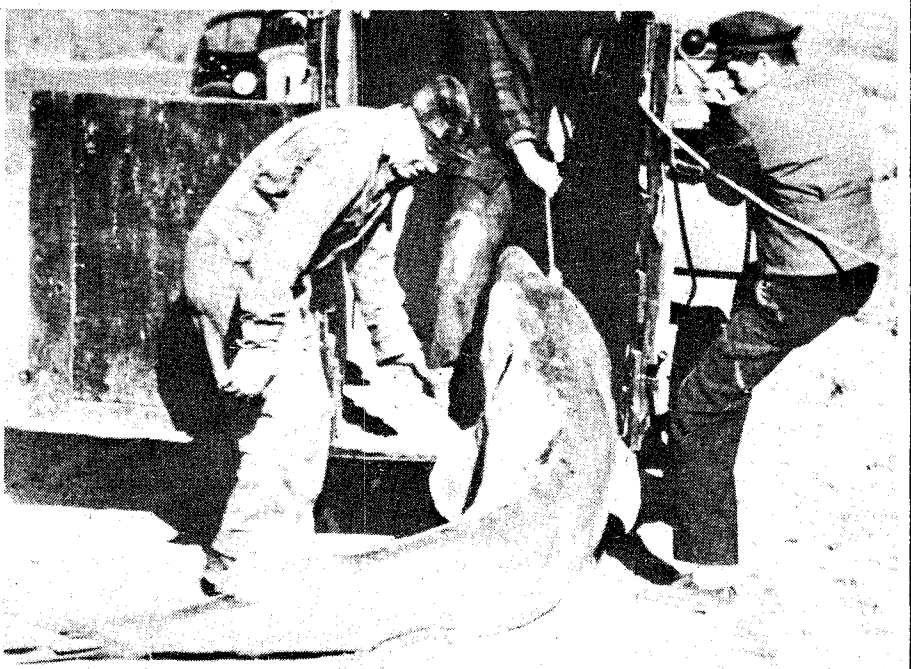
THE WEST'S PREHISTORIC FISH *(Continued from page 21)*



Sturgeon being loaded on trailer; in old days they used large wagon.

near the bottom where sturgeon feed.

Often more than one man was necessary to handle the giant fish if several got on the set lines. And there have been cases when a team of horses was required to pull sturgeon from the water. A man running a line in a boat could find himself capsized; or he might entangle himself in the line and be dragged under and drowned by the sturgeon. A blow from a shark-like tail was also to be avoided.

By the early 1890's commercial sturgeon fishing had worked its way up the Columbia and into the Snake River. While the sturgeon weren't as large as those in the lower Columbia, one caught near the mouth of the Weiser River in 1898 was estimated to weigh 1500 pounds. Others, ranging in length from 10 to 14 feet, weighed from 500 to 1000 pounds.

Sturgeon grow very slowly, but may live to be 100 years old or older. The females are 12 to 15 years old before they spawn at all—or around six foot in length. A 25-year old female will lay close to a half million eggs. It was the giant females the fishermen wanted for the the big money was in the eggs. These huge specimens brought from $1.50 to $3.50 per pound.

Less than 5,000 pounds of sturgeon meat was sold in 1894 on the Snake River, but fishing pressure gradually increased. One veteran riverman estimated that he had caught and sold some 10,000 Snake River sturgeon during his fishing career. He had fifty set lines and also bought from local occasional fishermen. There were times—bad times—in the 1920's and thirties when pork might bring no more than four cents a pound—but sturgeon meat brought 17 cents a pound.

By 1943, the sturgeon population had been drastically reduced in the Snake River, and the Idaho Fish & Game Department outlawed commercial fishing. It was also discontinued in parts of the Columbia, and some Columbia tributaries, but the hour was late—the truly giant sturgeon were no longer available.

When sports fishermen began to take an interest in catching sturgeon with deep-sea fishing rods and reels, the fish joined the respectable ranks as a game fish. Year by year the regulations have become more restricted. By 1956, Idaho's regulations specified one fish per day and a season limit of two. The season limit is now one per year.

Gradually, too, the rules for "keepers" were tightened. Today, any sturgeon under 36 inches, or *over six feet*, must be released. Other Northwest states have the same rules. The reasons: A continued decrease in sturgeon populations, and the fact that it is usually the sturgeon six feet or over that spawn.

The West's sturgeon face a somewhat bleak future. The numerous dams on the Columbia and its tributaries have proved detrimental, and so has pollution, the scourge of all water inhabitants. Resolute action must be taken.

One thing appears certain, even if this unique prehistoric fish manages to survive, the real giants—if any exist now—will never be caught legally again. But there are still men around who can cause the eyes of a listener to bug with disbelief when they tell about the big ones which had to be hauled in with a rope! ●

HE TRIED TO MAKE THE DESERT BLOOM

(Continued from page 5)

Oliver through medical school at St. Joseph's College in Kentucky. Once he had graduated she assisted him in setting up practice in Nashville.

While he lived in Nashville one of his close neighbors was Andy Jackson. "Old Hickory" told him many tales of adventure and glory in the deep South. Finally, his desire for new frontiers led him down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

Along with him went his wife, the daughter of Colonel William Ramsey of Nashville, and their two young sons. In that famous city he hung out his shingle. O.M. Wozencraft, M.D.

He built a fine practice and was well respected. In 1848, a cholera epidemic swept the city. Oliver worked night and day among the sick and dying, calling upon all his skill and courage to sustain him. At last the worry and long hours broke his health. Knowing full well that to continue as he was would be fatal, Wozencraft went to Brownsville, Texas to recover.

Down in that Rio Grande town he found not rest, but the most malignant epidemic of cholera ever known. Already in ill health, he knew he was not strong enough to battle the disease so he crossed the river over into Matamoras, Mexico.

Somehow, the knowledge that Wozencraft was in Matamoras became known to the panic-stricken people of Brownsville. A large number of them came to him and pleaded with him for his help. He wanted to refuse, but he could not, as their resident physician had fled when the disease had reached epidemic proportions.

When Oliver recrossed the river into Texas he found only two physicians in the entire city. One was quite young, the other ancient. The young doctor turned a dying patient over to Wozencraft—and fled the city. The old doctor, named Jarvis, saw the condition of the newcomer's health and volunteered to assist him. Oliver had found a simple prescription quite effective against cholera in New Orleans. Up until this time every patient in Brownsville with the disease had died.

When Wozencraft instituted his method of treatment there were no more deaths. The epidemic was over, the disease defeated.

Soon after the Mexican War had ended and California had become a part of the United States, gold was discovered on the American River, precipitating a gold rush to California.

The call to adventure was so strong Wozencraft could not ignore it. Nor did he choose to do so. Leaving his wife, Lemiza Ann, and his three sons, William, 11 years; Oliver Jr., 5 years; and Clay, 2

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years, in New Orleans he headed west.

Across the Colorado he entered the trackless wastes of the desert. It did not take him long to discover that a large stream of water was pouring into the desert. This desert was below sea level and the river bed overflowed its banks, thus accounting for this unusual phenomenon.

Wozencraft reasoned that if the river flowed into the desert during certain flood seasons it could be forced to do so all the time. Further, if a reasonable supply of water could be obtained, then the desert could easily be converted into cultivated fields.

Today it may be seen that Wozencraft's ideas had considerable merit, for one of the world's largest irrigation canals now follows a course that he plotted many years before it was dug.

When Oliver arrived in San Francisco there was no civil government; no law and order. Four months later he was chosen as a delegate to assist in forming a constitution for the new state. The first constitutional convention met on September 1, 1849, in Monterey. State officials, members of the first legislature and a governor were elected in December of that same year.

Although Wozencraft was allowed $25 per diem and $25 per mile for travel expenses, he was never able to collect the wages for his services in the writing of California's constitution.

California was admitted to the Union as a state in September, 1850. The numerous Indians in the new state were an immediate problem and Congress hastily created a commission empowered to establish treaties with the various tribes. Wozencraft was appointed Indian Commissioner with the authority to spend $50,000.

Though the commission had been established, open war flared between the Indians and whites before it could begin to influence the tribesmen. The commander of the Pacific Division of the army sent troops, as did Governor Burnett of California. They were ordered to accompany the Indian Commissioners and to offer any and all assistance.

The Commissioners went into the mountains near Mount Shasta to try and convince the Indians to go to a reservation peacefully. Wozencraft was successful in his dealings with the redman because, unlike some other officals, he pursued a humane policy.

While traveling in the rugged country near Mount Shasta he found an Indian baby in the brush. When the Indians had fled before the advance of the soldiers, its mother had abandoned it.

Mrs. Wozencraft had arrived in San Francisco shortly after her husband's departure into the Sierras. He wrote to her saying that he was sending her a present from the Indian Wars. The present was the tiny Indian baby. Mrs. Wozencraft was delighted with the red mite and promptly named her Shasta. The Indian girl was raised as one of the family and lived with them all her life.

The doctor made many treaties with the Indians, but the politicians in Washington felt that he was too kind to the redmen and killed his proposals. Wozencraft argued heatedly, "Under my plan the Indians received a specified amount of food, clothing, stock, seeds, agricultural implements, etc., for a period of two years. Following this time of assistance they would be required to support themselves.

"What Congress now proposes is an annual appropriation, sufficient not only for the Indians but for numerous government employees. These appropriations have been made ad libitum and will be continued ad infinitum. They will never end as long as there is an Indian to feed and a politician that wants a job!"

His efforts finally brought three Indian wars to a successful, peaceful end; the El Dorado, the Mariposa, and a short campaign in the southern part of the state. Congress had authorized him to spend $50,000, but his total expenditures were $376,000.

The family moved to a two-story adobe house in San Bernardino in 1852. It was a beautiful place with magnificent palms, huge, shady cottonwoods. and a lovely garden dotted with colorful blooms.

Oliver was home very little, as he was still busily engaged in promoting his dream of irrigating the desert with water from the Colorado River. His determination overrode all the obstacles in his path. On April 16, 1859, the legislature passed Bill #284 "An Act to encourage the supply of fresh water on the desert west of Yuma."

In short, what the state gave to Wozencraft was full title to a huge grant of land; beginning at the initial point of the San Bernardino base line and running east on said line to the Colorado River; thence downriver along the state line boundary to its junction with the southern boundary of the state; thence west along this southern boundary to the eastern base of the main range of mountains; thence northerly along the base of this range of mountains to the place of beginning.

This block of land that the state legislature ceded, granted, and conveyed to Dr. Wozencraft totaled over 10,000,000 acres.

However, the legislature stated that some requirements must be satisfied. First, all federal rights to the land had to be granted to the state within three years. Second, Wozencraft had to agree to build the irrigation canals to divert water from the Colorado River. If these conditions were met then he would be able to obtain clear title to the land.

Dr. Wozencraft went to Washington, D.C. to hasten the proceedings of satisfying the first requirement. He carried endorsements from the California state legislature, officers, engineers, and government officials. Yet he could not accomplish his purpose even after more than two years of effort and great personal expense. He was still struggling valiantly when Fort Sumter was attacked, plunging the nation into Civil War on April 12, 1861.

The average man would have given up the struggle against such hopeless odds at this point, but Wozencraft only tried harder. His persistence finally won his project a hearing. He appeared in the gallery early on May 27, 1862, to hear the discussion on his bill.

The Speaker called for a report from the Committee on Public Lands. Crisfield, from Maryland, rose to say that the Committee's report was favorable and that it recommended that the House Bill #417 granting to the State of California the entire tract of land known as the Colorado Desert for the purpose of introducing a sufficient supply of fresh water upon said land area, be passed.

Trimble, from Ohio, made the motion that the bill be referred to the Committee of the whole on the State of the Union. His reasons were that this was a very large amount of land to give into the control of one individual. Further, included in this vast acreage were rich mineral regions and valuable agricultural lands.

Every man there knew that to do as Trimble suggested meant no action whatever on the bill. Crisfield rose to the defense of Wozencraft's dream.

"Gentlemen, the land in question is unquestionably a desert worthless to the government or to anyone else unless some means are devised to supply it with sufficient water for irrigation.

"It is desolate region, uninhabited, and without vegetation other than mesquite and cactus. It is intensely hot and dry from April to October and bitterly cold from November to March. During this latter period fierce winds sweep across this desert filling the atmosphere with clouds of sand. Even the Indians avoid this area, calling it the "Journey of Death." They believe that the souls of bad Indians are banished here to wander this desolate area for all eternity.

"Gentlemen, it is my profound belief that this grant should be made. It will best serve the interests of all. Furthermore, justice to the state of California, and the best interests of the United States, require that it be made."

Regardless of Crisfield's inspiring words Trimble had his way and the bill was tabled. Crisfield brought the bill before the House again on June 23rd, and again Trimble kept it from a vote. Again on July 7th, Crisfield introduced the bill

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HE TRIED TO MAKE THE DESERT BLOOM

(Continued from page 51)

only to have Trimble block it again.

Fourteen years passed before Dr. Wozencraft was able to get another hearing in Congress. Even after that long waiting period the bill failed to win approval in 1876. Two years later, in 1878, it was again referred to committee.

After so many years of expensive sojourns to Washington, the good doctor was in financial difficulties. At length he was forced to go to work. He took a position as a ship's surgeon. While at sea he found adequate time for his writing. In 1873, he was present when a cholera outbreak occurred in China. He wrote the *Hong Kong Times* editor instructions on how to handle the epidemic, thus saving many lives.

While underway to South America cholera broke out on his own ship. He ministered to 200 patients all alone and lost but 18 of them.

Wozencraft still had his dream of turning the Colorado Desert into a huge garden. He went back to Washington in 1887. At this time he was 73 years old, his health was failing, and the great ambition that had sustained him all those years had begun to diminish. The new Congressmen would not even listen to the details of his plan to irrigate the desert.

Some days later a Washington attorney, Alexander Porter Morse, wrote to Mrs. Wozencraft on December 2, 1887. He informed her that Dr. Wozencraft had been found sick and without funds by Dr. and Mrs. Pagett, who took him into their own home to care for him. Doctor Wozencraft (he wrote), had not eaten for several days and refused to accept food in any form.

Many years before Wozencraft had written on euthanasia. The article had been published in the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal. Perhaps he believed implicitly in the words he wrote. They were:

"As long as we fulfill a useful mission to ourselves and to others, that long we are entitled to our tabernacle of flesh and no longer. Only selfishness would cause us to strive beyond this."

Dr. Wozencraft terminated his efforts toward a meaningful mission on November 22, 1887, he passed on, as he believed, to a beautiful place where only peace and joy abounded. His remains were shipped from Washington to California by train. On this, his last journey, he passed through the desolate region of the Colorado Desert.

In a vault within a cubicle covered by polished granite, he was laid to rest in the mausoleum at San Bernardino, with the others of his family about him.

But Dr. Oliver Meredith Wozencraft's real monument is where the Colorado Desert used to lie. ●

POKER ALICE

(Continued from page 37)

Author's photo

Edward O'Kelley, slayer of Bob Ford, the man who killed Jesse James, was in Creede with Alice. She knew both him and Bob Ford.

flooring and this was to serve as a temporary saloon. His bartender, on a visit to his mother in Kansas City, did not return in time for the opening, so Ford tended bar himself.

The morning of June 8, 1892, was chilly but clear. Ford was alone in the canvas-covered saloon, cleaning up the place. The Smith gang was aware of it and they encouraged Ed O'Kelley to saunter into the street with a sawed-off shotgun under his coat. Seeing old Joe Duval, Ed called him over and asked him to have a drink. Together they walked to Ford's place and O'Kelley shoved Duval through the doorway ahead of him. When Bob turned his head to see who was coming, O'Kelley let him have it with both barrels, shooting him in the throat and almost taking off his head. Poker Alice saw Ford's body as it was carried from the saloon.

O'Kelley was arrested, tried, and sentenced to life imprisonment at the Canon City Penitentiary. Soapy Smith was quite a politician in Colorado and soon the gears were working to get O'Kelley released, as promised. He was released in 1902, and on January 13, 1904, O'Kelley was killed in Oklahoma City by a police officer after Ed had pulled a gun on him.

Poker Alice left Jimtown soon after the fire had gutted the gulch, moving on to Bachelor, Colorado, but soon she moved on again. It was in Fort Fetterman that she found occasion to pull her .38 for the second time.

One night she was bucking the tiger in a rival gambling house and had lost over a thousand dollars. Somehow Poker Alice did not trust the shifty-eyed dealer, finally deciding he was dealing a crooked game. She drew her .38 and demanded the return of her money. It did not take much persuasion to have the crooked dealer count out 11 hundred dollars and return it to her.

Throughout her life Poker Alice knew many famous women as well as famous men. Some of those she counted as friends were Calamity Jane, China Mary, Madame Mustache, and Iowa Bull. By her own admission Poker Alice stated that Deadwood was the toughest mining town she had ever visited. When Deadwood made its sensational strike near what is now the Homestake Mine, Poker Alice was one of the first people there. With her came Calamity Jane and Kitty Arnold. The three of them opened a gambling hall in Deadwood.

She was in Deadwood when Hickok and his self-styled "peace officers" ran the town and she witnessed the depredations his men caused. She also was one of the first of the curious to enter Lewis's Saloon after Jack McCall shot and killed Wild Bill Hickok. She saw the famous "Dead Man's Hand" of cards lying under the table where Bill had been seated.

In Deadwood she married a man named George Huckert of Sturgis, South Dakota, but her third husband soon died and she again took on the name of Tubbs. When the flame of Deadwood died and the gamblers and miners moved on to other fields, Alice stayed behind. She now made South Dakota her home and after several extensive trips to New York City and Chicago, she mixed in county and state politics. Many claimed that no officeholder could be elected without her backing.

Some years later, after Alice had been found guilty on a liquor charge and sentenced to a term in prison, Governor Bulow sent Judge Henry Atwater to personally deliver her pardon papers. Alice seldom drank, but she loved to smoke smelly cigars and did so until her death in 1930 at the age of 77. □

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THE PAT GARRETT NOBODY KNEW

(Continued from page 11)

ing the office of Collector of Customs is regarded as indefensible and deserves censure in the strongest terms." A week later Garrett replied that "since my side of the case has not yet been heard; and since you have already judged me to be entirely in the wrong; therefore it is apparent that I can say nothing which might be construed as justifiable for my conduct." With that statement, the affair ended.

However, Evans and Barnes continued to observe Garrett's activities and make direct reports to Shaw. For his part the Secretary harrassed Garrett from Washington, writing that "stories from many sources indicate that you are still not doing your full duty in fixing the correct market price of cattle admitted to the United States."

Garrett snapped back that "the exaggerated and adverse reports which make the most of trivial discrepancies have embarrassed and annoyed me in my judgment for fear of making mistakes."

On only one occasion did Garrett catch his two tormentors with their facts crossed. In July of 1904 Evans and Barnes submitted conflicting reports, Barnes claiming that Garrett consistently undervalued Mexican cattle, Evans swearing just the opposite was true. Pat dismissed their statements by remarking that both men "had but a few weeks experience in the cattle business, and that consisted primarily from what they had learned from cattlemen antagonistic to this office."

Now and then, of course, Garrett got some unexpected assistance. One citizen wrote Shaw claiming Garrett "had never been under the influence of liquor, and that he always told the truth," something which "few men in this part of the country seem able to do." The letter implied Garrett's troubles stemmed from a lack of identification with the local Republican Party whose members prefer to fight among themselves rather than with the opposition."

In the meantime Garrett made the acquaintance of Emerson Hough, a prominent Western writer who wanted to talk about rewriting *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid.* Garrett admitted to a lot of factual errors and explained that Ash Upson had drawn upon his newspaper experience to fill the book with numerous fictionalized statements, especially in the first half. So the Chicago author came to the Southwest and Garrett took some time off for a buggy trip through Lincoln County. As they neared Roswell, New Mexico, a startled deer crossed their path. Pat grabbed his rifle, caught the animal in his sights, and swore as the gun misfired. "The last time that gun did that," he explained sadly, "I had Oliver Lee (one of the Fountain murder suspects) in my sights."

Upon reaching the Fort Sumner grave of Billy the Kid, it took a while to find the exact spot since vandals had removed the headboard and the Pecos River had altered the scenery. Finally they located the grave, and as Hough observed it, Pat walked back to the buggy, hoisted a canteen high before taking a drink, and said: "Here's to the boys (the Kid, Tom O' Folliard, and Charles Bowdre). If there is any other life I hope that they make better use of it than the one I put them out of."

Hough had in mind a complete new history of the war, but had to shelve the idea after discussing it with his publisher. The Outing Press of New York wanted a series of chapters dealing with different Western figures and places. So Billy the Kid simply became one of many subjects in a book entitled *The Story of the Outlaw.* Garrett read and made improvements in the Lincoln County portion of the manuscript, but saw all his efforts wasted when the publishers edited the book to make it more entertaining and romantic than truthful.

Pat Garrett died at age 57—shot by a bushwhacker while he was alone traveling on a desert road.

Another close friend of Pat Garrett's was Tom Powers, a one-eyed Irishman who owned the Coney Island Saloon. Originally from Wisconsin, Powers had left the state after "beating hell out of his father." He drifted first to Columbus, Texas, and then migrated to El Paso. Like Roosevelt, Powers also was attracted to frontier figures, and he offered Pat free drinks and lots of good conversation. In appreciation Garrett gave Powers the revolver which he claimed had killed Billy the Kid. (Several years later, after Garrett's death, the family filed suit and supposedly got it back.)

In 1905, President Roosevelt planned a Rough Riders Convention in San Antonio, Texas, and he invited Garrett. Powers wanted to meet the President too, so Garrett took him along and introduced his one-eyed friend as a "West Texas cattleman." Pictures were taken of everyone together and within weeks the photos were leaked to the press. Upon learning of the deception, Roosevelt growled that he had been misled.

With the news being bantered around El Paso that he might not get his usual two-year reappointment, Garrett hurried to Washington and tried to explain. It didn't work. On December 13, 1905, Roosevelt made it official. Garrett was out.

Pat simply couldn't believe the President had dismissed him because of the Powers incident. To his credit, Garrett had not forsaken Powers, but had insisted to the end that the saloon owner was a reputable person and that no disrespect had been intended by introducing him to Mr. Roosevelt. In desperation Garrett wrote his friend Emerson Hough and asked the well-known writer to intercede with the President, or at least learn the real reason for his dismissal. In the exchange of correspondence that followed Roosevelt admitted to Hough that "it was an annoying matter to have Garrett bring up his intimate friend as a man, however good a fellow he was, was still well known as a professional gambler, and then have myself, Garrett and the gambler taken in a photograph together."

Nevertheless, Roosevelt made it plain that the photo incident was merely the last straw, and not the sole reason for Garrett's failure to be reappointed. He quoted Secretary Shaw as saying that they either had "to let Pat go or give up any attempt to get good service at El Paso." Shaw claimed "Garrett was inefficient, away from his office too much, and that his habits were bad."

When Garrett failed to get reappointed he left El Paso a very bitter man and returned with his family to a ranch in Dona Ana County. His Hough letters for the next two years reveal a sense of deep depression and impending tragedy. In March of 1906 he asked Hough "to pardon the unintelligent manner in which this letter is written because I am suffering great distress of mind and soul." Beyond that, Garrett gave no hint of the problems that were distressing him.

On February 29, 1908, as he continued to pile up animosities with is neighbors and townspeople, the 57-year-old exmanhunter was murdered while traveling a desert road toward Las Cruces. He died while urinating. A bullet crashed into the back of his head. To this day there are as many mysteries and theories surrounding his death as there are controversies swirling about his life. ●

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THE WEST'S GREATEST LIAR (Continued from page 13)

various Signal Service directives and policies, O'Keefe did not hesistate to venture his opinion that from the beginning his superiors grew increasingly displeased as his fame as a teller of tall tales grew. Not that it put any sort of a damper on his irrepressible Irish spirits!

There was one facet of the O'Keefe rat story which received no attention whatsoever at the time. This was the fact that the sergeant wasn't yet married, much less the father of an infant named Erin. After the widespread publicity about his family, however, O'Keefe thoughtfully provided a suitable grave at the very top of Pike's Peak for the deceased baby Erin. Sometime afterward — the records do not indicate whether months or years — the boulder-strewn mound was properly marked with a wooden slab which bore this inscription: "Erected by John and Norah O'Keefe to the memory of their infant daughter Erin O'Keefe, who was destroyed by mountain rats May 25, A.D. 1876." For years afterward it was one of Colorado Springs top tourist attractions.

Who was this Sgt. O'Keefe, anyway? For one thing, his name was spelled variously O'Keef, O'Keeffe and O'Keefe, even on official reports.

For someone so exposed to the public view, only the scantiest of backgrounds was known. Born in New York City, O'Keefe lived there to age 15 when he passed the exams for a naval cadetship at the United States Naval Academy. He was admitted in 1872. Although exceptionally bright, young John Thomas was "of a waggish disposition and greatly given to practical joking." The meager physical descriptions extant mention earlier his tall, slender figure and later describe him as "an ordinarily healthy appearing person weighing fully 220 lbs." "A powerful man in the prime of his life," said his last newspaper description.

O'Keefe completed two years at the Naval Academy, after which charges were brought against the young cadet for hazing a black fellow cadet. Court martialed, tried and convicted, he was dismissed from the Academy. Following this separation he joined the U.S. Signal Service and was stationed in Michigan.

In 1874, when still only 18, he was made assistant to General Hazen, then in charge of the newly-established Signal Service station on Pike's Peak in Colorado. Three signal service officers alternated in staying there during the year. Observations were made five times a day by means of a barometer, hygrometer, self-registering thermometers, anemometer and anemoscope. A heliograph and flag signals were employed to communicate with the base station. Men and supplies were transported to and from the summit by government mule.

When the Philadelphia Exposition closed, Sgt. O'Keefe returned to his post on Pike's Peak, where the high altitude continued to work its yeasty effect on his abundant natural ebullience.

On Feb. 14, 1880, the Colorado Springs Gazette noted his return with a folksy item in its personal column:

"Sgt. O'Keefe, the hero of the Pike's Peak rat story, returned to the city yesterday. He will take his old position as Chief of the Signal Corps on the Peak. We hope that he will escape all future annoyance from the rats."

Hardly anyone was surprised when the Gazette carried in its weekly edition of Oct. 16, 1880 a brand new account of the difficulties which had begun to plague the intrepid sergeant as he strove to carry out his routine duties.

This time the story detailed his only unsuccessful attempt to ascend to the top, halted as he was by an immense herd of 700 black-tailed deer which took an hour and 40 minutes to pass a point on the trail. O'Keefe killed 17 of the animals, tied their tails together, and slung them over his faithful government mule, Balaam.

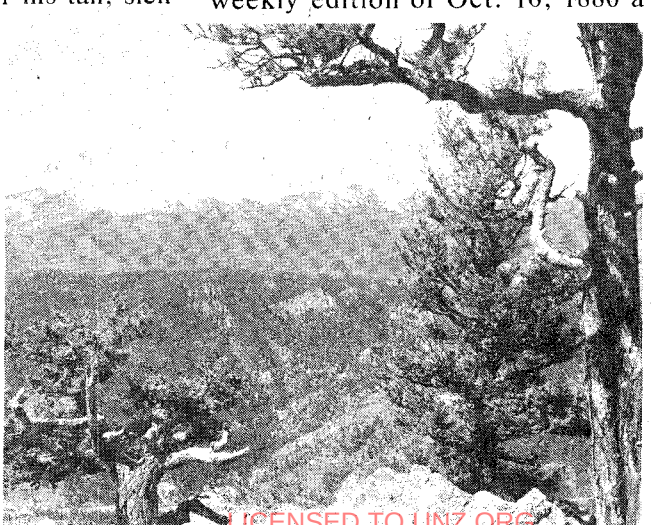
They continued on to timberline where they encountered a fierce storm which had blown snowdrifts 100 feet high. Balaam fell into a deep ravine, scattering the 17 deer with which he had been draped, and when O'Keefe rescued the animal he was attacked by six ravenous mountain lions. He was forced to feed them the deer carcasses and even then barely escaped with his life.

The newspaper printed a correction, November 20, 1880

"Sergeant O'Keefe is very much worried over the story of his adventures which appeared in the Gazette recently. This story has been copied by almost every paper of prominence in the East and O'Keefe says he couldn't care so much about the matter but for one or two inaccuracies which crept in. He does not want Peter Cooper, George Washington Childs, Whitelaw Reid, James Gordon Bennett, Pres. Hayes and Dr. Tanner, all of whom he holds in the highest esteem, to think that he would exaggerate. He says there were only 126 black-tailed deer and that the 127th had a white tail. We are now sure that the story is quite accurate."

At this point it was hard to tell who was having more fun — Sgt. O'Keefe, the newspapers, or the delighted readers.

The methods O'Keefe used to send his dispatches to the newspapers never were verified. It can only be assumed that government regulations precluded use of the official Signal Service means of communications. It would seem highly probable that Sgt. O'Keefe worked in collaboration with someone on a newspaper, perhaps with Judge Eliphalet Price, on more than the original rat story, and certainly at times with a reporter named Stanley Wood who was employed by the old Denver Republican. The O'Keefe tall tales which found their way into print always carried someone else's by-line.



Beautiful Pike's Peak in Colorado was the scene for most of the stories concocted by O'Keefe, the West's greatest liar.

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Story followed story, whatever the means.

One took into account the eruption of a fearsome volcano in a crater on the crest of Pike's Peak. When the intrepid Sergeant went forth to investigate the mysterious earth rumblings and flashes of light, he found a yawning crater belching smoke and bubbling lava. Snow had melted from a distance of a half-mile circling the eruption, which he portrayed as equalling that of Vesuvius.

"It is evident that the eruption has but just begun," reported the Colorado Springs Gazette, "and should it continue any length of time there is no doubt but that Colorado Springs will meet the same fate that destroyed the flourishing cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum . . . . The reporter who was sent to investigate has not yet returned and fears are entertained for his safety."

The story was illustrated with a drawing of Balaam leaping nimbly from crag to crag to cross the lava flow. Despite the dire predictions of impending destruction, a mass exodus of Colorado Springs failed to materialize.

Sometimes for variety's sake, Sgt. O'Keefe would turn to the faithful government mule, Balaam, for a fresh source of adventure.

On one occasion, while in the city for a load of provisions, a small knot of people gathered around the sergeant and Balaam and heard the Irishman say, "Gentlemen, you can laugh at that mule as much as you please, but he is endowed with better instincts and has got more of a history to back him than any one of you." Whereupon the mule brayed in confirmation.

Then O'Keefe enumerated Balaam's virtues. During his seven years of mountain assignment, O'Keefe figured that Balaam had made 1,924 trips between Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak, equivalent to 40,000 miles. He had worn out 560 sets of shoes, equal to about a ton of iron. Counting forage, shoeing and other day-to-day expenses, the government easily had invested over $4,000 in his up-keep, a mere fraction of his true worth, said O'Keefe.

Not long afterward, a story of Balaam's amazing adventures with mountain lions and wild horses found its way into print. Sgt. O'Keefe admitted that the intelligent mule apparently yearned for the freedom of the wilds, so he escaped from custody one day and craftily evaded all attempts at recapture.

He finally was sighted in company with a band of wild horses whose manes and tails dragged the ground. This wild band subsequently engaged in a fierce battle with several mountain lions, and Balaam saved the day by singly killing two of the beasts with well aimed kicks of his sharp hooves.

Undoubtedly the very real presence of mountain lions along the trail leading to the Pike's Peak signal station was one reason why encounters with the wild beasts featured so prominently in many of O'Keefe's tall tales.

"Balaam and meself were descending the Peak one day," O'Keefe related, "when all at once we were attacked by a ravenous mountain lion. I drew a bead on him; me intention was to shoot him in the eye. This intention failed and I missed him altogether. He leaped upon me and dragged me from the mule, and we struggled together on the ground. I drew me revolver, but the pistol missed fire. When Balaam saw I was getting the worst of the struggle, he opened his capacious mouth and with one snap bit the lion's head clean off and swallowed it. Of course, after that it didn't matter about me intention to shoot the beast in the eye!"

Soon Balaam's alpine adventures began to rival those of Paul Bunyan's great blue ox. In fact, on May 21, 1881, the Gazette announced that a well-known local artist, Mr. Charles Craig, had just finished a work of art entitled, "Balaam the Beautiful." (The picture currently may be seen in the Pioneer's Museum in Colorado Springs.)

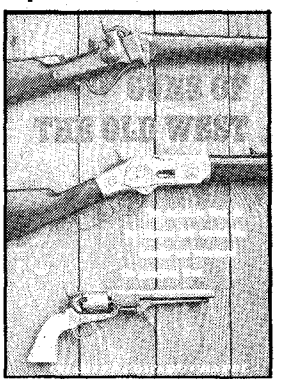
An unknown local bard was inspired to write Balaam's adventures in poetic form, which was made into a booklet for distribution by enterprising Colorado Springs merchants to tourists and customers alike. And for years the so-called grave of "Erin O'Keefe" was a top tourist attraction, after a highway had been graded to the top of Pike's Peak.

Quite often it was Sgt. O'Keefe's turn to go down to Colorado Springs for supplies. He always found a ready audience for his stories, many of which never found their way into print, but came as a result of frontier camraderie while bending elbows as a bar.

(Continued on page 56)

GUNS
WON THE WEST

Guns opened the frontier. They were needed to provide food and furs, for protection against rampaging Indians, and for defense in settlements where lawlessness was rampant.



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THE WEST'S GREATEST LIAR (Continued from page 55)

On one of these occasions he related his version of how he came to be stationed in such a remote place:

"When I first heard of Pike's Peak everyone though it was somewhere in the vicinity of Puget Sound. Then came the Colorado gold rush and the excitement of Pike's Peak or Bust! So many were ruining their fortunes by coming out to Colorado that I decided me slogan would be, "Bust Pike's Peak!" That's just what I set out to do!"

According to O'Keefe, life at the top of the Peak had its romantic moments. He claimed that once a wedding ceremony was performed on the crest of the mountain. Or, as one newspaper headlined the story, "Two hearts made One at an Altitude of Fourteen Thousand Feet."

The reporter's account of the nuptials did sound a trifle tongue in cheek, beginning with the fact that all members of the wedding party were from "back east in Boston."

They desired to shroud the affair in the utmost secrecy. The party rode the branch train as far as Manitou Springs, then engaged "six bronchos" for the ascent to Pike's Peak. However, the minister was seated upon a very capricious horse which proceeded to buck him off and pitch him into a creek. This blow to his dignity caused him to refuse to accompany them further, so they made arrangements for the minister to go into Colorado Springs and perform the ceremony by telegraph.

When the wedding party arrived at the Peak, Sgt. O'Keefe received his visitors with great cordiality, reporting that the Rev. Dr. Smith was ready and waiting at the telegraph station in the Springs. The bride and groom arranged themselves, there was heard a rapid clicking, then Sgt. O'Keefe in a solemn voice repeated the age-old vows which he had just deciphered:

"Charles Adolphus Dutton, do you take Nellie Jane Throckmorton to be your lawful and wedded wife?" The sergeant then tapped out the appropriate "I do's" on his instrument. "As soon as the ceremony had concluded," said the newspaper, "beautiful strains of music were heard and the notes of a wedding march came pouring down apparently from the air above.

"Oh! What is that?" exclaimed the bride, half terrified at the sound.

"Oh, that's nothing unusual," answered Sgt. O'Keefe with his usual readiness. "That's the angels. We're so near heaven here that I often hear 'em sing. I expect that Gabriel —"

But what audacious hope O'Keefe was about to express concerning Gabriel will never be known, for the bride ran out of the door and, looking upon the signal station roof, saw an orchestra snugly ensconced there.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's only a little surprise your father and I planned for you," replied her husband with a smile.

The newspaper account concluded, "Thus ended the only wedding ever to take place on the Peak —one so private that few people here know of it yet, but that it occurred will be testified to by Sgt. O'Keefe and your correspondent."

Undoubtedly, Sgt. O'Keefe's adventures upped newpaper circulation. Editors were adept at planting random "O'Keefe-isms" sufficient to whet reader appetite, such as that in the Gazette on May 8, 1881:

"Sgt. O'Keefe sustains his reputation for truth and veracity by claiming that he smoked 10 pounds of gunpowder tea during his last sojourn on the Peak, the usual monthly supply of tobacco having failed to put in its appearance from Washington."

Thus his announced plans for leaving the Signal Service station and moving to Denver were met with expressions of dismay. Differing reasons were offered for his retirement; one that he became tired of the snow and loneliness, another that the Signal Corps had taken a dim view of his burgeoning reputation as a story teller.

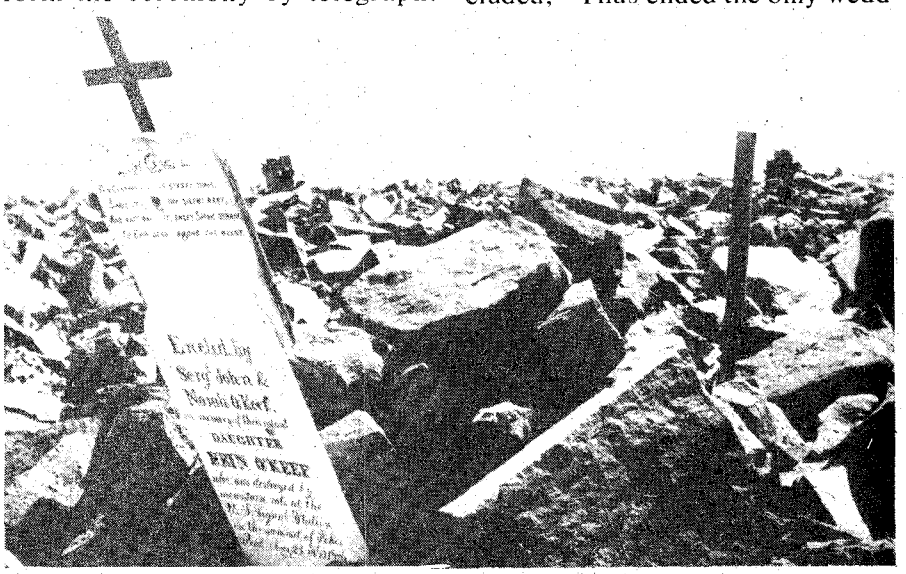
Just before his departure the newspaper feted him at a lavish going away banquet, at which time the following toast was offered: "O'Keefe, one of the greatest prevaricators, equalled by few, excelled by none. True to his record, may his life be a romance and in his final resting place may he lie easy."

However, such was not to be. O'Keefe and his wife moved to Denver, where for the next 10 years he lived a prosiac life as he worked as a mail clerk on the run between Denver and Ogden, Utah.

In 1894 he changed jobs and became a stoker for one of the Denver City Fire Dept. companies. Although he was only 37 years old at this time, apparently the spark of his former prank playing no longer even smouldered.

All of this made his untimely end the more ironic. Ex-Sgt. John Thomas O'Keefe unexpectedly choked to death on a sip of tea at his 1174 Champa St. residence in Denver on the night of February 2, 1895. He was survived by his widow, a grown son and a baby, as well as a host of unknown admirers who still could remember the heyday of a puckish, irrepressible Irishman and fabulous tales he spun.

But the "Great Pike's Peak Spoof" topped them all. ●



Erin O'Keefe, infant daughter of Norah and John O'Keefe, supposedly eaten by mountain rats, lies under this marker at the summit of Pike's Peak. The rocky grave is allegedly the "highest grave in the world."

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OREGON MURDERS

(Continued from page 38)

able of producing abundant crops.

Alma's mother had joined the daughter in the Hood River area a few months later. But after March 9, 1900, no word had been heard from either of them although both had always been good about writing. Prior to that letters describing the beauty of Oregon, Mt. Hood, Mt. Helens and Mt. Adams as well as pictures of the countryside had been sent to relatives back east.

Nesbitt wrote letter after letter urging them to let him know how they were when he did not hear from his mother and sister. These efforts failing, he wrote directly to Norman Williams, asking the homesteader if he knew anything about the women.

Norman Williams wrote back saying Alma Nesbitt and her mother had left Oregon without telling anyone where they were going.

Nesbitt then placed ads in the Hood River paper and others nearby asking anyone who had information about his mother and sister to please get in touch with him.

There was something about the situation that aroused Nesbitt's suspicions because before his sister stopped writing she had hinted about a romance and possible marriage with Norman Williams. Therefore he thought the man knew more than he was telling.

His suspicions aroused to the point of action, Nesbitt took the train to Hood River, Oregon, and hired a livery team and drove out to the homesteads belonging to Williams and his sister and mother. Both places were abandoned.

Nesbitt had read a great many murder stories, and, playing a hunch, he started digging about Williams' place. He found nothing until something induced him to go into the henhouse. Probing all around, he found a piece of sacking on which there was a dark stain and two, long, silver-grey hairs. The striped sacking reminded him of a sack in which his mother had placed some bedding for shipment when she was going out to Oregon.

This was not much to go on, but Nesbitt took the rotting sacking with the stain and the grey hairs to District Attorney Fred Wilson in The Dalles and swore out a warrant for Norman Williams' arrest.

Playing another hunch, Wilson and Nesbitt went to Vancouver, Washington, which at that time had the reputation of being the Gretna Green of the Northwest. By searching the records they found that on July 25, 1899, Alma Nesbitt and Norman Williams had been married by a Justice of the Peace. Checking up on Williams' past, it was ascertained he had worked as a hired man on various Oregon farms, and some in Iowa. It was also discovered that he had married a woman in Dufur, Washington, in 1898 and deserted her.

When Norman Williams was finally arrested in Bellingham and brought to trial in The Dalles in May, 1904, there was a large crowd in the courtroom with standing room only left around the walls. Newspapers as far as San Francisco and Seattle sent men to cover the trial.

Prosecutor Wilson told the jury the state would prove that Norman Williams

Despite the howling wind sweeping the Cascade Mountains, Norman Williams went riding.

drove the two women to his homestead on March 9, 1900, and there murdered them in cold blood; that he buried their bodies in the ground until such time as he had gathered a great pile of brush and stumps and that this had furnished the women's funeral pyre. As a motive, the prosecuting attorney said the state would prove that Norman Williams had another wife living when he married Alma Nesbitt; that Alma had discovered the fact, and when her mother arrived she was planning to leave Williams. He claimed Norman Williams wanted Alma's homestead as it had proven to be a better one than his own.

John H. Hull, United States Attorney of Portland, Oregon, told how, late in 1900, the defendant had brought to his office a document purportedly signed by Alma Nesbitt in which she relinquished her homestead in Williams' favor. The transfer had been made. Then a clerk in the land office who chanced to remember pretty Alma Nesbitt when she filed in 1899, became suspicious of the signature, which was a very poor imitation. A check-up with the original document in Washington, D.C., proved the relinquishment to be a forgery.

When Dr. Victoria Hampton was called to the stand after making a microscopic examination and tests of the stains on the piece of rotting sacking, she announced in a strong, decisive voice: "The stains on this sacking are of human blood."

Newsmen wrote that the prisoner, Williams, was seen to flinch and a muscle in his cheek twitched for several moments.

Dr. Hampton continued, "Matted in the stains I found several fine hairs, nearly white in color. They are human hairs and they were quite obviously torn from the head before death. Microscopic examination shows the roots still cling to the hair. Violence was surely used."

The state rested after the doctor's testimony. Then Henry E. McGinn, reputedly Oregon's greatest criminal lawyer, spoke with eloquence. He called no witnesses, nor did he permit Norman Williams to take the stand, as the crowd had hoped he would. McGinn rested his case solely on the premise that the state had not shown a *corpus delicti,* which he explained to the jury meant the state had not proved that anybody had been done to death, much less Alma Nesbitt and her mother.

"Gentlemen," he cried dramatically, "you cannot hang a man on mere suspicion, especially when the fact that death has taken place has not been completely proved. For all that any of us know, Alma Nesbitt and her mother are still alive, well and happy in some new location. You cannot legally find a man guilty of a crime that you are not positive he committed.

But the jury could—*and did!* A first degree murder verdict was reached in less than four hours.

An appeal was taken to the State Supreme Court. In denying a rehearing the judges summed up in part:

"The strict rule contended by the defendant would operate completely to shield a criminal from punishment for the most atrocious crime. No universal rule can be laid down in regard to the *corpus delicti.* The body of the crime may be proved by the best evidence which is capable of being adduced. There was sufficient evidence, without commenting on it, in the case at bar, in our opinion to establish the deaths of the alleged victims within the rules of the law."

Alma Nesbitt Williams' homestead title was cleared by court process and its title eventually became vested in relatives, but her brother advised them to sell it and try to forget the whole tragedy. He returned to Iowa satisfied that he had brought the man who killed his mother and sister to justice.

Norman Williams was hanged in the Wasco County, Oregon, jail yard on July 21st. 1905. ●

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 (Continued from page 25)

ough was a popular man and knew everyone for miles along the Cimarron country. He was not a man of violence. He was a church-going, family man and owner of the National Hotel.

Sheriff Rinehart—badly in need of some help—swore Holbrook and McCullough in as special deputy sheriffs. The trio quickly made plans to arrest Crockett and Heffron. The sheriff knew that Crockett could not be taken in a face-to-face shoot-out.

A Cimarron correspondent to the *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican* gave some background reasons for the sheriff's fears in a letter dated October 3rd. It was published on the 10th.

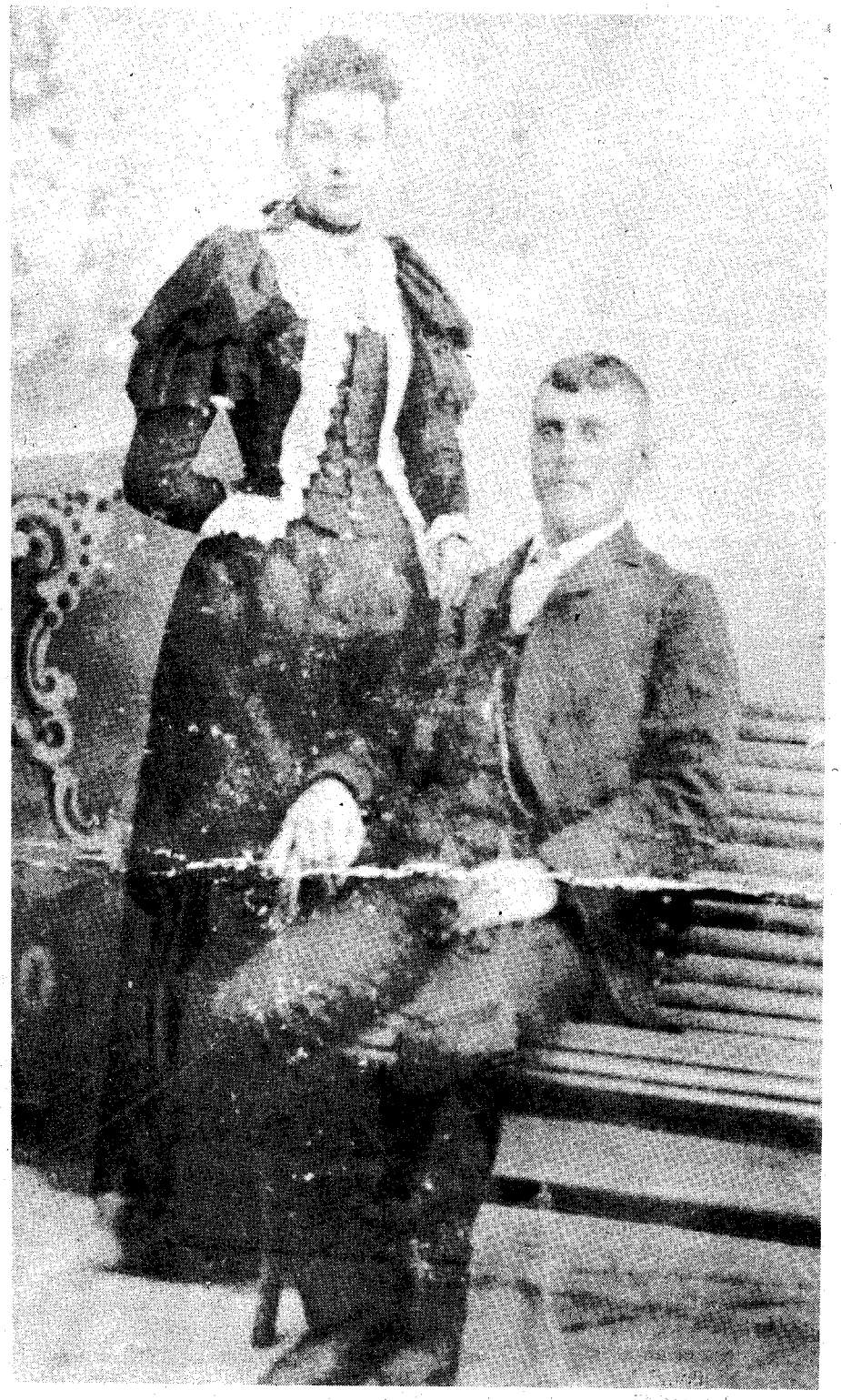
"During the past two days these two men have defied arrest, threatening to kill any one who should attempt it; have rode (sic) their horses into saloons, stores and offices, and with their double-barrelled shotguns cocked have compelled persons to comply with their demands no matter what they were. On Saturday they halted the sheriff, and with their shotguns loaded, cocked and aimed at his breast, told him he only lived at their pleasure, and politely informed him that when he made any attempt to arrest them to be sure to have 'the drop' or his time on earth would be short. Things went on this way until no one was safe in town."

The letter went on to give further background to the impending crises.

"The trouble appears to have commenced last March when three Negro soldiers were killed at this place in a row in which these men were implicated. Before that time these men had been looked upon as two of the quietest persons in town, but since have become insane from whiskey, but as a general thing have conducted themselves so as to avoid any conflict with the authorities until lately, when Crockett drew a pistol on the Indian Agent and threatened to kill him for some imagined wrong; the matter was settled somehow and nothing was done to him."

Crockett's time was fast running out. It was Saturday, September 30, 1876, nine o'clock in the evening. Sheriff Rinehart and Special Deputies Holbrook and McCullough began to put their plan into action. The lawmen knew Crockett had a girl friend. She lived at the Mat Crosby ranch. The frightened peace officers knew that when the two would-be badmen tired of their fun-making they would ride out to the Crosby Ranch to rest up. The sheriff's posse took up their places to await Crockett and Heffron.

The *Daily New Mexican* printed the first of two accounts of Crockett's death on October 4th. This account was written at Cimarron on the first, the day after the shooting, by a local resident, and sent to a friend in Santa Fe, who shared the letter with the newspaper. The letter writer described the shooting as follows:



Sheriff and Mrs. Isaac Rinehart. He had the thankless job of bringing peace to New Mexico during the Colfax County War. Sheriff Rinehart, a miller by trade, led the small posse which finally killed Crockett.

"Last evening Sheriff Rinehart and two others started to arrest these fellows (Crockett and Heffron), armed with double-barrel shot-guns. The Sheriff's posse went out in the western part of town in the neighborhood of Schwenk's Barn, and found Crockett and Heffron on horseback, starting for the Urac (sic) and were halted just opposite the barn wall and told to surrender. Instead of throwing away their arms, Crockett and Heffron at once placed themselves on the defensive, when the Sheriff's party fired one volley, and as the horsemen started off toward the river on a run, let

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loose the other barrel of their guns. Crockett was found dead on the other side of the river, a few hundred yards off, and Heffron was arrested, having been shot in the wrist and in the head."

The two accounts of Crockett's killing published by the *New Mexican* each ended with an editorial comment by the writer. The October 4th story said:

"Things will not take a change for the better as there are plenty here now who say they will stand up for Sheriff Rinehart in enforcing the law against evil-doers."

The October 10th story ended by saying:

"The general opinion among the people here is that the sheriff did right, and the only complaint I hear is that he allowed the thing to run as long as he did before killing these men."

The *New Mexican* even added its own editorial:

"It gives us pleasure to hear that 'a change for the better' is about to take place in Cimarron, its citizens are to be congratulated on ridding themselves of roughs and murderers who come there to gloat their appetite for blood on inoffensive people. Mr. I. Rinehart has made a most excellent Sheriff, and deserves a unanimous re-election (The New Mexican was wrong on this point. Rinehart was seeking his first full term as Sheriff having been appointed to fill an unexpired term) as well as the united support of the order-loving citizens, in his efforts to uphold and enforce the laws."

Crockett was given a respectable burial and his friend Gus Heffron was treated for his wounds and lodged in the county jail at Cimarron. A month after his arrest the young desperado made good his escape. He and a fellow prisoner—Bill Lowe—climbed over the outside bullpen wall. The two men were aided by a rope from someone on the other side. Sheriff Rinehart made no attempt to search for either man. Nothing was ever heard from Heffron after his escape from the jail at Cimarron.

In spite of the optimistic outlook expressed by the newspapers about Rinehart's handling of his office, the People's Party ticket went down to defeat in the November election. Rinehart, Holbrook and McCullough lost. The Colfax County voters did not like the way the sheriff had done his job during his year in office. Too many men had been killed and there had been no convictions. Some people were even suggesting that Davy Crockett's death was murder from ambush.

When the county grand jury met in 1878, Sheriff Burlison asked them to investigate the actions of his predecessor. The investigation centered around the death of Crockett and the wounding of Heffron. The grand jury was presided over by Judge Parks.

The Colfax County Grand Jury found a true bill against Joe Holbrook, Isaac Rinehart and John McCullough, "... for the killing of one David Crockett." The three men pleaded not guilty and Judge Parks admitted them to bail in the sum of $25,000. The trial was set for the March term of the 1879 district court.

The three defendants were granted a change of venue to the District Court at Taos. This court was presided over by Territorial Justice L. Bradford Prince, a future territorial governor. Each man was to be tried separately. Since Holbrook was believed to be the one who fired the fatal shot his case was to be heard first.

The case of "Territory vs. Joseph Holbrook" opened on April 4, 1879 and lasted two-and-a-half days. Frank Springer acted as the prosecuting attorney. The name of Holbrook's council has been lost. In his testimony, Holbrook gave a narrative of Crockett's actions in riding his horse into hotels, stores and dining rooms, of forcing merchants to perform services and public drunkeness. Holbrook stated Crockett's death was the result of his resisting arrest.

A persisting story of the day said that Crockett halted his horse on the command of the officers. Then he taunted Holbrook by opening his shirt and pointing to his heart daring the "chicken hearted" deputy to shoot. Crockett was probably the most surprised man when Holbrook almost blew him in half with buck shot.

The jury found Holbrook not guilty because of "extenuating circumstances." The rancher had pleaded self-defense stating Crockett had refused his command to raise his hands and in fact reached for a gun.

Judge Prince ordered Rinehart and Mc Cullough released from their bond. Neither were ever tried for Crockett's death.

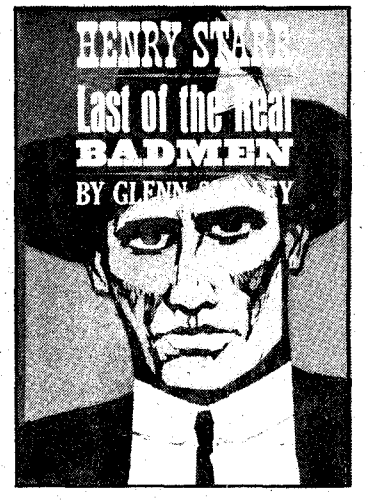
Rinehart soon left the Cimarron country and moved to Texas. The former sheriff became very successful in real estate and banking in Tascosa. An addition of the town is named for him. He soon forgot his troubled days at Cimarron. McCullough and Holbrook lived out their lives in peace. They, too, out-lived the memory of the man they had killed.

Davy Crockett was buried in Cimarron's Mountain View Cemetary. He was laid to rest with a wooden marker until someone calling himself Robert Crockett came and removed it. The man said he was a relative and wanted to have a stone marker made. The marble headstone never came. For over 90 years the young rebel with the famous name rested in an unmarked grave.

Today Davy Crockett's grave is marked by a weathered wooden plank much like the one he first had nearly a century ago. His deadly guns are silent, but his name lives on. Davy Crockett, badboy gunman of the Cimarron. ●

HENRY STARR DIDN'T LIVE A DULL LIFE

Convicted of killing a deputy U.S. marshal ...Twice sentenced to die on the gallows and twice commuted...Fifteen year sentence to federal prison commuted...Just seven years later sentenced to prison again for bank robbery...Two years after parole from Colorado prison, wounded and captured in double bank robbery in Oklahoma...Sentenced to 25 years, granted parole after four, and went straight...Produced motion picture showing crime doesn't pay...Two years later fatally wounded in bank robbery...



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WHEN VIGILANTES TURN BAD

(Continued from page 31)

minds they had to get some sort of identification to start on. Not being partisans of the Knobbers, Johnson and Harrington meant to smash this gang.

"Why?" he asked, incredulously. "What possible reason could they have had for such an act?" Surely, there was a motive. "What did the Bald Knobbers have against your people that they should try to murder you all?"

Melvina could offer no reason... nor could her mother or her sister-in-law.

But they did have a little to go on... one man had been shot in the leg, a shotgun had been left on the cabin floor which belonged to one of the Knobbers, and a mask had been found on the trail leading from the cabin. So first they questioned the doctor at Sparta, but he knew nothing about a gunshot wound. Which proved nothing, one way or the other. He might himself have been a member of the secret organization.

Johnson and Harrington continued to ask questions, especially of people they were certain were anti-Knobbers. At last they came to an old man who repaired watches, sewing machines and guns. Showing him the shotgun, they asked the repairman if he had seen it before.

The old man studied it, reflecting back in his mind. "Seems familiar," he said cautiously, "but I can't seem to... oh, yes, I recollect a young fellow brought that gun in about two months ago and wanted to swap it for a rifle of mine. It had this funny crack in the stock. I wouldn't trade 'cause he wasn't giving enough to boot." Then the name came to him. "Bud Ray, that's who it was."

Outside, Sheriff Johnson commented, "I know that Ray boy. He fits the description of the man whose mask was torn by the Greene woman."

They lost no time in making for the Ray cabin, where they apprehended the youth. He had been preparing to leave for a healthier clime. But even after they located a Knobber mask wrapped in paper Bud Ray wouldn't admit to anything. There was no leg wound, so he wasn't that particular Knobber, anyway.

As they locked him in his cell, Sheriff Johnson stated, "Son, you may wish you had never heard of the Knobber bunch about the time the decent people start tearing down this jail to hang you."

They started to walk away as Ray cried out, "Sheriff, you wouldn't let them do that, would you?"

"Might not be able to stop them, boy," answered Johnson, who began to get a glimmer of an idea as to how to get information out of Bud Ray.

Shortly after dusk, two days later, Bud Ray watched a shadowy group of men congregating near the jail. He could hear the low mumblings from his cell window. He heard snatches of "... hang the bastard!" and, "... it's time we put an end to the Knobbers. Let's begin with the one we've got cooped up right now." And, "... make an example of that Ray!"

When the sheriff came to his cell later in the evening, he found young Ray wringing his hands in desperate fear.

Evincing concern for the youth, Johnson said, "Seen them getting together, I guess. Well, I'll do my best to protect you. It's my sacred trust as sheriff of this county. But the odds... well, the odds sure do worry me."

The sweat-beaded face of Ray drained of all color and his breathing was raspy as he pleaded for the sheriff to save him from the mob.

Solemnly Johnson asserted, "Son, you might help yourself if you'd give me the names of your leader and those Knobbers at the Eden place. I'll pass the names on to that mob out there and they'll forget all about you."

William Vandeventer, who owns a collection of Bald Knobber memorabilia, poses with one of the masks they wore.

Trembling uncontrollably, Bud Ray nevertheless did not answer.

Johnson knew his thoughts, and assured the youthful Knobber, "Bud, I'll sneak you out of here and up to Springfield. You'll be safe from the local mob and your old gang, as well!"

The last did it—protection from the Knobbers if he talked. Ray came apart, gushing forth information like an Ozark mountain spring poured out water. Meeting on a bald knob near Chadwick, the nightriders had initiated a new member and then listened as someone reported about Charley Greene and the Edens shooting off their mouths about the organization. It seems that Charley Greene had shot a mad dog and compared it with killing a Bald Knobber without his mask. The majority decided to call on Greene—to teach him a lesson. However, when they found no one home, they rode on to the Eden place.

Bud Ray named "Bull Creek Dave" Walker as Knobber leader. Like Captain Kinney, he was also a well-known farmer and consistent church worker. In fact, Ray named John Matthews, a Baptist deacon, as Second-in-Command. All in all, Ray named off twenty-five clan members, but asserted only a few entered the Edens' cabin that fatal night. The youth shot in the leg and unmasked by Melvina Greene was Bill Walker, son of the Knobber chief. Young Walker had also left the shotgun, since Ray had traded it to him for a rifle.

Keeping his word, Sheriff Johnson transferred Bud Ray to Springfield, while he began rounding up men he knew to be strongly opposed to the activities of the Knobbers and swore them in as deputies. After arming them heavily, he sent them out after the men named by Bud Ray with orders to bring them in—one way or another.

Within a week all were incarcerated including the leaders—all except one important, accused person. This was Bill Walker, who seemed to have disappeared from the hills... wounded leg and all. Diligently, Johnson bird-dogged in every direction, leaving no stone unturned or piece of information unchecked. Finally, he persuaded Joe Newton, brother of Bill Walker's girlfriend, to seek out and assist in capturing the missing Knobber.

Through the help of his unsuspecting sister, Newton traced Bill to an uncle's farm in northern Arkansas. He paid a visit to the desperate Knobber, convincing him he was trying to help him get out of the country. Together, he persuaded Bill, they should go to West Plains, Missouri and hop a fast freight to the West, where no Missouri law could touch them.

Fully trusting Newton, Bill Walker limped straight into the waiting handcuffs of Sheriff Johnson at West Plains, and was escorted to Springfield, where he joined his father in jail.

It was March, 1889 before the trials were held, and Bill Walker's was first on the docket... for the murder of Charley Greene. Turning State's Evidence to save their own precious hides, three of his fellow Knobbers were the chief witnesses against him. The shotgun was proven to be his and Melvina Greene identified him as the man she had unmasked, plus the fact that he carried a scar where he had been shot in the leg that night.

The hard-nosed jury had no sympathy for the 17-year-old Knobber. They found the teenager guilty of murder in the first degree and he was sentenced to death by hanging.

An identical sentence was handed 25-year-old Wiley Matthews and 40-year-old John Matthews. Trying to get by with

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testifying that he did not enter the cabin, Dave Walker argued he therefore could not have fired any of the fatal shots. However, the prosecutor contended that being their leader and responsible for their actions, he was as guilty as the rest. He too was ordered to be executed by hanging.

An appeal to the Supreme Court for final adjudication was wasted effort, as the country's highest Justices affirmed the decisions reached by the lower court at Ozark, Missouri. Unless the governor intervened, the four would be hanged.

Since the four men had been tried and each of them had been given the death sentence, the rest of the organization in jail quickly pleaded guilty to the charges against them and were given sentences varying from a few months in jail to 25 years in the Missouri state penitentiary.

On the morning following the publication of the Supreme Court decision, Sheriff Johnson discovered a hole in the wall of the jail. Two of his prisoners were gone—John and Wiley Matthews.

A posse was quickly formed, but their search was unproductive. The next morning a farmer brought in John Matthews to Ozark, saying he had captured him earlier on his farm. A reward had just been placed on the escaped prisoners' heads, so the farmer's timing was perfect. Wiley Matthews was never seen or heard of again.

When the convicted men saw their last appeal to the governor for clemency fail, and carpenters began their noisy building of the hanging scaffold just outside the jail windows, then the condemned men turned to religion for solace. They made an eleventh hour confession of their sins and requested to be baptized.

This posed no small problem, not only for the ecclesiasts involved but the law as well. Rites of this nature were ordinarily carried out in the creek or river but the officers didn't intend to lose another prisoner before his appointed time. Therefore it was thought best to perform this religious ceremony inside the jail. Now this was easier said than done, as the ceremony would require a receptacle large enough to permit the immersion of the whole of the initiate's anatomy. Finally, the officers located a large, cumbersome bathtub in Ozark, made of wood and sheet metal. It had to be filled and emptied by hand. So the monstrosity was borrowed for the baptismal rites and worked perfectly, thus assuring the penitent that his sins were washed away, and he would begin anew as a newborn lamb in the next world.

The Ozark *Weekly News* issue of May 16, 1889, gives a step-by-step account of the final day on earth for the three condemned men, leaving out none of the horrible details of the hanging.

It was Sheriff Johnson's first hanging and he was not only nervous, but sick as well when he handcuffed the three men and led them to the scaffold which smelled of new oak lumber. The day was May 10, 1889, and the curious natives filled the little town of Ozark to witness a sight they would never live long enough to blot from their memories.

Black hoods were placed over the Knobbers' heads and ropes were fitted around their necks. Equipped with three nooses, the scaffold had been built with a huge trap door in order that all the condemned men would be hanged with one drop. The sheriff wanted it over as quickly as possible.

He pulled hard on the lever and all the men dropped through the opening, insuring that the sickening ceremony would soon be over. Instead, a horrified groan emanated from the crowd. Johnson looked down through the trap opening and staggered back in shock. The ropes were too long! Women were screaming and men spectators were shouting, praying and cursing, almost all in the same breath. Necks unbroken, the prisoners' feet just touched the ground as they thrashed about and beat at the air . . . slowly strangling to death!

Johnson grabbed Deacon Matthews' rope and managed to swing him off the ground, where he was left to choke to death. Then he did the same for Dave Walker.

But by the time he reached Bill Walker he was shaking, and lacked the strength to pull him off the ground. He jerked hard . . . and heard the crowd scream even louder. Sobbing, he looked down and saw that the noose had slipped off Walker's head, pulling off the black hood.

His eyes wide with pain, Bill Walker fell to the ground and flopped around in the manner of a decapitated chicken. Blood spurted from his lips.

The youth cried out in terrible anguish, "Oh, God, shoot me! Get it over! Please shoot me . . . this pain!"

Blinded by his own tears and perspiration, the sheriff and two of his deputies managed to push Bill Walker back up through the trap door, where once again the rope was fitted to his twisted neck.

Again, the sheriff jerked the lever and the youth went through for the second time.

A cry went up from the crowd again and men fainted along with their wives. The rope had stretched until it was again too long. Johnson grabbed it, but he was too exhausted to lift the youth higher. This time Bill Walker stayed there . . . and after sixteen long, agonizing minutes he choked to death.

This multiple hanging ended the reign of terror in the Ozarks brought on by the nightriding Bald Knobbers. These three men had shown no mercy . . . it looked as though fate had shown them even less. But the kingdom of the Bald Knobbers was no more . . . ●

PENPALS WANTED

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INTERESTED IN: Lost gold mines, ghost towns.
WANTED: People with same interests.

O.M. THOMPSON (52)
Box 631
Springerville, Ariz. 85938
INTERESTED IN: Philately, western legends, pioneer homesteaders and western humor.
WANTED: Disabled persons with same interests.

GEORGE ALEXANDER (47)
117 Tahoka Road
Brownfield, Tex. 79316
INTERESTED IN: History, religion.
WANTED: Anyone interested in history of the people who have inhabited the Americas.

WILLIAM LEO FAITH (60)
Route #1
Warfordsburg, Pa. 17267
INTERESTED IN: Coins and stamps.
WANTED: Ladies who read this magazine.

BONNIE MOORE (52)
Box 824
Grass Valley, Calif. 95945
INTERESTED IN: Life and times of pioneers.
WANTED: Anyone. Likes to hear about the "everyday" man. Also from people who really helped build the west.

FRED McMAHAN (68)
Box 83
Elgin, Okla. 73538
INTERESTED IN: History, pioneer days and early west.
WANTED: Anyone with same interests.

BILL MERRILL (13)
8513 Edgemere
El Paso, TX. 79925
INTERESTED IN: Horses, rodeos.
WANTED: Anyone interested in bowling, skating, coin-collecting, anything that's fun.

KEN JENKINS (47)
P.O. Box 143
Chesapeake, Ohio 45619
INTERESTED IN: Western and old movies.
WANTED: Women interested in old movies, swimming, camping and western history.

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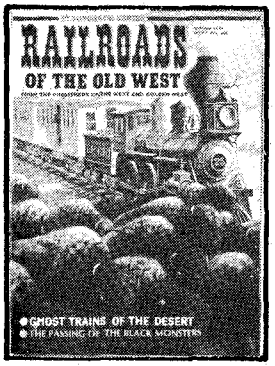
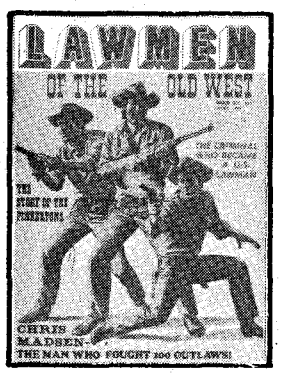


RAILROADS OF THE OLD WEST



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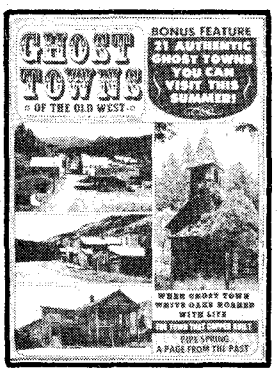

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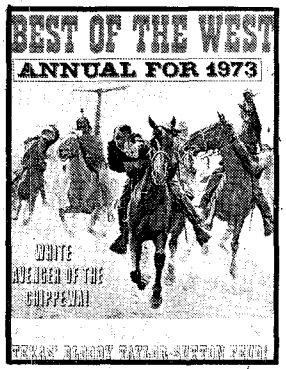
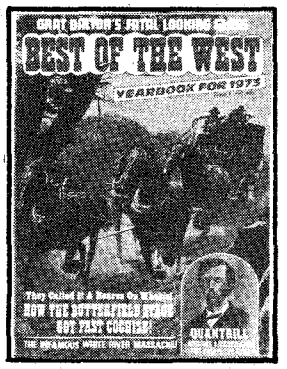


BEST OF THE WEST ANNUAL/1973



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EARLY LIFE IN THE SAND HILLS

(Continued from page 27)

frozen foods, all the housewife has to know is how to light the oven to heat up the frozen dinners, or be able to plug in the electric can opener.

Earlier, we had no stores, no refrigeration, and during the harvest season we prepared our winter staple foods.

We had a smokehouse, and would smoke meats for the winter. A pig would be fattened up and then butchered. We burned corncobs and smoked the hams. The flavor was really good. Corn smoked ham was really delicious. For a good meal we would have smoked ham and corn bread. The bread was covered with meat gravy from the ham.

The same went with the beef. We would fatten a cow on corn, and smoke the meat with corncobs. The beef would hang up along with the smoked pork, and when we wanted some beef we would just slice off what we needed.

Lard was homemade, rendered down from the hog fat. Pork would also be salted down, and the pig's head made into head cheese.

For vegetables during the winter we had corn that we had dried. This was the forerunner of our present instant foods. All you had to do was soak the corn and cook it up. It is still done, and has a fine taste.

Everybody grew pumpkins. We cooked them up and then dried the cooked pumpkin for winter use. We would make up pumpkin butter. This was made the same as apple butter and was used as a spread for bread.

Fresh meat was available too in the form of prairie chickens and rabbits for stew. Nobody worried about rabbit fever in those days. We had beef from a cow that we or one of our neighbors would butcher.

The general store in town carried salt cod and salt whiting, all packed in little wooden kegs. We soaked it overnight and the following morning it made a delicious breakfast, one that would stick to your ribs.

After the long winter, our first fresh vegetables were alway wild onions. Now, people being used to fresh vegetables all year long can't imagine how good fresh greens would taste after having none for a few months.

In those days nothing was wasted. The old New England expression, "waste not, want not," certainly applied out on the plains.

Life in the new town of Fleming had its exciting moments. While there weren't any gambling casinos in town, the cowboys and townspeople were always playing cards. As a kid, watching them handling the cards and poker chips was a lot of fun.

One exciting day was when the Fleming

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ladies invaded Harve Lake's general store. He always had the back of the store full of poker players, and the women decided to stop the gambling and card playing. The women came rushing in, upset the poker tables, and burned the cards and poker chips in the old potbellied stove. Harve Lake was so mad that he went home and tore up the furniture in his house, even the pictures on the wall. You see, his wife was one of the ringleaders.

It was quite a few years before we had a doctor in the neighborhood. All we had was home remedies.

In those days when we had an earache, Dad would blow smoke in the aching ear, but I don't remember it doing much good.

A toothache called for a sack of hot salt to hold on the aching tooth.

Infections, cuts and such called for a bread and milk poultice. If you had a cough, kerosene and sugar was the remedy. This didn't taste as bad as it sounds, and surprising enough, it worked.

If you needed an ointment for sore muscles, and general use, we mixed up kerosene, turpentine, and lard. This didn't smell as good as the ones we have now, but it did its job.

For what we called grippe in those days, one drank hot ginger tea. Yellow jaundice was treated with calomel.

When we kids had a fever, the treatment was always niter.

The spring of the year brought around the general use of the old time remedy, sulfur and molasses. This was supposed to pep you up and strengthen the blood after the winter.

About once a year, a medicine show would pass through the community, and several times we had a hypnotist. These were our amusements other than the ones we made ourselves.

In those days you either lived through infections and the home remedies or died. It was as simple as that.

For snake bites we just slit the skin over the fang marks and sucked the poison out. That and whisky. Even the teetotalers kept a bottle of whisky in the house for snake bites.

Pretty soon there were other little towns around us and Dad carried the mail in addition to farming. This was done on horseback and when he was busy, my mother or myself would take the mail to the other communities.

Speaking of horses, it was a dull day when there were no runaways. The horses were all half wild and would spook at the slightest thing. There were very few fences, and it sure was a job to try and round them up. Sometimes they would just run around and around the house until they tired enough for you to catch them.

There were lots of coyotes on the plains then, and they would follow your cattle, your horses, and even your wagon when you were going into town.

Usually there was always one of our neighbors breaking in some horses to drive. He would collect us school kids, pile us in the back and away we would go. The wild horses covered ground as fast as they could, over ruts, prairie dog holes, railroad track, all in the general direction of the school, where the driver would try to stop long enough for us kids to tumble out.

Our first school was a small one, but before that, one of the neighbor women taught some of us. We sat on stone crocks and pans turned upside down, and used chairs for desks.

School was two and one half miles from our house, and a snack of cold pancakes with cold flour gravy was a treat after that walk. Doesn't sound too appetizing now though.

After school there were always chores to do, and when it was milking time I really had a job. The cows were all range cattle and wild. I would have to tie their heads to one fence post and their hind legs to another in order to get any milk at all.

One year Dad had 600 head of cattle and my job was riding herd on them, to keep them from straying. I liked that, and used to dream of a handsome cowboy riding up, but I never saw anything but cattle and snakes.

Back in the early days the women did not ride like you see on television today. In those days no girl would think of riding any way but side saddle.

The first girl I ever saw ride using a regular saddle was the daughter of an Eastern family. The town was horrified.

After awhile people got used to women riding astride a horse, and we all had divided skirts, and would ride using regular saddles.

At harvest time we would all work for a little money to spend. I helped just about everyone in the Fleming community to paper their houses. A few of the people were able to afford wallpaper costing five and ten cents a roll. The wallpaper all had unearthly designs, usually big red roses, which reminds me: the crepe paper I covered the edges of my mirror with was red. One day we were all going over to the town of Haxtun, and I dyed my lips red with this paper. Dad saw it and raised old Ned. Gosh, was he ever mad! I didn't move one step until I had it all washed off.

The first movie I ever saw was shown in our schoolhouse. The high point of the show was the steam locomotive coming right at the audience. All the kids screamed and thought for sure the train was going to run over them. It even shook some of the adults.

Usually at some time during the summer, a traveling photographer would ride through town and the farmers and ranchers would drive in to have their pictures taken.

Later on, one of the families got an organ, so we would have community singing accompanied by the organ.

Other amusements were the kids speaking pieces, and dances that were held in the little white schoolhouse. There was always a fiddler to furnish the music and quite a few of the men played the mouth harp. We enjoyed those dances after the hard routine work on the farm.

A girl in those days was supposed to have a nice white skin, a hard thing to do when you were out riding all day. We used flour and corn starch for face powder, and I never went to bed at night without some kind of a poultice on my face to take the tan off. Once I used mashed cactus, buttermilk, and the whites of eggs. The green cactus and white buttermilk made some mixture.

Pioneer life was making do with what you had. Everyone traded house plant slips, all neatly potted in an old tomato can.

Mother would decorate the house with lace made out of sewing thread, tin lids that she painted designs on, and hung on the walls, or a bottle covered with putty, with broken bits of colored glass stuck in it. We even had a large wooden plant holder with broken dishes stuck all over it.

The scraps of cloth were used in a log cabin quilt, or a crazy quilt, with patches sewn together and with fancy stitches all around each patch. Briar stitch, cat stitch, every stitch had a name of its own.

Then we also had our so-called serious side. We had Sunday School, Church and camp meetings. The camp meetings were held every year, usually at Haxtun, 12 miles away. We would drive down for the afternoon and evening services with hay in the wagon for the horses and food for ourselves. Services were either in a tent or in the schoolhouse. The road to get there was like all of those in the region, two ruts running through the sand hills.

When I was 14 I was baptized. All were dunked in the horse tank but me. I was so afraid of putting my head under water that they sprinkled me.

There was never too much cattle raised around our vicinity. Water was always such a problem that the big ranchers all stayed along the Platte River.

Since everyone had to work hard for what they got, they were usually too tired at the end of a day to raise much of a ruckus.

Our jail was not much more than a cubicle. I think that if the sheriff would have put three prisoners in at one time, two of them would have suffocated. As it was, the jail was usually empty.

The sand hills out there look much the same today as they did then. The difference is in the way the people live. Still, all in all, the old days had their good times in spite of the black widow spiders, rattlesnakes, and hard, hard, work. ●

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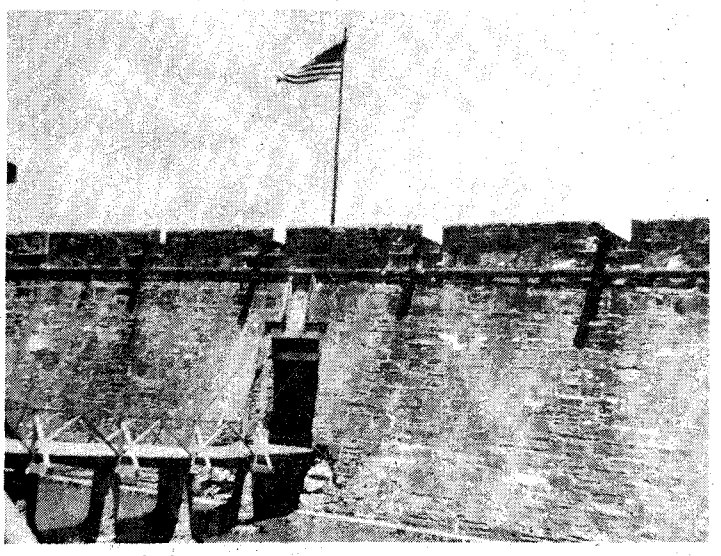
THE INDIAN SIDE

(Continued from page 7)



The courtyard in old Fort Marion (above) in St. Augustine, Florida. Not all the Indian prisoners of war were allowed the privilege of walking around in the yard. Some were locked in tiny cells. The main gateway to the fort (left) could be entered only by a footbridge over a moat which surrounded all of Fort Marion.

"The old fort leaked from the rain and some of our people took sick and died," remembered Jason Benitez, who had been a prisoner in Florida.

probably 1875). More Indians arriving. To be honest with you, Ann, I would hate to meet these same Indians face to face in their country. Some are short and heavy-set, others are fat but look mean as h---. (this is just the way Sgt. Collins wrote it). I have seen true warriors this day; and they would make a hard enemy to defeat, but they surrendered and now must pay for some of their crimes. Last night I had a chance to talk to one of the Kiowa chiefs. White Horse is what we soldiers call him but the Indians say it differently, and I won't attempt to spell it the way it sounds. Perhaps there is no English word for his name. (White Horse was called Tsen-Tainte).

"This White Horse saw the picture of our John and acted like he knew someone like him. He showed it to some others and they all talked it over in Kiowa. Through sign talk with him I was able to make him understand John was tall, with dark hair and eyes just like they were."

Several pages are missing from the diary while others are stained and fragile. It was written by a Sgt. Collins, who had a son named John. A complete search of Army records failed to reveal any information about the son John.

Most of the Kiowas returned to Fort Sill, Oklahoma in 1878. Lone Wolf died in 1879, shortly after his release.

Unfortunately, the early Indian prisoners didn't leave much of a record. The Seminoles, Kiowa, Cheyennes and Apaches were all given paper and pens to record their feelings. Instead of drawing the fort they drew the thing they loved the best, buffalo hunting (except the Seminoles, because they were not buffalo hunters). Some of the Cheyennes drew pictures of battles they had participated in, while others recorded buffalo hunts, sun dances and successful horse raids on enemy tribes. A few of the drawings have survived and are in museums, but most of them were collected by the soldiers and kept as mementoes.

The last group of Indian prisoners that served time in old Fort Marion were members of Geronimo's Apaches in 1886. These Indians left the best record of all concerning their treatment there and life afterward. I interviewed one of the old Apaches in 1960. His name was Jason Betzinez and he was 100 years old and a former member of Geronimo's band. Although I've told his life story in detail before, his testimony concerning Fort Marion bears repeating.

"Life in the prison was hard for some of us, easy for others. It seemed like a big building when we first arrived, but we got used to it after awhile. The white officer in charge of us did not like Indians I think, he put some of us in the small rooms where they soon became sick and died. Others like myself were allowed to roam about the fort and even visited the town (St. Augustine). We had to return to the fort before dark or we would have been in trouble. The walls were very thick and we could walk on the roof. Several of us spent our nights there. The roof was much too high to jump down and try to escape. There was much water around the fort but the soldiers would come to the towers from time to time searching for anyone trying to escape.

"The old fort leaked from the rain and some of our people took sick and died. We were used to a hot country and Florida was bad for us. Not all of our old band were at Fort Marion, some of them were sent to Fort Pickens in Pensacola, Florida. Geronimo and Naiche were there because the Army did not want too many Apaches together in one place. There is a sign in the old fort today

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that says one of the rooms was the 'Geronimo Room,' but I tell you this; Geronimo was not at Fort Marion. The people in charge of the fort just try and make money off of his name. He WAS at Pensacola prison. I wonder what signs they have there?"

Old Jason didn't like the fact that the United States Department of The Interior would display such signs. He couldn't understand why the government would say one thing but all the time knew he was somewhere else.

After the Apaches were sent to Eastern prisons General Nelson A. Miles ordered the army scouts arrested and sent to the same prisons the 'hostiles' were in. Jason said "This caused hard feelings among us and the former scouts feared for their lives."

Betzinez continued to explain to me about his prison life.

"I was about 27 years old when we went to prison. We had lived a hard life in the mountains of our Southwest and it was a hot country. Suddenly we were in a wet country and many of my people died. I think some died from a broken heart, others gave up the will to live.

"At first we all thought we would be killed by the whites. We thought maybe Geronimo might be poisoned, and later I learned he didn't eat certain foods but would throw them away or feed the dogs first. The soldiers made sign talk with us and they would swing their arms wild in the air and make funny faces and harsh sounds.

"Sometimes we knew what the whites were saying, other times we didn't understand them at all. As I said, we could walk about the fort in the daytime and the soldiers did not have their guns on us all the time. At night we were all lined up and counted. Much of the time we would talk about our people back in Arizona and wonder how they were. The whites wanted to teach us some English, and I can tell you that was hard for me. I noticed no soldiers learned any Apache words.

"After awhile I was sent to an Indian school and my brothers were sent on to another prison in Alabama."

This is the story of the Indian prisoners of war at old Marion, not a nice story at all from the Indians' side. The old fort is still standing for all to see. Should you visit it, remember old Jason and his story. It will make the building more realistic. Perhaps the false signs will be removed some day and the school children of today will learn the truth. Geronimo was not there! •

COW COUNTRY QUIZ

(Continued from page 6)

Answers To Quiz

1. According to the Westerner's way of thinking, a "vacada" is a drove of cows.
2. Your old-time Western friend would be going after a horse with a long, loose, heavy coarse tail.
3. "Whittler" is a cowpuncher's slang term for a good cutting horse.
4. During the Southwest's cattle and mining boom in the 1890s, El Paso was known as "the Monte Carlo of the United States" and thrived on land speculators, gunfighters, gamblers, and whores.
5. The "Buntline Special" was a special 14" barreled .45 Cal. handgun that Ned Buntline, the western writer, had especially made. He presented a pair each to his particular western "heroes"—Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson.
6. True. A Bradford cow is a cross between a Hereford and a Brahma. There is also a similar cross between Angus and Brahma called a Brangus. They are excellent beef animals, although rarely bringing as much on the open market as purebreds. Still there are advantages to the cross-breds, too—such as being immune to pink-eye, bane of Hereford, and being especially heat-resistent and top foragers, as opposed to regular Angus cattle.
7. The Western term "out-fox" means to out-guess.
8. The Western definition of a "ranahan" is a top hand, a good man on any spread.
9. You would be apt to find the word "sanchos" used instead of "dogie" down around the Mexican border.
10. True. A "scissor-bill" cowpuncher is one who does not do his work well.
11. Marcus Daly first discovered gold in Montana in the year 1882.
12. You would know that your cowpuncher friend would be courting.
13. A "sloper" is one who lives on the Pacific coast.
14. False. A talking horse is the favorite subject of a conversation with a group of ranchers.
15. Your Western friend would be running away from the law.
16. A "desert canary" is the West's name for a burro.
17. The dangerous hombre would immediately mean for you to stop talking.
18. Barboquenjo is the Spanish spelling of the familiar Western word chinstrap.
19. A "bayo coyote" is the Southwest's name for a bay horse with a black stripe running down its back.
20. According to a cowboy's lingo, a "grub spoiler" is a slang name for a cook. •

SPECIAL NOTICE

Because of the interest expressed by our readers in contacting other readers of GOLDEN WEST and THE WEST, we are starting a Penpals column. If you'd like to hear from folks with similar interests, just clip out this form, fill it out, and send it to "Penpals", Stagecoach Publishing Co., Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Penpals will contact you directly since your address will be listed. If you want to contact any of the people requesting Penpals—do not send your letters to this magazine. We want to hear only from people requesting penpals. There'll be no charge for listing you.

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ROUND-UP TIME

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. How long did it take a good cowboy to cut a steer from a herd? Are the rodeo cowboys faster today? D.R.S. Austin, Texas.

A. Speed was not the criterion for such work in the range days. The good cowboy never choused up the herd, but worked the animals away from the herd into the individual ranch cuts as quietly as possible. In a Miles City, Montana Territory, contest in early days each cowboy entrant cut ten head of big steers from a gathered herd. The best time was 4½ minutes, the slowest, was 5 min 10 sec. However, time was only one factor in the judging. The smoothest cutting, least running and easiest manner in using the cutting horse were all considered. Each steer was put at least 20 feet from the herd. This is good cow work on big, range bred steers. Contest time is, today, much faster, though little cutting work is done, mostly on small, quick calves.

Q. Who was the cowboy who was bound naked, like Mazeppa, to the back of a wild mustang and turned out on the plains? J.Q. Boise, Idaho.

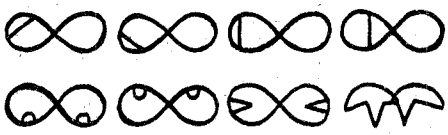
A. The writer thought this story was an old folk tale until he did some research and found the story printed in The Democrat-Leader *(Cheyenne, Wyoming) of July 18, 1884. The young man's name, according to the story, was Henry Burbank. He was an Englishman, in partnership on a small ranch with a man named Thomas Wilson. In Wilson's absence, Burbank was playing around with Wilson's pretty wife, was discovered and given this treatment by Wilson and other cowboys. The incident is believed to have happened in the Nebraska Panhandle, near present Mitchell, Nebraska, not far from the old headquarters of the Ogalalla Land & Cattle Company. The mustang was said to have traveled nearly 200 miles in seven days to the Boussaud Ranch, where Burbank was taken off, unconscious. He recovered from the experience.*

Q. I see so many wild stories on TV about Dodge City that I would like to get some factual books or papers about that town in the years between 1872 and 1900. What would you recommend? T.C. Boston, Mass.

A. The Cowboy Capital, *by Robt. M. Wright;* The Rath Trail, *by Ida Ellen Rath;* Early Ford County, *by I.E. Rath;* Annals of Kansas, *Vols. 1 & 2;* Why The West Was Wild, *by Miller and Snell;* Lost Trails of The Cimarron, *by H.E. Chrisman. Contact Nyle H. Miller, Secretary, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas, for the publishers' addresses and other Dodge materials.*

Q. Can you illustrate for me the various earmarks that are, and were, used to mark cattle in addition to the brands burned on their hides? H.I.N. Henderson, N.C.

A. Shown below are, left to right: An Overslope, *an* Underslope, *A* Crop, *a* Grub, Under-bits, Overbits, Swallowforks *and* Jinglebobs. *These cuts are made on either or both ears in various combina-*



tions. A "Dewlap" is an incision made in the loose hide of the brisket, letting a piece of skin hang down. "Wattles" are incisions made and the skin so wadded up as to make a lump under the hide, usually on the neck.

Q. Is a buffalo tongue a different color from a cow tongue? Which tastes the best? K.S.L. Portland, Maine.

A. The cow tongue is white, the buffalo tongue is black. Most who have sampled both say the buffalo tongue is tastiest.

Q. Who was the Western character called "Billy The Bear"? F.X.C. Hot Springs, Ark.

A. Billy's real name was L.J.F. Iaeger (sometimes spelled Yeager). He earned this name playing the part of a comic bear in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Billy was a cowboy and a plainsman. Once, lost on a roundup and found crazed in the Nebraska sandhills, Billy had to be tied down in a wagon until he regained his senses, according to John Bratt. Billy lost his feet and fingers in a blizzard. Later, he learned to use a typewriter at Chadron, Nebraska, and was clerk of the District Court. He also acted as Secretary-Treasurer of "The Old Time Cowboys Association of Nebraska." Someone should write a life story of Billy.

Q. Was there actually a "white stallion" of the plains as several authors have mentioned? S.L.O. Seattle, Wash.

A. No doubt there have been such, for the story was related as early as 1844 (Josiah Gregg, Commerce of the Prairies*). Frank Dobie also tells of the "white stallion" tales in his work,* The Mustangs. *Most of the wild horses were bays, sorrels, and blacks. There were no pintos, or "paint" horses, contrary to the popular notion that the Indians caught their paint horses from wild bands of mustangs. By the 1870's and 1880's, according to mustangers, the animals were bred down to regular colors of browns, bays, sorrels, a few buckskins and claybanks and greys. The mustangs were descended from the Spanish horse stock, a blend of North African Barb, Arabian, Norse and other breeding.*

Q. I am a Michigan man, 24 years of age, a factory employee, but want to go west and work on a ranch. What is the best way to get in touch with an employer? C.E.C. Detroit, Mich.

A. Want ads in any Denver, Cheyenne, or Western papers may help. But be sure you will be satisfied with hard work at wages that may seem low to you. Ranching, working with live stock, is hard labor. But many Westerners feel it is worthwhile because of the fresh air and sunshine, the freedom one cannot find in the confines of a large city and the opportunity to be "one's own man." First, be sure you want this. Then strike out and become a Westerner. Good luck to you!

Q. What was the age of the oldest saddle horse ever recorded? L.S.U. Louisville, Ky.

A. That would be difficult to answer with any degree of accuracy. One animal, Black Kid, *owned by Frank Benton of Burns, Colorado, lived to nearly 40 years.* Black Kid *at the age of 38 would still attempt to shake hands, though rheumatism had crippled him. Superior, another Colorado horse, owned by DuBois Brothers at Denver reached age 32.* Sonfield, *a fine Morgan stud, is alive today at age 30 in Mt. Vernon, Washington. About 40 years for a horse is equal to 105 to 110 years for a man. That's long enough to live, horse or man!*

Q. Were calves ever "force-fed" from their mothers on the range? G.S. Atlanta, Ga.

A. Yes, this is true. When calves are born out-of-season in cold weather and snow they become chilled and cannot get on their feet to suck. Cowboys rope mama, throw her gently, bring the baby over and let it nurse. ●

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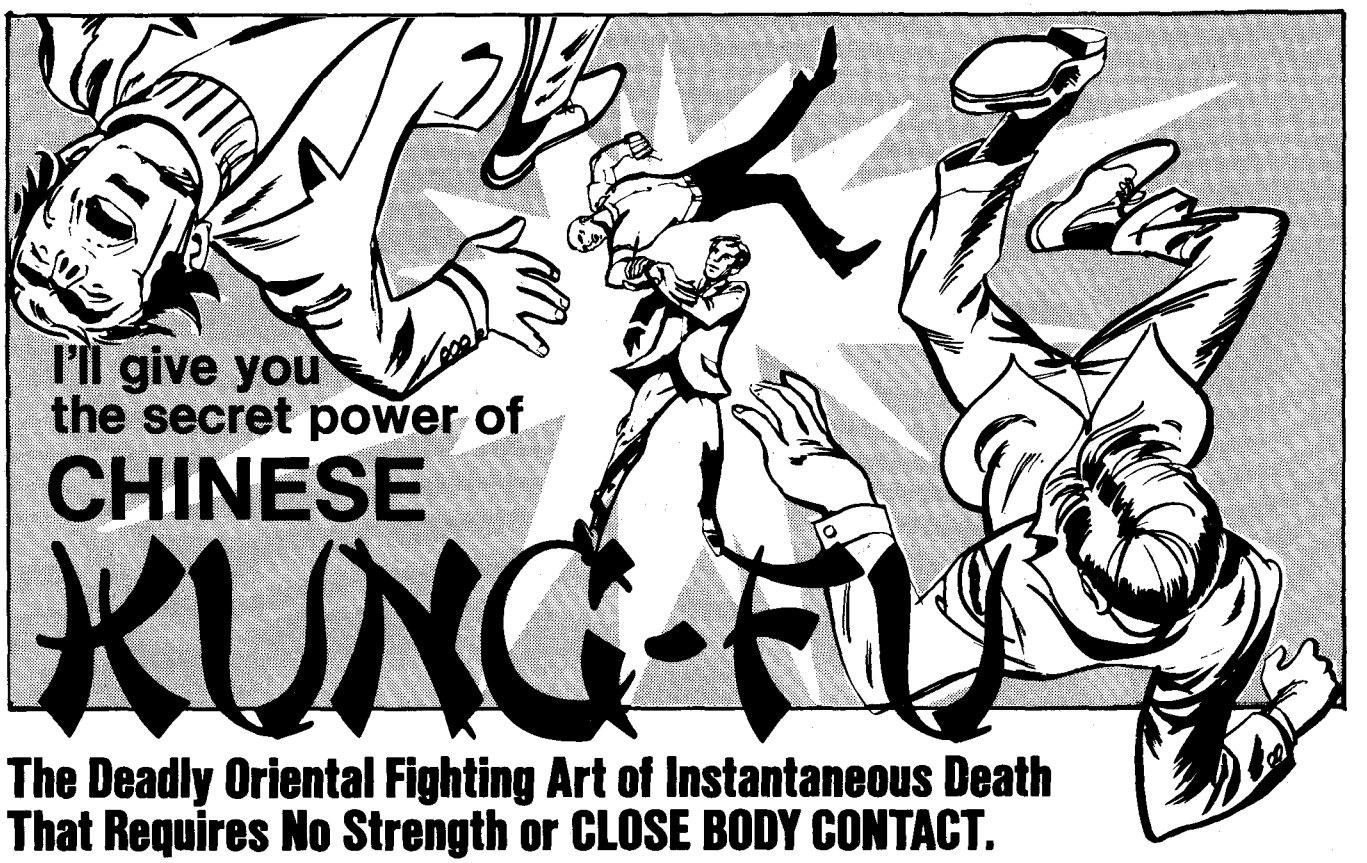

The Deadly Oriental Fighting Art of Instantaneous Death That Requires No Strength or CLOSE BODY CONTACT.

- ★ Self-defense without torturous training or rigorous exercise.
- ★ Instant self-defense for the weak, the defenseless, the fearful and the untrained.
- ★ Makes your body a live fighting machine! Hands, feet, elbows even fingers become deadly weapons of defense.
- ★ Faster, deadlier and easier than Judo, Savate or Karate.

Revealed at last! The most secret, the most respected, the most effective of all the Oriental fighting arts—KUNG FU. ***So simple that if you can read then you can easily master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique.*** **KUNG FU works on a secret principle yet its deadly force is easy to learn and easier still to apply. KUNG FU can take any one * without training and make him a fighting machine in seconds.**

THE SECRET OF KUNG FU REVEALED AT LAST

KUNG FU is a fantastic method of self-defense that was buried in the mysteries of the past. Once a part of a mystic Oriental rite, its deadly fighting secrets were only taught by Shaolin Priests to those considered worthy only after years of preparation and testing. KUNG FU was hidden from the public! Yet in spite of serious efforts to keep it from the world, word of its amazing power spread. Masters of other fighting arts soon learned to fear and respect its techniques. *They learned that KUNG FU harnesses certain dormant forces within you, enabling you to disable and destroy with just a lightning flick-of-the-wrist, and that KUNG FU requires no strength or extraordinary skills, in fact KUNG FU's brilliant defense never requires strength, size or undo exertion.*

HOW KUNG FU WORKS

KUNG FU is based on a simple yet lethally effective principle. *It is not necessary to physically match strength with your opponent in order to overcome his attack.* You harness the enormous natural power of your own movements. KUNG FU shows you how to take advantage of these fundamental laws of natural movement. Your rhythm is added to the very movement against you... so that **all forces are added together and unleased against your opponent.** This is KUNG FU—a force so simple yet so devastating that its techniques have stunned the world.

KUNG FU IS BETTER THAN OTHER FORMS OF SELF DEFENSE

KUNG FU is better than all other forms of self defense! Its secret lies in its simplicity and in its ability to overcome an attacker WITHOUT INTRICATE BODY CONTACT. Now, if you can read or look at pictures then you should be able to master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique. YOU CAN WIN...EVEN IF YOUR OPPONENT IS BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU. You can win if your attacker surprises you. And more—KUNG FU **means** deadly, often crippling self defense where **every part of your body is a fearful weapon.** Your feet, your hands, your elbows, your fingers become lethal weapons WITHOUT REQUIRING SUPER MUSCLE-POWER OR BRUTE FORCE. And you can do all this without years of training, special exercises, and especially hundreds of dollars in cost.

With so many crimes of violence about us you could be in danger—anytime—of being hurt or worse humiliated! BUT NOW YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. **You can protect yourself, your family and your property with deadly efficiency in mere seconds.** Yes, and you can do it without years of training, hundreds of dollars in cost, and without long, painful practice. Regardless of size, strength or build you can beat the bullies and better the odds. Thanks to KUNG FU you need never be afraid again. You too can learn to overcome the fear of being shamed. You too can be the one that gives the beating! You too can control threatening, dangerous situations.

WHY KUNG FU MAKES ALL THIS POSSIBLE

Why??? **Because KUNG FU is as deadly as it is simple.** And it works for anyone.* Other forms of self defense like Judo or Karate require something special such as strength, speed, etc.... to say nothing of endless practice. A judo Black Belt Master, for example, must practice technique after technique...and take years to master it all. NOT SO WITH KUNG FU! **It's based on an entirely different concept.** Technique and form aren't very important, DEFENSE IS! KUNG FU is designed to help you defend yourself in most situations* with *an absolute minimum in effort and a maximum in protection.*

COMPLETE COURSE REVEALED NOTHING ELSE TO LEARN

The SECRETS OF KUNG FU are fully revealed in one amazing "how to" book. The course comes complete and there's nothing else to learn or buy. You find all the secrets, principles and techniques simple to master and easy to apply. You don't need any special apparatus or practice dummies. And once you master the SECRETS OF KUNG FU you can forget about other systems and other methods. Now, in the privacy of your home, you can learn the deadliest fighting secrets of all time *at your very own pace!* In just minutes you can find out how to deliver a crippling blow that leaves your opponent powerless and more...in seconds you can learn how to destroy your attacker's ability to fight...and much, much more. The fully revealed SECRETS OF KUNG FU, are so sensational that we make you this surprising UNCONDITIONAL 3 WAY GUARANTEE. You must be satisfied not just one way but fully 3 different ways or it costs you nothing.

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We're so sure that SECRETS OF KUNG FU is everything you'll ever want or need we make this unprecedented 3-Way Guarantee: (1) You must be absolutely and completely satisfied with the SECRETS OF KUNG FU and (2) KUNG FU must never fail you, in fact, KUNG FU must help you turn every *threatening "confrontation" into victory,* and (3) KUNG FU must give you a sense of confidence and assurance you've never had before. Yes, SECRETS OF KUNG FU *must do all this and more or return at* **any time** for a refund of your purchase price with no questions asked. You are the sole judge...could anything be fairer?

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Rush me the complete course of SECRETS OF KUNG FU. You guarantee me complete satisfaction 3 Ways...or I'll return the course at any time I wish for a refund of my purchase price and there will be no questions asked. I promise in return to use the deadly knowledge of KUNG FU for defense only and that I will never use its secrets as an aggressor ever.

I enclose $5 in ☐Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Please add 50¢ additional to cover postage and handling). SORRY NO COD's.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ *ZIP* _____

*We do not claim that physically handicapped or other disadvantaged persons can perform these feats. Nor are these techniques claimed to be effective against anyone armed with a loaded gun.

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HOW WAS THE WEST WON?

YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN EACH ISSUE OF

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